

The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● World-traveller Mrs. Leighton Wilkie, Jon Henricks' future mother-in-law (story opposite page), is planning a gala launching for her recently completed book, "Holiday In Rome."

ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff, told us that the huge outdoor party Mrs. Wilkie is organising in Santa Barbara, U.S.A., will feature:

- The famous Aquacade swimmers.
- Sets from the film "Ben-Hur."
- Costumier Edith Head as commentator.
- As an added attraction, her future son-in-law demonstrating in the pool.

Millionaire Mr. Wilkie, a keen anthropologist, endowed the Wilkie Foundation 10 years ago.

The foundation contributed to the recent discovery near Nairobi, Kenya, of the so-called "Nutcracker Man."

The name was adopted to describe the creature's strong jaw structure, well adapted for cracking nuts.

STAFF artist Arthur Boothroyd told us that the illustration of Osbert Sitwell's "Cinderella" (pages 16 and 17) posed quite a problem.

Arthur said he found it difficult to decide whether to illustrate the palace scene in a modern setting to suit the author's 20th-century satirical version of the old fairy story or give it the customary background of magnificence.

"Contemporary design is hardly opulent," he said. "It's inclined to be austere and simple. I did feel Cinderella had to have her setting in the grand manner."

"I somehow couldn't see her losing her slipper while running down a free-standing staircase."

Sir Osbert Sitwell—novelist, poet, and critic—is the fifth baronet of a family dating from the Saxon earls of Northumberland.

He, his sister, Dame Edith, and brother, Sacheverell, are the world-famous Sitwell literary trio.

It's strange now to recall a statement of an older-generation relative about the three.

The relative said: "They are quite nice and amusing young people if only they would not write."

MRS. ELIZABETH HOPPER, of Taree, N.S.W., 72-year-old £500 first prize winner in our £2000 Mothers' Contest (pages 12 to 15), wants only one thing to be a happier mother.

With a family of eight and 31 grandchildren, Mrs. Hopper's ambition is to become a great-grandmother.

A town girl, daughter of a shipwright, Mrs. Hopper said she wasn't much use as a farmer when she and her husband (who died 18 months ago) settled on a dairy farm in Hannam Vale 47 years ago.

"I had to milk all the cows with Dad, until the eldest child was old enough," she said. "I never did like milking."

As the family grew most of their own produce, killed their own meat, home-cured bacon,

and bought any extras from the travelling salesman who came to the farm in a wagonette, the Hoppers' main reason for driving to Taree was to attend Salvation Army rallies.

"We are all Salvation Army," Mrs. Hopper said, showing a photograph of the family in uniform. "Dad, me, and the eight children."

Second prize winner Mrs. Marjorie Henderson, of Narrabeen, N.S.W., told us that her £250 will be used to help her son Tony, about whom she wrote, study Law at Sydney University.

Our Cover

● Queen Elizabeth proudly holds her second son, Prince Andrew Albert Christian Edward, born on February 19 at Buckingham Palace.

The Queen and Prince Philip were delighted with the picture—one of 200 taken by Court photographer Cecil Beaton.

For his first appearance before a camera, the young Prince wore a lace robe.

Another Cecil Beaton picture of the Prince, page 7.

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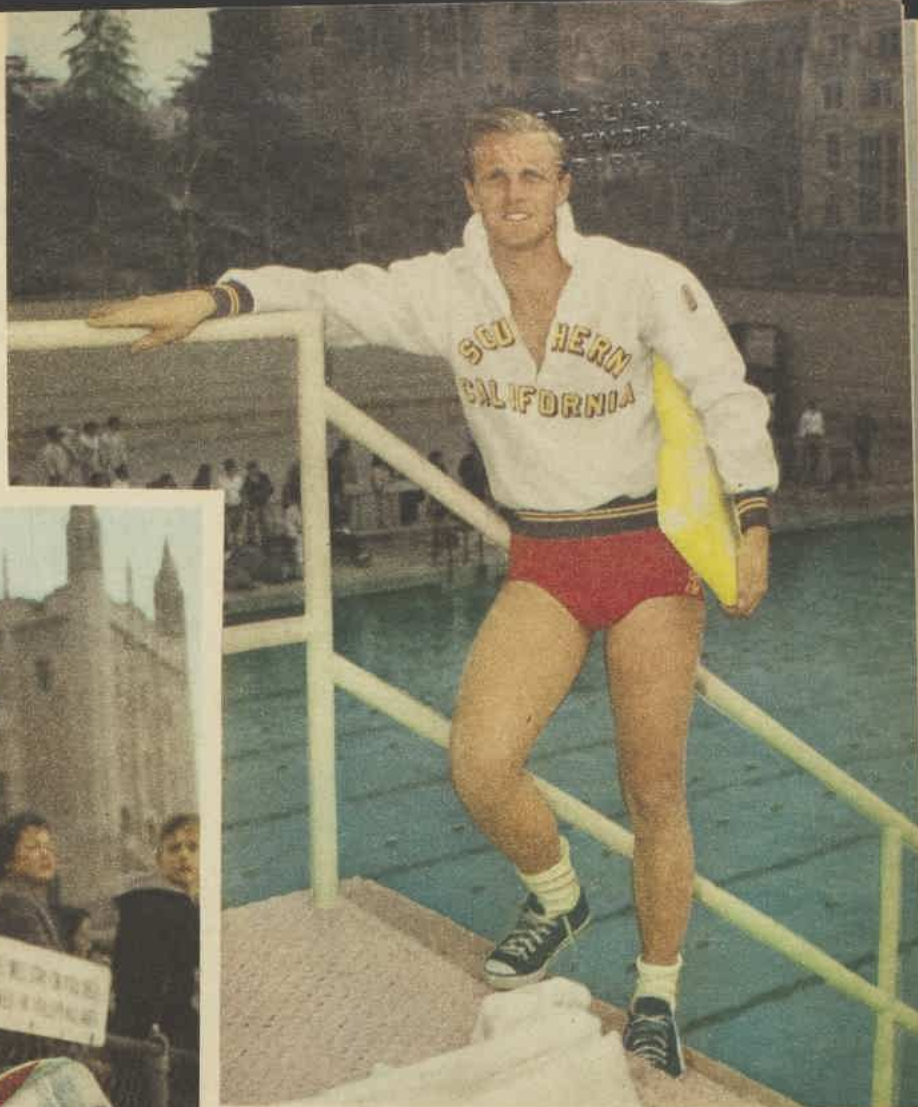
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Next Week

● You can sew for fashion with a three-page color-illustrated feature in our next issue. Two pages of color pictures show six smart autumn designs for which patterns are available. For the mother-to-be are four pretty styles for which she can buy patterns.

Jon's American romance



IN CALIFORNIA. Jon (left), his girl-friend, Bonnie Wilkie, and her brother, Michael, 19.

JON HENRICKS (above) at the pool at the University of Southern California.

● Some time after champion Australian swimmer Jon Henricks emerges from the Olympic Pool in Rome he will plunge into the sea of matrimony with a pretty Californian—the daughter of one of America's liveliest millionaires.

ALTHOUGH they have not officially announced their engagement, Jon and 20-year-old Bonnie Wilkie admitted they plan to marry in the Wilkie mansion in California after Jon's graduation from university next year.

They will be separated for nearly six months while Jon trains in Townsville and goes to Rome with the Australian Olympic team.

"We couldn't feel surer about each other," Jon told me. "But we and our families agree that our formal engagement now would be premature."

"Anyway," he added, with a grin, "we both want to have dates with other people while we're apart."

Jon will complete an intensive four-year course in television production and direction at the University of Southern California next June. Bonnie will graduate this June from the University of California at Los Angeles as a specialist in advertising design.

Jon and Bonnie both live with private families in Los Angeles—only minutes apart in Jon's rattling convertible.

They met more than two years ago, shortly after Jon and his "swimming twin"—fellow-Australian gold-medallist Murray Rose—both enrolled as scholarship TV students at U.S.C. Rose was actually the first to date Bonnie.

Bonnie's father, Leighton Wilkie, is an unconventional tycoon who seems to run his Chicago machine-tool enterprise, The Do-All Company, in his spare time, while devoting most of his efforts to anthropological research.

He is currently in Uganda with a team of experts studying apes.

The Wilkies have two homes—a 400-acre farm south of Chicago and "La Paz," a 14-acre estate at Montecito, 80 miles north-west of Los Angeles.

Jon's 20-year-old sister, Ann, flew from Sydney last year to meet the Wilkies. The Wilkies, in turn, will visit Jon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Malcolm Henricks, of Sydney, during a round-the-world voyage they intend starting in June.

Jon and Bonnie will meet in Rome. She will be there as co-chairman of an international debate timed to coincide with the Games. So their six months' separation may not seem so long.

The Wilkies have never visited Australia, though they've been round the world four times and have lived for years in Europe.

When travelling they communicate with their friends through a roneoed letter, "The Wilkie Way."

Papa writes a section on business and science, Mum covers fashion and food, Bonnie's 19-year-old brother, Michael, reviews sporting life, and Bonnie does the sketches.

"I do hope Bonnie and Jon don't decide to settle in Australia," Mrs. Wilkie told me. "Although I suppose it could be worse—Uganda, for example, where my husband hangs about."

"But I would miss the kids so."

"They're always surfing, cycling, or going to concerts together when they're here. They do each other's homework. And Jon is so handy round the house."

Just then the Wilkies' maid brought in the dessert. "When is Jon coming up from school again?" she asked Mrs. Wilkie. "The dishwasher doesn't work."

**Pictures and story
by ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff**



MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE. Mrs. Leighton Wilkie, Jon Henricks' future mother-in-law, at "La Paz," the Wilkie home in Montecito, California. The Wilkies also have a farm near Chicago, site of Mr. Wilkie's industrial holdings.

Two wedding gowns

Another Hartnell dress is kept in reserve in case the secret leaks

By HELEN CATHCART

● Some time this summer some lucky bride will wear Princess Margaret's "other" wedding dress—the beautiful Hartnell creation the Princess would have worn if the secret of her own dress had leaked out.



GROOM'S FRIEND Jeremy Fry, who will be best man at the wedding of Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones.

"I wouldn't dare wear this dress without my Jenyns Reducing Foundation"



Today's fashions demand slim silhouettes. That's why so many knowing women choose a Jenyns Reducing Foundation. Jenyns smooths out figure faults gently... allowing free movement, relaxed comfort. You'll appreciate the new subtle support as Jenyns moulds your figure to today's fashionable lines. Jenyns Reducing Foundations are endorsed by the Institute of Hygiene, London.



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MODERATELY PRICED AT ALL LEADING STORES.

EARLY this season the wedding dress that normally climaxes Hartnell's fashion show was withdrawn from the collection before being seen.

This was a precaution in case anything should mar Princess Margaret's natural wish to stage a supreme surprise with her wedding gown.

Yet Norman Hartnell is quite sure that nothing will spoil the magical moment on May 6, when the Princess walks up the Abbey aisle.

Of the six special designs in the couturier's safe, nothing indicates which was Princess Margaret's choice. In any case the combination of the safe is known only to Hartnell and Mrs. Ann Price, his confidential secretary.

More than 30 key workers have been engaged on the gown without breathing a word even to their own families. A Hartnell secret has never leaked in the 25 years since he made his first Royal wedding dress for the Duchess of Gloucester.

It was reported recently that the gown would arrive on the wedding day in a four-foot Hartnell box. Mr. Hartnell winced at the thought of his

miraculous creation compressed in this way. It will arrive at Clarence House hidden in soft white muslin, carried by two women assistants.

The secret story of the wedding dress began when Norman Hartnell received the meatest hint of Princess Margaret's coming requirements and decided to withdraw his "standard" wedding dress from his collection before it was shown.

He was one of the few people trusted with the secret of Princess Margaret's impending engagement, and he roamed the London art galleries in search of inspiration.

Rush order

When the Princess' lady-in-waiting tried to telephone him to tell him the date of the wedding, his phone was out of order.

Everything happens to Hartnell. When he designed the Queen's wedding dress he had a dreadful cold and could scarcely see.

He was allowed nearly five months to make that dress—time enough in which to solve the problems of the material and embroidery, including the stitching of nearly 10,000 tiny pearls.

Elizabeth's magnificent Coronation gown was the outcome of nearly a year's work.

Princess Margaret's wedding dress represents barely eight weeks from the stroke of a pencil on the drawing-board to the gasp that will assuredly be heard from the guests in the Abbey.

When Hartnell marked out the pattern of the dress he wore running shoes. This was to prevent him from slipping as he ran up and down the tracing paper pinned to the shiny linoleum of the work-room floor.

With a soft graphite pencil, Hartnell marked out the line from shoulder to hem, then the soft motifs of the ornamentation.

To say a word more would be to violate that wonderful moment when perhaps the Princess will draw in her breath and say, as her sister did, "It is really lovely."

In choosing the design, Hartnell could not have resisted glancing back at the dress he made in white satin for Princess Margaret at the Coronation.

Embroidered in open-worked broderie anglaise, the design was strengthened by crystal, by the shimmer of pearls, and with marguerites and roses worked in silver thread.

On a Royal gown for such occasions of splendor, Norman Hartnell has sometimes incorporated a little four-leaved shamrock, just at the side of the skirt where the wearer may inadvertently touch it for luck.

As a young bride-to-be, the Queen was dreamily silent at fittings, her thoughts clearly miles away.

Hartnell anticipated, however, that Princess Margaret would be extraordinarily alert and responsive when he went to Clarence House with

the new wedding dress tacked up ready for the first fitting.

Many cutters make up a preliminary model in cheap cotton toile, but Norman Hartnell always cuts confidently into the rich material itself.

The Queen Mother, the head fitter and her assistant, and Hartnell share the true secret of the wedding dress.

At the workshop the gown is made in sections for the embroiderers and cutters. Parts of the dress are kept covered in mull or tissue-paper. In later stages the dressmakers work in a room by themselves.

Will be guest

Warmly recognising their skill, the Princess has suggested that they be allowed individual publicity in due course. Some of the girls will be privileged to see the dress on the Princess.

Norman Hartnell will be one of the wedding guests at Westminster Abbey, tracing the sumptuous effect of the bridal procession back to the first drawings he made in the white attic studio of his house near Windsor. But, of course, his story goes back to the days when he borrowed his sister's sewing-machine and launched out in a top-floor workroom.

His father, a London publisher, made sacrifices to send him to Cambridge. For a time young Norman was a shop assistant. Later he became a dressmaker's apprentice, a boy of all work.

Today his career is climaxed by a hemstitch.

The hem of Princess Margaret's wedding gown is being left unfinished till last. Then the effect as it clings to the carpet, or whether it hinders walking in any way, can be studied and the final adjustment made.



DRESSMAKER Norman Hartnell, who is making Princess Margaret's wedding dress. The first Royal wedding dress he made was the Duchess of Gloucester's in 1925.



Margaret's plans for honeymoon on Royal yacht

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The Queen has made a right royal honeymoon possible for Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones by lending them the Royal yacht Britannia.

THE Princess and Tony will have nearly two months to spend sunshine cruising in this floating palace before their first official engagement after the wedding.

They will most probably go on a Mediterranean cruise, visiting the Greek islands, sail up the Adriatic to Venice, where Mr. Fred Laubi, manager of the famous Albergo Gritti, is assuring the world he has been asked for the Royal Suite by telephone from London.

Tony and Princess Margaret are unlikely, however, to leave the yacht except for day trips ashore.

Major John Griffin said

from Clarence House, "I know they want a nice quiet (and he emphasised 'quiet') honeymoon."

This would be impossible in tourist-packed Venice.

"A visit from Princess Margaret on her honeymoon would jam up all the gondolas on the canals," a Venetian assured me.

Whether they spend their honeymoon cruising around Mediterranean and Greek islands or Princess Margaret "shows off" the Calypso islands, which was her first Royal tour, or they go north to the dramatic fjords of Scandinavia, where the Princess has holidayed aboard the yacht, both are planning clothes for cruising.

As well, they are collecting

equipment for underwater swimming. The Princess has fins and snorkel and breathing mask with tube.

Tony is adding cameras for taking pictures of submarine life.

Underwater swimming is also very popular in the Caribbean, with its tropical fish and coral wonderland of many-hued grottoes.

Princess Margaret already has a waterproof camera with stabilising water-wings. It is in a case made of perspex with outside controls tested down to 150 feet without pressurisation. It can be adapted to flash-gear.

She started her amateur photography on her first Royal cruise of the Caribbean.

Wherever they go on their honeymoon cruise, Margaret and Tony will have day trips ashore, leaving the yacht by admiral's barge.

Only on board the Royal yacht is privacy possible, and undoubtedly the Queen had this in mind when she placed Britannia at their disposal.

The Royal sleeping apartments overlooking the sun-deck will be prinked up in dock at Portsmouth, where the yacht is to have a rush painting and overhaul on its return from a 10,000-mile three months' cruise of the Caribbean with the Princess Royal.



HONEYMOON PLANS are now being made by Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones, who will marry on May 6.

With only a month to prepare for the honeymoon cruise, the sleeping apartments cannot be refurbished for Margaret and Tony.

Princess Margaret will use the Queen's bedroom on the starboard side and the Queen's private sitting-room on the deck below.

Tony will use the Duke of Edinburgh's bedroom, which adjoins the Queen's, and will have the use of his sitting-room, also on the deck below.

On the bridge there is a red-cushioned seat which has been specially built for the Queen so that she can see as clearly as if she were standing up.

Throughout their honeymoon Princess Margaret's personal standard will fly from the mainmast.

The Princess will travel with only her personal maid, Mrs. Ruby Gordon, and Tony

will have by that time acquired a valet.

There will be a restful silence on board Britannia.

No orders are shouted.

Instead sign language with colored bats is used to control boatwork, a network of telephones conveys messages from one end of the ship to the other, and the ship's complement all wear sandshoes.

It costs £7000 sterling per week plus £1 a mile for fuel to run the Royal yacht.

Cruising on Britannia will not mean eight weeks of complete isolation.

Both Margaret and Tony have friends in different parts of the world to which they are likely to cruise, and the dining-room doubles as a cinema. The carpet can also be kicked back for dancing; the music room is filled with records. In addition there is a verandah sunroom and a portable swimming-pool.

As well, the deep freeze is filled with delicious food — from caviare sent by the Shah of Persia to grouse from Balmoral. And there is a cellar of fine wines.

Most of the Princess' trousseau for her honeymoon cruise are off-the-peg clothes, which she likes for casual wear.

She has been shown some fine lawn dresses from the summery collection of one London house where she dresses, and well-cut cottons from another.

It is thought that tailored linen dresses with a smart American accent will be included in her wardrobe.

It is unlikely that hairdresser Rene can spare the time to spend two months cruising on board Britannia with nothing to do but Margaret's hair.

However, one of his assistants will be on board sharing a mess with the cipher officers, who are part of the ship's complement.



THE ROYAL yacht Britannia, which the Queen is lending Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones for their honeymoon. Some of the yacht's interiors are shown at right. The newlyweds will probably plan a cruise in the Mediterranean.



● The Queen's drawing-room.



● Dining-room.



● The Queen's sitting-room.



● Verandah sunroom.



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PRINCE ANDREW

ADELAIDE'S DAY OF FLOWERS



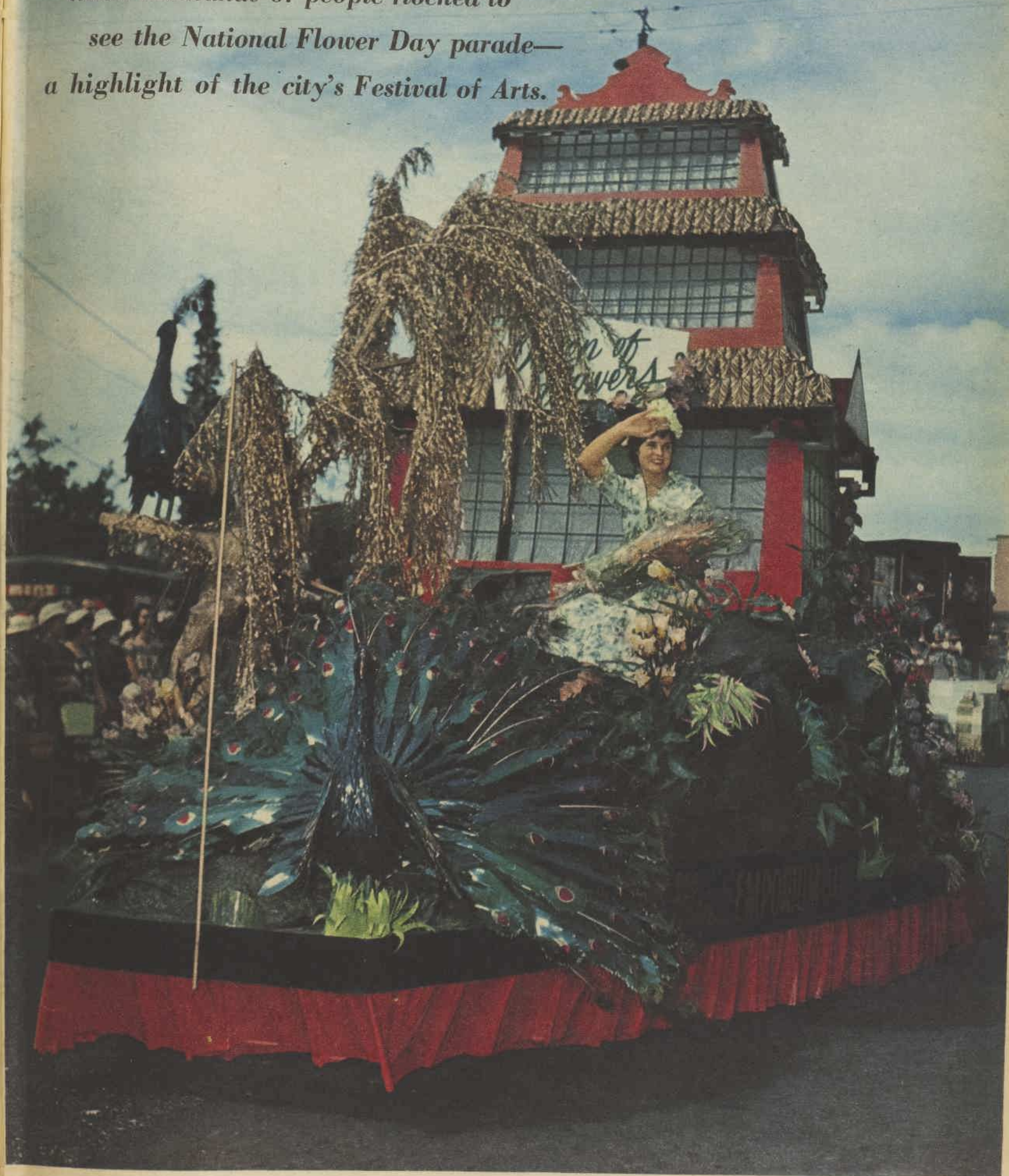
● An urn of flowers arranged by Mrs. Alleyne Carter is framed by golden drapes. This was one of the hundreds of floral displays which made Adelaide a city of flowers on its annual National Flower Day. The pictures were taken by Max Farrell.



● Mrs. Malcolm McLachlan and Mrs. H. K. Pavey chose this 100-year-old pram as a vehicle for their National Flower Day exhibit. Set against white lattice-work framed in golden tulle, the pram featured roses, hydrangeas, and dahlias.

● A plaster model of a famous flower-girl, Eliza Doolittle, was one of the features of the city's big day. Mrs. L. F. Johnstone and Mrs. A. C. Gordon prepared the model, with its basket and barrow of flowers and white-and-yellow-striped canopy.

● *Business in Adelaide came to a standstill when thousands of people flocked to see the National Flower Day parade—a highlight of the city's Festival of Arts.*



● Flower Queen Helen Nitschke, 18-year-old trainee kindergarten teacher, is carried in "royal" procession through the streets of Adelaide after having been crowned by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. L. M. S. Hargrave. Imitation peacocks and urns of flowers adorned the float. Five floats, led by the South Australian police lancers and band, carried the other 43 competitors in the Queen Contest. The girls raised £3756 for charity.

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Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair! Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo



Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3

R074

FATHER



MOTHER



"Get out? But we're not NEARLY clean!"

It seems to me

LET us draw a decent veil over the much-discussed new slogan of the Egg Board in New South Wales.

The unfortunate sentence "Eata extra egga day" has already had a rough handling in the correspondence columns of the daily papers.

Personally I find myself more troubled by the Milk Board's "Let's crack a bottle." This line, being used to illustrate pictures of hearty, masculine men waving a pint bottle of milk, has the false ring of a leaden two-shilling piece.

Milk is a worthy, nourishing, useful sort of liquid. It is okay in tea and white sauce. Some people even like to drink it, and good luck to them.

But to apply to it the kind of convivial language that is used for beer, champagne, and old brandy is downright silly.

I am not advocating the consumption of the above three beverages in preference to milk. They are no good for babies and are unsuitable for breakfast.

But there is one kind of talk that goes with hard liquor and another with milk. Let's keep 'em separate.

IN London recently the chairman of the Federation of Manufacturing Opticians became rather carried away with his favorite subject.

Glasses, he said, had become fashionable and a pleasure to the wearer.

It is true that glasses are by no means as repulsive as they once were. Designers go to no end of trouble to make attractive frames. The best has been made of a bad job.

But "a pleasure to the wearer!" Oh, come off it, sir.

THERE are not many entertainers who can hold an audience for a full-length theatre programme and have it calling for more at the end.

Maurice Chevalier does (at Sydney's Empire Theatre), and provides at the same time a lesson for young artists—which is that if they, too, wish to survive into their seventies, comedy is the wisest bet.

All his best items are his own comedy sketches and songs. They are indestructibly witty.

Not that one would wish to miss the rest, the hit songs from films that made him famous in the early days of the "talkies."

He sets the tone of the evening by his introductory imitation of an audience discussing him: "How old is he? I saw him in 1928 and he was no cheeken then."

So he doesn't try to be a chicken. He sings his numbers with a reminiscent air.

And if, as some people have suggested, this should make you a little melancholy, it is a sadness for your own youth. Not for Chevalier. At 71-and-a-half there is nothing sad about Maurice.

By



Dorothy Drain

WRITING in his parish magazine, a British Church of England clergyman has made a spirited attack on brides who arrive late at the church.

"Heartless cruelty and bad manners," he says, and goes on to paint a pathetic picture of the waiting, nervous groom.

The problem is difficult because of the accepted tradition that the bride is always a little late, thus showing a becoming reluctance to wed.

It might ease things for clergymen if some of the traditional procedure was scrubbed.

Suppose the bridegroom and best man called for the bride and let the parents go in the same car.

This would save car fare, too. But the trouble is that the bride would probably not be ready, anyhow. And heaven knows what sort of a donnybrook would ensue. Maybe nobody would get to the church at all.

Better leave things as they are.

NOMINATED as one of the silliest remarks of the month:

A friend of Antony Armstrong-Jones, speaking of his photography, said, "He can be brutal with his camera, but never unkind."

GARBAGE bins have taken a step up in the world.

Some of those new plastic ones carry a free three-year insurance policy against theft.

This is a pretty smart move by the manufacturers. In Sydney, where householders are required to put the full bin at the front gate, most people would fear for the safety of the new models.

THE New York State Commission against discrimination is investigating businessmen's new fad for English secretaries. Executives claim English girls are more efficient, but some newspapers say the bosses believe the English accent lends "chic" to offices.

*It's chic to have an English chick
Ask customers, "Who's calling?"
And, "Can I help you, sir?"—a trick
That's useful if you're stalling.*

*The local girls who want the job
Object to her high-hattin'.
Her boss is something of a snob,
A battler in Manhattan.*

*She compensates, this British maid,
For hopes, ambitions thwarted.
She gives him class around the trade—
His secretary's imported!*



McWILLIAM'S Cream SHERRY

McWilliam's Cream Sherry wins more friends every day. It is a specially selected sweet sherry with a smooth, creamy body, so mild and mellow that it's right for every occasion. McWilliam's Cream Sherry is truly versatile, so for your own enjoyment, and when friends drop in, keep McWilliam's Cream Sherry in your home.

SHERRY ON THE ROCKS

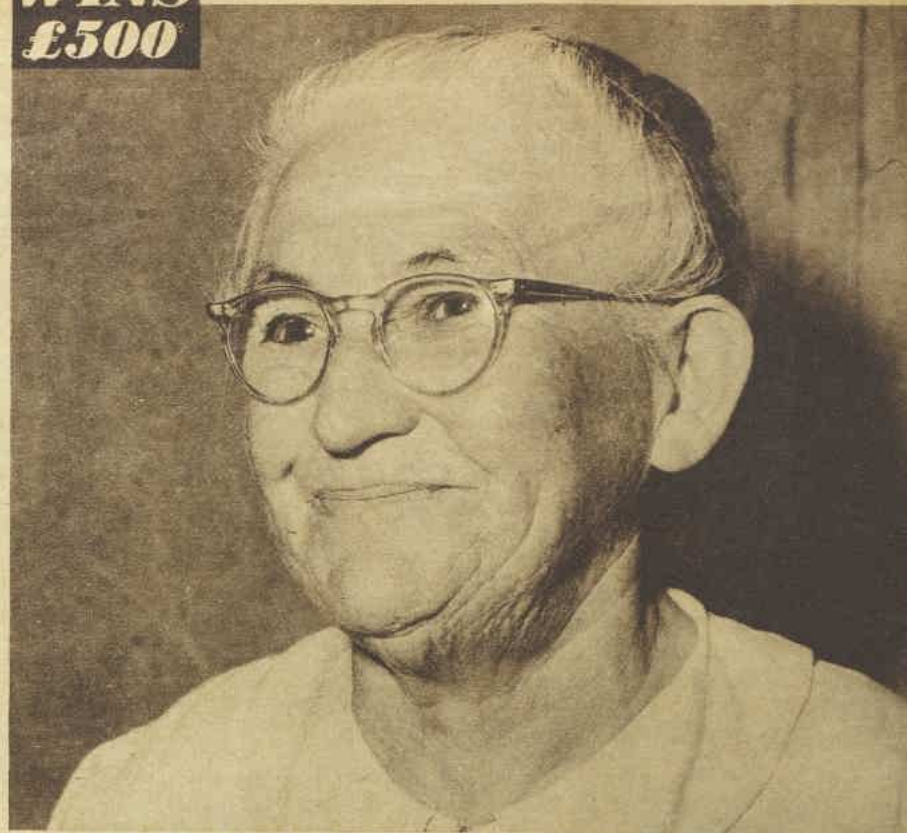
Simply place two ice cubes in a glass and pour over 2 or 3 oz. of McWilliam's Cream Sherry.

FROM THE PROUDEST GRAPES IN AUSTRALIA

RESULTS!

**WINS
£500**

Mothers' "Happiest Day" Contest



AGED SEVENTY-TWO, Mrs. Elizabeth Hopper, of Taree, still makes clothes on her pedal sewing-machine for her children and her 31 grandchildren. Once she made a suit for her late husband, whom she calls "Dad" in her prizewinning letter. The farm of which she wrote was at Hannam Vale.

● **A grandmother who reared 8 children on a dairy wins first prize, £500. Second (£250) goes to a woman whose son was born nearly blind.**
A bush-bred drover won the fathers' prize.

FIRST PRIZE

● The mothers' first prize of £500 was won by Mrs. Elizabeth Hopper, 152 Commerce St., Taree, N.S.W.

SECOND...

● Second prize, £250, was won by Mrs. Marjorie Henderson, Coolooli Rd., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

FATHER

● The fathers' prize, £250: Mr. W. Walsh, c/o Tocal Exchange, via Longreach, Q.

This is her letter:

In May I will have been a mother for forty-nine years, and the day that stands out most in my memory as my happiest day as a mother was my silver wedding anniversary almost twenty-five years ago.

My children were especially attentive that day. They brought me a bunch of flowers from the garden and declared that I would have a day off.

We lived on a dairy farm and always had plenty of work to do. My husband used to let his beard grow most of the week and shave for Sunday.

The girls suggested seeing it was his wedding anniversary Dad should have a shave after breakfast, but Dad with a grin said, "It's not long until Sunday," and away he went out to the back paddock to yoke his horses and plough all day.

I spent a pleasant morning with the girls asking me numerous questions as they looked at our wedding photo.

Then they said, "Mum, you ought to go out to the back paddock and give Dad a surprise this afternoon. He is always wanting you to see what he has planted and to look at the place."

"I know," I replied, "but it's almost two miles each way, and when you have been married 25 years you won't feel like walking four miles."

"But, Mum," they said, "you haven't been out there for ages, and Dad would be thrilled if you went."

They coaxed until I finally said, "Yes, I'll go."

Dad was surprised to see me. I said, "The girls made me come." Dad was pleased. I rested for a while, and then we went further up the hill to see the bananas growing and where our eldest son was working.

When we reached the plantation there was no sign of him. Unknown to us he had gone home through the bush to help make ready our surprise party.

Dad showed me around and we sat and talked, then slowly wended our way home, enjoying each other's company.

We arrived home at dusk. On our front verandah were gathered our children, my mother and mother-in-law, nieces and nephews, almost our entire families.

They started singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," and I was never so surprised in all my life as I caught sight of another sister and brother-in-law.

I kept saying incredulously, "And you're here!" Dad made a hurried exit to the bathroom.

Then we were led to the side verandah, where a wedding feast was prepared, and as we sat in the place of honor I was filled with a wonderful happiness. This was the first time I had all my loved ones together in our home.

As I looked fondly on each one I thought how wonderful it is to love and be loved.

This is her letter:

My happiest day? I need not try to remember, because it stands out so vividly.

I had German measles before my son was born, which caused him to be practically blind.

His early years meant constant operations and visits to the doctor in an effort to gain a little sight.

He wore his first pair of glasses before he was twelve months old. Unable to play with other children, his constant companion was "Nippy," a friendly brindle bulldog.

During his seventh or eighth year there was another operation and prescription for new glasses.

We returned to our home in the country to await them.

They came. I put them on my little son, and he looked slowly around the room. His expression was so strange.

"Mummy," he said, "everything has edges," and he went to explore a new world when Nippy came bounding in.

There was an excited cry.

"Look, Mummy, Nippy has different colors. I thought she was the same all over. And isn't her face funny?"

He was so excited and happy, and I was near to tears with joy.

There were two more incidents in this day, firstly, his delight at the flowers in the garden — he had never seen them before — and later as we drove to the nearby railway station.

It was the usual country station, with the gatekeeper's cottage nearby.

As we arrived our son cried, "Look, Daddy, there's a house, I've never seen it before." He was positively wild with delight.

How could there be another day like this one, the day my little boy slipped from a world of blurred light and shadows to one of color and "edges" on things to see.

No matter what happiness lies ahead for me, that day will stand apart as the happiest day of my life.

His letter read:

Now I am a hard man, being reared in the bush, and have been droving for years. This is a down-to-earth story.

My wife and I have been married some years now, and have four children.

As you know, after a few years marriages get shaky.

I was working hard on the road with stock, and ours got to the stage where it could not go on, so my wife packed and she and the kiddies went.

I laughed at her going, but they had only gone a day and I had a terribly empty feeling. My life and ambition had gone.

Three weeks went by like that, and then my wife rang to say they could not live without me.

Just to hear their voices again saying they were coming back would be the happiest day of my life if I lived to be a hundred.

Any man who can say he doesn't miss his kiddies when they have gone, by Heaven, I don't think he is human.

**WINS
£250**



SECOND PRIZE WINNER among the mothers, Mrs. Marjorie Henderson, Narrabeen (N.S.W.), wrote her letter about the day her near-blind son, Tony, received new glasses. Tony, pictured with his mother, is now 17 and is a first-year Law student at Sydney University.

£250 for FATHER



● **Dr. William Walsh, at present moving sheep in Queensland's central west, doesn't yet know that his entry won the fathers' first prize (£250). He is pictured above.**



But he managed to send some snapshots, two of which are reproduced. He explained his position in a note.

"We are at present on the road with a mob of sheep and it was impossible to do anything about your telegram, but I am writing this in the hope of getting someone passing along here to post it."

"I found a couple of old snapshots taken two years ago when I was cutting cane. My family is all there except the girl; she is fifteen."

"Mum (my wife) and Bobby were taken about six years ago. (Snapshot above.)"

"This is the best I can do until these sheep are delivered."

WHEN told by telegram he was a finalist, he couldn't even get into Longreach to be photographed for these pages.

Six mothers win £100 each

● Judging the many thousands of entries, which came from as far afield as Hongkong and India, was a difficult task. A wide variety of themes was chosen, most reflecting a deep love of children. Some letters, especially those from fathers, were affectionately humorous.

LETTERS written by the winners of the six £100 prizes for mothers are published below.

OUT WITH THE BOYS

£100 to Mrs. M. Ansell, 43 Day Street, Drummoyne, N.S.W.

I've always been happy with my own family, but it was outsiders who gave me the happiest day of my life.

During World War II my eldest boy, who was ineligible for the Army, had many young friends who signed up. I used to write to them all overseas.

While some of them were in Egypt they asked me to write to a lonely young soldier who had no parents.

I sent him Christmas parcels and various other things, and am glad I did, as he was the only one who never came back.

Some of the boys were already home on the eve the Armistice was signed.

When the boat sirens were screaming, some of the lads came to pick up my son to go out on a celebration. As he was not home they picked me up instead.

When we reached town the whole city seemed to be mad with joy.

The boys ran into about a dozen more soldiers they knew in the Army, and naturally I thought they would want to dump me somewhere, not liking to have an elderly woman tagging along. But not them.

I really felt like the proud mother of half the Army. Before the night was over many young girls joined our party, and they, too, treated me like something special.

The whole crowd treated me to the best of everything, and wherever there was any fun in progress I was in the middle of it.

In fact, when I reached home at four o'clock the following morning I was a very tired and exhausted woman, but with all the fun I had it was worth it.

Yes, it took part of our young Australian Army to treat me to the happiest day of my life.

I still do not forget that one young soldier, and once a year I wear my sprig of rosemary.

SHE MISSED SO MUCH

£100 to Mrs. J. Sibson, 22 Adelphi Street, Bayswater, W.A.

All my life I have been deaf, with the progressive deafness that gets worse as one grows older.

I never let this worry me,

but I did miss out on such a lot—most of all, my children's baby talk.

At the time our children, three boys, were sixteen, fourteen, and twelve years old, hearing-aids were on the market. How I secretly longed for one.

But we were just eking out a bare living on a group settlement dairy farm and couldn't even afford to give the boys pocket-money, let alone wages.

However, my husband managed to procure a power-saw and said they could arrange between themselves how best to earn a little money for themselves.

At this time a neighboring farmer, who was blessed with a little more of this world's goods than ourselves, needed some planks cut for a new bridge across the creek.

The boys decided that as Peter, the middle one, didn't like cows he should take the power-saw and do the job.

Time came for payment, and, oh, how excited the boys were.

I naturally thought it was because of the money they would share. Imagine my happiness and pride when they handed me the cheque: "Mum, could you get a hearing-aid with this?"

Mine was not joy because they were giving me the

money but because the boys themselves so obviously derived such pleasure from the giving.

So I went up to the big city, and returned with a brand-new hearing-aid (on time payment), and, oh, the happiest day of my life was when I returned to the farm to the boys, so eager to ask: "Can you hear this, Mum? Can you hear this?"

The laugh of the kookaburra, the screech of the magpie, the rustle of the gum leaves in the wind, of the ripple of the water over the stones in the creek bed—I heard all the sounds I had never heard.

Time has moved on. The boys have grown up and married, and all have children of their own, and, oh, what joy my hearing-aid brings me.

For to hear those children chatter is music in my ears, even if it does come through a hearing-aid. Never will I forget the day I returned to the farm with my hearing-aid—although maybe the boys sometimes wished Mum didn't hear quite so well!

DEATH CAME SOFTLY

£100 to Mrs. Cecily M. Hirst, 137 Burns Bay Rd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

It was with a blissful feeling of peace that I lay in my hospital bed, and although still immobilised and transfusions going on I began to notice my surroundings.

When Sister Mary entered carrying my baby, I looked up eagerly.

Drawing up a chair, she sat close beside me so I could

have a good look while she fed her.

"I see how surprised you are," she said, "but I want to talk to you. I'd like to bring a special patient in here."

"You could help her, I think. Perhaps you will be good for each other!"

Thoughtfully I studied the new patient when she was brought in later. She had a high color and no lipstick, but not in any way remarkable, and after a few shy exchanges we were settled happily enough.

Knowing the Head Sister must have a very good reason, I wondered.

During the afternoon her husband arrived. He was allowed to stay almost continuously. He was gentle and kind but I could see he knew well what might lie ahead.

Sister herself brought the baby in—another departure from the rules. She made no attempt to shoo the husband out but just smiled at them.

At my request, Sister undid the baby and laid it down near them. A sort of wonder crept over their faces and the husband put out a tentative finger.

They looked at each other and I could see what this scrap of humanity meant to them.

Each time the baby was brought in my new friend was given her. In the evenings when her husband came, they held the baby tenderly, marvelling.

I seemed to be an onlooker, somehow a privileged one, and I became aware suddenly of a shadow creeping closer.

Often as she lay there, not quite in this world and not yet in the next, her husband and I talked of many things.

I was beginning to realise that I, too, had become immeasurably affected by these two, and wondered why our lives had crossed.

Towards dusk, when my baby was being fed and I was peacefully watching Sister, my friend awoke. She smiled at us and her husband moved closer.

Sister placed my baby beside her, and, standing close, gave me a long, intent look.

Her face transfigured with a purity I had never thought to behold, my friend smiled. "You have given me great joy and happiness," she said. "I hope you know what it has meant to me."

As I looked at her with tear-filled eyes, later, she died.

It seemed a very small thing I had done, yet deep within me I could feel the greatest sense of happiness I have ever known.

A BOY WITH SHOES

£100 to Mrs. G. J. Manning, 396 Nelson Road, Mt. Nelson, Tasmania.

We have five children ranging from seven months to nineteen years, and they have each given us many days of happiness, anxiety, and just plain tiredness and irritation, but the fourth child, our son Stewart, was born with a mild spastic paralysis of both legs and arms and slightly defective eyesight.

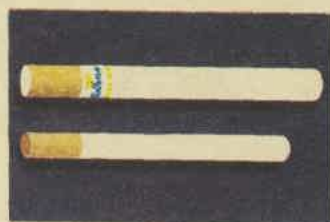
Until something like this happens to you, you have no idea what it feels like.

However sympathetic your nature you cannot imagine the fierce protectiveness and

Continued on page 15



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Rothmans King Size really satisfies

RESULTS: "Happiest Day" Contest

sensitivity that develops towards the child.

But you must learn to curb these feelings and let the child take all the normal buffetings of life and cope with them as well as he can.

That's how it was with Stewart and me.

He has always had to wear clumsy boots with callipers, plasters, or night boots to sleep in, glasses for his eyes, and over the years waited many weary hours for examinations and physiotherapy until almost three years ago his leg was operated on.

There followed weeks immobilised in plaster, months in an after-care hospital, then a slow improvement until his walk was almost normal.

One day less than a year ago, still in irons, Stewart took himself for a routine check-up.

I was talking on the phone when he came tiptoe to the door, shining-faced and with his voice hushed with awe and disbelief. "Mummy, what do you think? Doctor said, 'Sister, this boy can have shoes!'"

HOME FROM THE WARS

£100 to Mrs. D. A. Bengier, 11 Shakespeare Street, Leederville, W.A.

Away back in the year 1940, the time of World War II, my husband, with hundreds of his friends, volunteered for active service with the A.I.F.

They were accepted almost immediately, and after only three months' military train-

ing he was sent overseas, leaving a young wife and a ten-month-old son.

Five months later our second little boy arrived.

It was nearly three years later that the happiest day of my life began, just the same as any other day — just the same, I guess, as it dawned for hundreds of other soldiers' wives who lived alone with their babies and sometimes, it seemed, with just memories of Daddy.

It was early evening, just teatime, and I can remember we had boiled custard with the sweet.

Suddenly we heard great, heavy, hobnailed footsteps walking down the verandah.

Needless to say, the sound was one I'd been listening for, and praying for, for all those long years.

I was scared to let my hopes fly too high, but, sure enough, when I reached the door, there he was.

Our eldest little boy, then three years old, climbed down from the table, stood there for a second or two taking in proceedings, and then smiled all over his gorgeous little custard-covered face, and said, "My Daddy."

JUST LIKE HIS FATHER

£100 to Mrs. G. M. Notley, "Mingawalla," Beeac, Vic.

A mother of 60 years and over, I have three sons and a daughter — all now married with families of their own.

Widowed when my eldest son was 17 years and my youngest son six, there were

many, many times when I thought I would never be happy again.

However, time is a great healer; I had the children to think about and knew I would have to be the breadwinner.

As I brought up my family each one had his own special jobs to do after school, as I was at work each day.

My second son, aged 13, was very helpful with the youngest, always showing him how to do things and telling him that if he did such-and-such a thing this way, he would be like Daddy when he grew up.

Then one day I heard him saying that as soon as he was old enough he was going to leave school and go to work on the train and bring his pay envelope home so as Mum need not work any more.

Time went on, and at 15 he left school and went to work. Quite a big man the morning he started, long trousers and his lunch-bag and a bright smile as he left.

The week ended, he came in from work so proud and happy as he said:

"Well, Mum, I've done something that I've been wanting to do for a long while—really be like Dad and give you a pay envelope. Before long it will be a lot more, but gee, Mum, I do feel like Daddy now."

He gave me a kiss and his pay envelope.

For a few seconds I could not find words for my thoughts.

It was my! happiest day when I realised that I had a son so like his father.

Five mothers win £50 each

● Outlines of four of the £50 prizewinning letters appear below. For reasons of space, only the shortest letter — Mrs. M. McCallum's — is printed in full

A gift of flowers

£50 to Mrs. M. McCallum, Marland Road, Boronia, Vic.

One day during the depression, I sent my two eldest boys on a message. The eldest was six years old, the other four.

They returned later with grubby faces, but clean hands, in which they both held very clean bottles, each containing six dandelion flowers.

Bill said "Here, Mum, they are for you. We washed the vases."

Les added "Yes, you love yellow flowers, don't you, Mum?"

The so-called vases had been picked up on a nearby tip, and washed quite clean.

I have enjoyed many happy days with my seven children, but that simple act of childish love will always remain with me.

£50 to Mrs. L. C. Wann, 35 Harrison Street, Rockingham, W.A.

MRS. WANN'S letter described a night of terror when a cyclone struck the beach where she, her husband, and two toddler sons lived.

"The walls of our house moved in and out like curtains fluttering at a window . . ."

The family took refuge in a cannery ice-room. Her happiest day dawned after the cyclone, with family and friends unharmed although homes were ruined.

£50 to Mrs. C. Z. Jones, "Cherry Tree," Wimbledon Grove, Kotara, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

AUGUST 15, 1945 . . . the Japanese surrender . . . Mrs. Jones, mother of a P.O.W. and a commando, rushed out to tell her neighbor, who also had two soldier sons.

But the two excited mothers collided in the street. They danced around for joy.

Mrs. Jones spent the rest of the night answering calls from other happy friends.

£50 to Mrs. L. M. P. Dring, 16 Rosedale Avenue, Wattle Park, S.A.

IN World War II Mrs. Dring was doing voluntary driving work for Red Cross Transport. She saw "lads in their prime, maimed, emaciated, limbless, or blind, yet still resolute and uncomplaining."

One night she unexpectedly found her own son, who had been fighting in the islands, in one of the hospital beds—ill with malaria, but home again.

£50 to Mrs. Charlotte A. Kennelly, 19 Raglan Road, Miranda, N.S.W.

MRS. Kennelly had had many many happy days as a mother, but the time came when her children had all grown up.

She and her husband were lonely — "Our job in life seemed finished."

Her happiest day was when she found they were needed after all, to help look after a daughter's children.



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CINDERELLA UNMASKED . . . a cynical version of the old fairy-tale

By
**OSBERT
SITWELL**

CINDERELLA was really a pretty girl—when you could see her: her hair, and her complexion especially, seemed to proclaim a warmth of blood and love of life, and her foot was so small that all other girls were jealous; when you could see her, for generally, as now, she was the spinning, invisible centre of a whirlwind of dust. As her stepsisters reached the first landing, and saw raging in front of them that storm of particles, the elder, Pamela, called into it:

"Cinderella, dearest, do stop dusting and come and talk to us about the ball tomorrow. We've both of us determined to take you to it, even if we have to drag you there. But all this dust is bad for your skin. It coats . . . Well, as it happened, I passed a hoarding which still carried the poster we used to see everywhere during the last election — and which they said at the time won it. You remember the slogans: 'Dare to Be a Woman and Vote for National Skin Food.' After Housework Socialise Your Complexion.' So I suddenly thought of you and went straight to the Ministry of Physical Culture's Beauty Parlor, and got you a pot of Welfare Face Cream." Here she held up a round glass jar in her hand. "But you'll have to lie down all tomorrow morning," she continued, "and pat it into the skin gently with the tips of your fingers."

The cloud still continued to spin lightly but suffocatingly on its axis, and caused Diana, the younger sister, to sneeze. Pamela said softly to her:

"Darling, see what you can do. Perhaps you'll be more successful!"

Diana blew her nose and called:

"Cinderella, Cinderella, where are you? I can't even see you. Do stop dusting and come and talk to us instead. After all, the ball is sure to be a lovely sight. All the older women will be

wearing their jewels, and I've never even seen them. You can't go on dusting the whole time. Half an hour with the Dustette we gave you would do all this work that takes you such hours."

A sound of crying issued from the centre of the spinning motes, and a small-girl voice whined:

"You're always insinuating something, you two! When you gave me the Dustette you told me you'd got it to help me . . . But now I understand. It's because you think I don't dust thoroughly, and that a machine would do it better. I work my fingers to the very bone for you, and that's all the reward I get. How can I come to the ball, when I have to clean the whole house for you?"

Pamela and Diana walked on upstairs disconsolately. One said to the other:

"There's nothing to be done! And she can be so charming if she wants. It's an absolute mania — what they call a complex, I suppose . . . Never mind, she can't help it, poor child! Mama told me that 'Rella's mother was just like that, too."

It had indeed been from her mother that Cinderella had learned the virtues of resignation, and from her example that she had deduced the power it gave her over ordinary people. Ever since

Cinderella could remember, she had felt a special devotion for her mother, and for her maternal grandfather, the Bishop; had dwelt in her own mind on how unselfish they were, and had determined to grow up to resemble them. Sometimes when, as a small child, the thought of their goodness filled her head, she would take the sweet she was sucking out of her mouth and fling it away; though the performing of this act of abnegation caused her to sob, scream, and hold her breath for hours. Humpleby, her nurse, who had been nursery-maid in the Bishop's Palace, used, after she had put the child to bed, to say to a friend who came to see her:

"Thankful I am to have half an hour and a bit of cheese to myself at last. Miss Cinderella's been a regular little Atrocity Story all day long: throwing her sweets away and fair roaring, just like her dear mother before her. It's in the blood."

Cinderella had not only learned how — or, to be more precise, in what manner — to be good but also how to manage a house, from her mother, who, ever since she married, had defiantly refused to consider herself. Indeed, her very first act on arriving home after her honeymoon was to discharge the two old servants who had looked after her husband and his parents before him, and to shoulder all their work herself.

When Cinderella was born her mother had engaged old Humpleby. Otherwise she employed no servants, only a help. The mistress of the house as a rule refused to take nourishment of any sort — at least in the presence of her husband, though he sometimes observed tea and toast being rushed up to her bedroom, as if for first-aid, by Humpleby. But this did not count as food.

To page 48

CINDERELLA





Tip for a girl in love!

Your destiny—every woman's rightful destiny—is to be lovely, to love and be loved. But smart women don't leave it all up to Fate—they make sure of always looking their best. And, because your complexion is such an important part of looking your best, always remember you *can* look your loveliest with Three Flowers. For Three Flowers Face Powder is just revealing enough to permit your natural skin tones to show through—yet flattering enough to conceal imperfections and impart a smooth, even finish to your complexion.

Three Flowers won't streak or cake or change colour—it covers perfectly, clings like a second skin, safeguarding your loveliness through busy days and happy evenings. There are six enchanting shades to choose from—one of which will suit you perfectly. Ask for Three Flowers from your Chemist or store. There is no better face powder!

AND AS A FOUNDATION! As a perfect base for a lovely fragrant powder—to help keep your skin soft, smooth and healthy, try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream. Fragrance-matched to the powder.



Face Powder—4/11 Vanishing Cream—3/3

three flowers FACE POWDER AND VANISHING CREAM

THE MAKE-UP THAT HELPS DREAMS COME TRUE.

Worth Reporting

DIG Dave on disc," the posters said. They were stuck round the walls at a reception welcoming famous jazz musician Dave Brubeck to Australia.

After meeting Mr. Brubeck—a serious man dedicated to his art (jazz for the music-lover)—we decided the posters were all wrong.

They could have advised us to behold the Brubeck beat, perhaps, or to relish the records of Brubeck. But dig? No.

Mr. B., looking tired, arrived at the reception 35 minutes late. He fought his way to the microphone and said a few words to the assembled throng.

The words were few because he was suffering from laryngitis, "working too hard



DAVE BRUBECK . . . the kids (five of them) are musical, too.

and flying too much," he told us later.

As well as being a devoted jazz-man, Dave Brubeck is a devoted father. He has five children, who all play the drums.

Darius, aged 12, is also a pianist and trumpeter. Michael, 10, is a saxophonist. Christopher, eight, is a pianist. Cathryn sings (she's six).

Then there's four-year-old Daniel. Said his father proudly, "He has natural rhythm. He picks round on the piano and he can keep up a good steady beat on the drums."

You may wonder how all five children can be so proficient on the drums. Which aren't, after all, something that everyone has handy.

We wondered the same thing. But Mr. Brubeck explained.

"We keep the drums set up in the front room," he said.

Noisily the pods popped

ENGLISH humorist J. B. Boothroyd says that perhaps he expects a bit too much from the peace and quiet of country life.

One day he was trying to sleep in the garden.

But he was irritated by a series of tiny irregular explosions. They went on and on—till he had to get up and investigate.

"And I traced them in the end, too," he said.

"Seed pods of a broom-bush popping in the hot sun."



MRS. JOHN ROSS . . . 13 is her lucky number.

This unlucky number isn't

AUSTRALIA is sending 13 girl swimmers to the Olympic Games in Rome. But this doesn't inspire any superstitious qualms in their manager, Mrs. John Ross, of Brisbane.

Her youngest daughter, Margaret Anne (aged 13), was born on Friday the 13th.

In fact, "13 has always been my luckiest number," says Mrs. Ross.

While she is away looking after 13 other girls, her own four daughters (Wendy, Robin, Jacqueline, and Margaret) will be doing some "looking after" themselves.

They'll keep house for their father and nine-year-old brother, Peter.

ANOTHER new restaurant has opened in Sydney. The proprietor, Henri Corbus, has gone in for Tahitian decor—palm fronds and the lazy tropic atmosphere.

But we like the table "lights" best: candles stuck in (real) pineapples.

Chicken had a hot roost

WE might as well warn you: this is a fowl story. We heard it from one of our artists, Ron Laskie.

It seems that Ron's wife, Betty, was on her way home from driving the children to school the other day. She stopped at the local garage for a car check-up.

At the garage, proprietor Keith Steel hoisted the car's bonnet. He looked inside. He said, "You've got a chook in here."

At which, Mrs. L. looked a little disbelieving.

"But there it was. This little chook. Oil and stuff all over it," Ron told us.

"Go on, go on," we said.

"What happened then?"

"They coaxed the chook out of the engine," said Ron. Yes, but what happened to it? "No idea," said Ron.

We were forced to phone Mr. Steel at the garage. And we are happy to report that the little fowl is doing as well as can be expected, thank you.

"I gave it to some people up the road who keep poultry," said Mr. Steel. "They gave it a bit of a dry-clean—and some food."

But we'd still like to know how the chicken got into the engine in the first place.

Their creations got dumped

"IT'S far better to get married today, when you can buy long-playing records," said Brisbane sculptress Kathleen Shillam, thoughtfully.

Then she explained: "When Leonard and I were married, we asked our friends to give us records as wedding presents instead of the usual pots and pans and so on."

"Now we've got a wonderful collection—of records that play at the old 78 speed. And it's so exhausting, hopping up every three minutes to change the record."

"I suppose we're rather impractical."

"Artistic temperament," we said soothingly. Kathleen and Leonard are both sculptors; Leonard designed the prize-winning aluminium abstract on Brisbane's public library.

They're going overseas in November. Later this year



KATHLEEN SHILLAM . . . they got records for their wedding.

they'll be holding a farewell exhibition at the Johnstone Art Gallery in Brisbane.

But Kathleen went on to reminisce about earlier days.

Before she and Leonard were married they decided to spring-clean. So they loaded all their old paintings and sculpture into their sailing-boat. And they dumped everything into the sea.

"Much to our horror, some of the paintings and carvings floated," said Kathleen.

"But we never heard of anyone finding them."

He wanted them lazy

B.B.C. producer David Thomson had a pretty puzzling problem recently.

A London despatch reported that he was looking for lazy men and women. The type who don't mind admitting they're lazy.

This honesty was necessary because Mr. Thomson wanted to record a programme investigating laziness.

The problem was how to find genuine subjects.

He couldn't advertise, because no really lazy person would bother to answer an advertisement.

If you can summon up the energy, you could always write to Mr. T. at the B.B.C.

Mmmmmmm. It does seem a lot of effort . . .

Three Little Questions



A complete short story

By ELIZABETH STOWE

Illustrated by Barbara Robertson

HE had the same up-to-no-good eyes, Doris noticed as she came down the stairs to greet him that Sunday afternoon Harry brought him home from the airport. The same up-to-no-good grin, too. The difference was in her. She was no longer susceptible.

"Bart!" she said graciously. She had decided it would be adolescent to be anything but gracious to him. After all, he was her brother's guest; he'd be in Washington only two weeks getting shots and travel papers for his job down in South America, and five years had passed since he had loved her and left her. "How nice to see you again!" She extended a gracious hand.

But he bent his head and kissed her surprised lips. Her mother, who was standing there with Harry, laughed, a shocked yet admiring little laugh. "Bart Lockwood! You haven't changed a bit!"

"No, ma'am," he grinned. "At least not so far as your lovely daughter is concerned. What're you doing the next two weeks, Doris?"

"I'm not doing that," she assured him. "George wouldn't like it."

"George?" he blinked, and she knew Harry hadn't told him. "George is Doris' boy-friend," her mother explained.

Very patiently Doris said, "I think he might be called a little more than that, Mother. After all, we're engaged."

"Engaged?" Bart searched her face. "No foolin', engaged?"

"No foolin', engaged," she told him with satisfaction. George wasn't interested in her for just the next two weeks. George was interested for the rest of their lives.

"But save the tears, Bart," Harry said. "I've made other arrangements for you, anyway. Very nice arrangements."

"That so?" Bart lifted the two suitcases at his feet. "Well, show me where to put these and let's hear more."

The two old college cronies went upstairs.

For a moment Doris stood there, feeling her mother's gaze, feeling a little let down. Vanity, of course. Any other man who had looked at her like that, kissed her like that, would have been less easily cheered by the news of Harry's "very nice arrangements." But, then, that was the reality of Bart Lockwood. Thank heaven she had grown up enough to see it.

With a shrug, she moved across the living-room to the couch and reached for the Sunday paper to read until George arrived. But memories of five years before kept interfering with concentration.

Bart had come to stay with Harry while he investigated engineering jobs with the Government, and that first week of his visit she had lain awake every night until she heard him and Harry come in, lain awake, sick with jealousy, because he was out with someone else.

Then she'd thrown herself at him, she guessed, followed him around the house, hinted and hinted. Finally, one afternoon, he'd said, "Why don't you go and tantalise somebody your own age, Doris? If this keeps up, I might forget you're just a kid and ask you for a date."

She had been completely overcome. "Oh, Bart! When?"

He had laughed as if some of her excitement had rubbed off on him. "How about tonight?"

Harry, of course, had been aghast that Bart would be interested in a girl who wouldn't even go to college until September. Her mother had sighed and wished her father were still alive, then smiled. "All right, Bart. I know you'll remember she's my baby and Harry's little sister."

Ten dates before he went away, but he'd taken her only to places appropriate for a teenager. He'd brought her home early. Those good-night kisses had been careful, too. Even his words.

"Say you love me, Bart," she had begged. How could she ever have been so nauseating.

"Let's just say I'm crazy about you, honey."

She smiled faintly now. What an odd interlude it must have been for him, between those college episodes Harry had mentioned, the string of women since!

Her mother sat down in the wing-chair and said, "He's to be first assistant in charge of building that huge hydro-electric plant down there, Doris." Then, "Go out with him while he's here."

"Mother!" Of all the unworthy suggestions her mother had made during this anti-George campaign of the past few months, that was the most. "Are you actually proposing that I be unfaithful to George?"

Her mother had the nerve to look gentle and wise. "I think it's time you were what you call 'unfaithful.' You've been tied down going steady with him for three years."

"Well, I intend to make it thirty years, Mother. Sixty. Seventy."

Her mother sighed. "But you owe it to yourself to go out occasionally with someone else. Even if you and George do eventually decide to get married—"

All sorts of doubts assailed Doris as she lay awake deep into the night.

"What do you mean 'even if we decide'?" Doris heard the annoyance in her voice. It was time her mother accepted the fact of George, time Harry did, too, time this constant belittling and undercutting of her engagement stopped. "We've already decided."

"I know, darling. But you don't even have a ring."

That again! "He gave me his fraternity pin, Mother. It's the same thing. Besides, he's going to get me a ring as soon as he can afford a really nice one. He doesn't want me stuck for life with some dinky little—"

"They sell rings on the instalment plan, too," a voice said, and Doris jumped because Bart Lockwood had got down the stairs without making a sound. That sneaky new carpet!

He came, grinning, across the room, "When's the wedding, Doris?"

So Harry had been disparaging George with that one! "We haven't set a date, Bart."

"No date?" he frowned. "A little fraternity sweetheart pin since a year ago last month, but no date, no ring?" He sat down lazily on the couch beside her. "Why don't you let me jack him up with a little competition?"

The gall of Bart Lockwood! The gall of her mother, too, just sitting there, looking bright and interested. She forced a laugh. "Oh, I think you'll be too busy with those 'arrangements' of Harry's."

He shrugged. "Never too busy to help a damsel in distress."

"I am not," she snapped, "a damsel in distress!" Immediately she regretted snapping, regretted giving him that satisfaction. But how ridiculous could this get? Apparently, Harry and her mother were so jealous of George they were capable of anything — even of trying to tempt her with a fellow like Bart. Thank heaven for the doorbell, for George to take her away.

He was wearing a new suit, one of those quietly rich suits he'd been having to buy ever since last autumn when he'd gone to work for Boswell, Jones, and Finch.

To page 28

'AKTA-VITE'

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for glowing health all through winter



**A DAILY CUP OF 'AKTA-VITE'
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Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could enjoy glowing "holiday health" all through winter... relaxed and free from those all-too-common run down conditions! 'AKTA-VITE' can do much to help you and your family retain that holiday health through the cold months ahead. Get into the routine of a daily cup of hot 'AKTA-VITE' to get the vitamins you need for tip-top health.

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delicious chocolate-malt flavour is the ideal way to get these vitamins — easily, pleasantly and in quantities sufficient to do you good.

'AKTA-VITE' IS EASY TO TAKE

The most popular way of taking 'AKTA-VITE' at this time of year is in a hot milk drink before going to bed.

This has a relaxing, satisfying effect as well as helping you to a good night's sleep.

'AKTA-VITE' can, of course, be taken at any time during the day and is in fact, frequently taken at breakfast as a "starter" to give you extra energy for the day's work.

'AKTA-VITE' IS A POWER FOR HEALTH FOR ALL THE FAMILY

These days the average mother has a good knowledge of vitamins and their function. She buys foods as much for vitamin content as for taste appeal, but as is well known, cooking often destroys many of the vitamins in food. For this reason it is a wise

insurance to see that every member of the family makes up for any lack of the vitamins A, B₁, C and D and this can be done so appetisingly and successfully with 'AKTA-VITE'. 'AKTA-VITE' is very concentrated and has been formulated so that the necessary amounts of these vitamins can be brought up to the right level by following the recommended daily dosage shown on the pack.

Even those only slightly deficient in these vitamins soon feel the benefit of daily 'AKTA-VITE'. 'AKTA-VITE' will help promote more energy, more restful sleep and a zest for living by acting as a tonic of the most natural kind — a food tonic.

Everyone in your family benefits from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

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There are many people who, either because of their serious, conscientious nature or by force of circumstances, are continually exerting themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, replacing the energy and zest they lack. 'AKTA-VITE' in hot milk as a night-cap is a wonderful aid to deep restful sleep which "energy burners" must have.

FOR CONVALESCENTS

The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' appeals at a time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

FOR STRIVING STUDENTS AND ADOLESCENTS

Long hours of study during periods of rapid growth may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from

well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.

FOR EARLY GROWTH

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love its delicious flavour when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST — HE KNOWS



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'AKTA-VITE'**

A POWER FOR HEALTH

Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 2½d. a day.

ES92/362

LUNCH FOR 4

An amusing short short story

By JANE BLIGH

MERLE'S hands jumped off the keys of the typewriter as Mrs. Meadows, coming into the room with the parcel, nearly fell over Tyke.

"Drat that dog!" But she said it mildly, affectionately, because that was the way people felt about Tyke.

He was a devil dog. He knew just where to lie in order to inconvenience the greatest number of people. He fought everything and he frequently bit strangers.

Mrs. Meadows was flustered. Normally, Mr. Moore worked through the lunch hour and he and Merle had something on a tray. Today he wanted an extra-special lunch for four.

Merle opened the parcel of books from the publishers. Six shiny presentation copies of "Shot In The Dark," the latest of Martin Moore's successful thrillers. Merle's hazel eyes were troubled as she studied the picture on the dust-cover.

The girl had golden hair and blue eyes. Merle shook her head and her brown curls bobbed. For twelve months now she had worked for Martin Moore, during which time he had written four books, and in every one the girl had had golden hair and blue eyes.

Somewhere, sometime, Martin Moore had known a damsel in distress who had made an indelible impression on his heart.

She was a resourceful damsel, too, because, subjected as she was by fiction to a series of hairbreadth escapes, she always remained calm and courageous.

Once Merle had interrupted the dictation to protest. "But, Martin, she wouldn't have behaved like that. No woman would. I'd have screamed the place down."

He smiled down at her indulgently. "But, Merle, you're different. You're only a little bit of a thing. This girl was tall and willowy."

Yet, in all these twelve months that she had worked in Martin's flat there had seemed to be no woman, blond or otherwise, who had received his special attention.

That was until yesterday, until Miss Sandra Harper had come cooingly through on the telephone to tell him that she was back in the country and was willing to accept an invitation to lunch. Martin had invited Norman Blake to balance the party.

Tyke sighed at her knee. He liked attention. He looked at her as if his heart were breaking.

"Don't look like that, you soppy sweet," she whispered. "It's catching. Sometimes you and I are both gazing at Martin just like that, and we must look an awful couple of fools."

When Martin came back he had his arms full of flowers.

"Merle," he said gaily, "get out the feminine touch. Deal with the flowers. You're so clever at that sort of thing."

"Right," she said, with a marked lack of enthusiasm. "Your new book has come."

He barely glanced at it. "I got some olives. It's time I went and mixed the drinks."

He moved towards the kitchen and came back to look at her more closely. "Anything wrong, Merle?"

"Mel! I'm merry as a cricket. We'd better hurry."

Five minutes later the flowers were in place and the drinks mixed.

Martin glanced nervously around. "Does it look all right?"

"Fine! Mrs. Meadows has conducted investigations." With her thumb, Merle indicated the ground-floor flat. "Mr. Non-Stop Wireless Smith below is out to lunch, and Mr. Heavy Boots Knight above is quiescent. Mrs. Meadows has cooked a divine meal. I don't see what could possibly go wrong."

Norman Blake was the first to arrive. He was a frequent visitor and had no reason to be nervous.

"Hello, Merle! Hello, Tyke, old man! What cheer, Martin? What's all this about Sandra Harper being back? I bet she still looks as if someone had invented her just to put her on a poster. I heard she went broke after that concert tour. She was in a spot. Owed money all round. Someone said she found another sucker to finance her."

A moment later the doorbell rang and there was Miss Sandra Harper herself to answer all the questions. Her hair was bright gold and her eyes were deep blue.

She wore a little suit of black, very quiet and expensive, and the diamond clip at her neck was the genuine product of the mine. She held out both hands to Martin, which always looks more than twice as affectionate as holding out one.

Presently Merle was introduced and ignored, save by Martin, who threw her a friendly word from time to time, and by Tyke, who insisted that they were both orphans of the storm and should huddle together.



When the fight between the dogs was at its height, Mrs. Meadows emptied a jug of water on the combatants.

The others talked briskly. There was a lot of reminiscing, everybody except Merle remembering how they had done this or that together. Meanwhile, Mrs. Meadows went on serving them an excellent lunch and Martin filled their glasses.

They had all gone back to the study for coffee when it happened. The bell rang, and as the door of the study was open they could hear the brief exchange of words.

"Mr. Knight?"

"No," said Mrs. Meadows. "Mr. Knight lives upstairs."

It was at that moment that Tyke growled and a large bulldog, madly pursued by his master, tore into the room. A second later battle was joined.

Tyke was a fighter by nature, bulldogs hold on till death. The young man slapped wildly with the lead at both animals; Norman Blake made a series of grabs at the bulldog, while Martin and Merle hung on to Tyke. Mrs. Meadows, with enormous presence of mind, emptied a jug of water impartially over the combatants.

Two sounds rose above the din of battle. One was Martin's voice saying: "Merle, let go! You'll get hurt!"

The other sound was more surprising: Miss Sandra Harper, the calm, cool, collected blonde, was screaming.

It was five minutes before the combatants were separated. Everyone who had been in the fray bore the marks. Norman Blake had a bite across his palm, the stranger had toothmarks on his wrist, Martin's coat-sleeve was in ribbons, and Merle didn't know which was her own blood and which was Tyke's.

As the stranger dragged his unwilling dog out of the flat, Miss Sandra Harper fainted.

Mrs. Meadows had appeared with a basin of warm water, and Merle sat on the floor holding the panting Tyke, trying to discover the extent of his injuries. Martin was talking on the phone to the vet. Norman Blake was examining his own wounds. No one paid any attention to Miss Sandra Harper.

The treatment must have been a good one, because presently she regained consciousness and gave vent to a tremendous sigh. Tyke growled softly and licked Merle's hand.

Miss Sandra Harper spoke feebly: "The sight of blood!" she murmured. "Do you think I could have a little brandy?"

Mrs. Meadows shook her head doubtfully. Norman Blake was insisting that Martin attend to his own cuts, and Martin was threatening Merle with the iodine bottle.

"Brandy?" he said vaguely. "I don't think we have any."

"I could make a cup of tea," said Mrs. Meadows.

The vet arrived and everyone forgot the brandy and Tyke became the centre of attention. Mrs. Meadows produced the tea, and there was a great deal of first-aid, both human and canine. It was when Merle went to pour the tea that they discovered that Miss Sandra Harper had disappeared.

Later, when Tyke was comfortably asleep and Norman Blake had gone home, and Merle and Martin had discussed the battle, Martin remembered that a whole day had passed in which he had not been gainfully employed.

"You sit back, Merle," he said. "Relax and just let me tell you the idea for the new book. Always helps me to talk it over with you."

Merle sat back and Tyke lay at her feet, and there was a beautiful calm over the study when Martin began the story in his full, low voice: "You see, there was a beautiful girl, with brown curls and hazel eyes, and, though she was a little bit of a thing, she was a good girl to have with you in an emergency."

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JULIE ANDREWS, Star of 'MY FAIR LADY'

How to give your hair shining, flashing beauty

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By NEVIL
SHUTE



Captain Davies had just issued an invitation to Keith to go aboard the ship, when the pretty Asiatic girl brought out another round of drinks.

TRUSTEE

from the toolroom

(ALLED to London by JOHN and JOANNA DERMOTT'S solicitor, KEITH STEWART hears that his sister and brother-in-law have perished in a shipwreck near Tahiti. Keith and his wife, KATIE, have been minding their daughter JANICE. Their solicitor, MR. CARPENTER, has been unable to trace any securities, but Keith, as the sole trustee of the estate, realises John has used his capital to buy diamonds and that the box which John had asked him to cement into the yacht near the engine must contain the jewels. He also realises they might still be in the wrecked yacht. He has to decide to look for them or to rear Janice on his meagre means.

PETER SANDERSON, an airline navigator, whom Keith has met through their mutual interest in miniature mechanics, puts him in touch with OLIVER THORN at Albatross Airways, who tells him they have a freight plane going to Honolulu.

Thorn listens to Keith's story about wanting to fix the grave and to salvage what he can of the yacht and then introduces him to CAPTAIN FIELDING, who agrees to have Keith signed on as a second engineer under instructions. Before going home Keith calls in at the office of the "Miniature Mechanic," the small magazine he works for, and asks his editor, MR. McNEIL, for leave.

But there is one more job to be done before he leaves — that of telling Janice where he is going and why. She asks him to take one of her imitation eggs that belong to her toy duck, and Keith packs it along with a small generator he has made. NOW READ ON:

THE journey to Honolulu in the D.C.6.b. was an unmitigated sheer delight to Keith Stewart. He had never been out of England, and though he had flown once or twice as a passenger he had little practical knowledge of aircraft. He had, however, an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of things electrical and mechanical, and to be given the free run of the big Douglas was to open a glittering storehouse of technical interests to him. He caught a transport down to Blackbushe very early on the Thursday morning, and entered his Wonderland.

The aircraft had been stripped of all passenger seats and upholstery. Behind the flight-deck was a crew rest-room; on the port side two pairs of seats faced across a table, on the starboard side there were two bunks. Behind again there was a toilet to port and a small galley to starboard, and aft of that the cabin was an empty shell right to the aft bulkhead.

Keith spent an hour in the office with Mr. Thorn and Captain Fielding, putting his signature on various documents. In the course of the formalities he learned the names of the other crew members, and was a little surprised at their number.

There were six apart from the captain and himself; three co-pilots of varying experience and standing, a navigator, a radio operator, and an engineer, Dick King, who knew all about Keith Stewart. The formalities over, he carried his suitcase down to the aircraft with Mr. King, who showed him where to put it, and changed, putting on his grey workshop coat.

Presently, soon after eleven o'clock, the crew came aboard, led by the captain, who told Keith to sit in one of the unoccupied rest

seats and strap himself in. The doors were slammed shut, the steps withdrawn, and two of the younger pilots came and joined him in the other seats.

On the flight-deck the crew commenced the pre-flight checks, the engines whined and started one by one, the captain spoke to the Tower and got clearance to taxi. Engines were run up at the threshold of the runway, and presently the aircraft moved forward, lined up, and took off.

She got off very quickly with no load on board, and only half fuel. As the flaps came up the two young pilots undid their belts, indicating to Keith that he should do the same. They all moved forward to the flight-deck, Keith keeping behind, out of the way.

There was nothing to be seen out of the windows or through the pilot's windscreen but the grey January cloud. Everybody on the flight-deck seemed to be busy; though they sat relaxed and motionless he could sense the nervous tension. The grey wisps of cloud whipped past, and once they emerged into clear air between two layers of cloud, and entered the cloud again so that he knew they were climbing.

From time to time the captain spoke to Dick King, who made adjustments to the throttles and the prop controls; from time to time the navigator or the radio officer left his seat and spoke to the captain, who nodded, sometimes glancing at the clock on the instrument panel.

Keith had never before been on the flight-deck of a large aircraft, or been in any aircraft at all while it was flying blind. He was

To page 58



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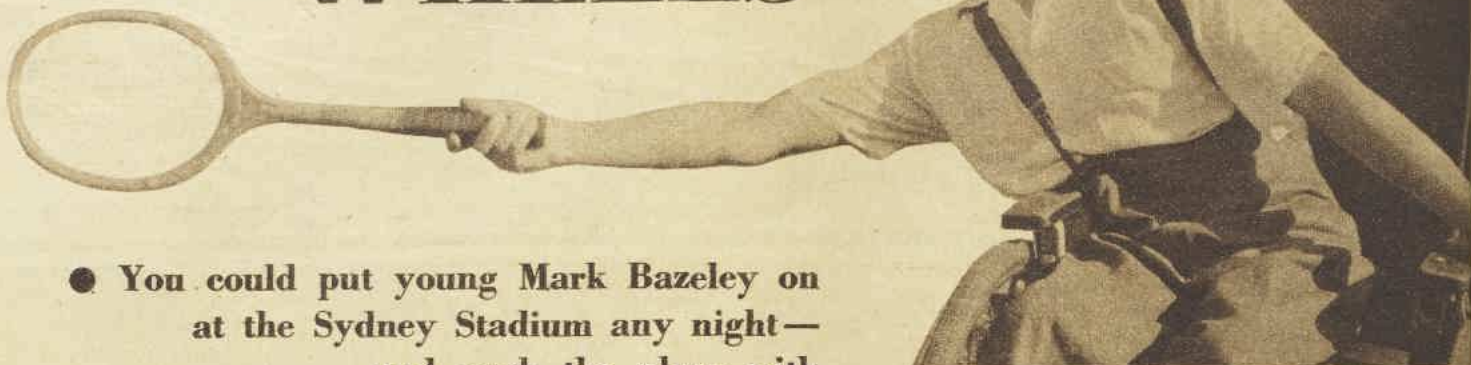
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HIE'S A WOW ON WHEELS

● The N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, which already helps thousands of physically handicapped youngsters, plans a "Down Every Street" appeal for the first weekend in April. The Society hopes to raise £250,000. It wants to establish a central diagnostic clinic, extend into older age groups, open a workshop, and provide employment for disabled people.



● You could put young Mark Bazeley on at the Sydney Stadium any night—and pack the place with rock-'n-rollers.



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HE'S terrific. When he hammers his guitar and sings Clementine he almost has you airborne.

Yet this blue-eyed boy of 13, with a mop of pale blond hair and skin any girl would envy, is a cripple who "rocks" from a wheelchair.

His mother, Mrs. Noel Bazeley, of Kissing Point Rd., Dundas, learnt the guitar so that she could teach her paralysed son. As a pianist, she believed that music would help his rehabilitation.

In 18 months Mark had not only learnt how to read music but was "rocking" like a professional.

Mark, whose father is Noel Bazeley, Lecturer in Architecture at the University of N.S.W., is an example of what can be done for a cripple, especially by devoted parents and also with much help from others—doctors, teachers, the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.

By **RONALD McKIE**

Mark was five and a half when, on Boxing Day, 1953, he fell 13ft. from a tree and landed stiff-legged on his feet. The shock fractured the base of his skull and several vertebrae, and paralysed him, from above the waist downwards, for life.

After his accident he spent seven months in Parramatta Hospital. When he had ceased to be a medical case his parents brought him home and began the long job of helping their boy to help himself.

As his mother says: "He had been waited on for months. He had to be taught to overcome his placid acceptance of his disability, and he had to be built up physically."

He also learnt to do most things for himself, including handling his wheelchair like a veteran and sliding from it into the bath and holding himself there while he washes with the power of his arms.

Mark also spent some time at the Margaret Reid Hospital, had surgery at Royal North Shore Hospital, and the Society for Crippled Children admitted him to their Northcott School.

In Parramatta Hospital his mother, a former teacher, taught him to read and write,

but in and out of hospital lost him two years' schooling.

In only six months Mark picked up most of what he had lost, and now he is in the "A" class of his first year at Macquarie Boys' High School, and doing extremely well.

"We were worried about his secondary education," Mrs. Bazeley says, "until we interviewed Mr. Gollan, the headmaster of Macquarie."

"He not only admitted Mark to a school with 1150 boys, but he brought the "A" class down to the ground floor. He and the boys have helped in innumerable ways."

Mark says that everyone at school has been wonderful to him, and the boys have christened his wheelchair the "Old Bomb."

"At home I play tennis with a ball on a string, swim, sketch and model, and make things, and I read a lot. My best subjects are Latin and French, and I also like music and astronomy and archery and rock-'n-roll. I've been on TV three times in talent quests and I'm starting to learn the clarinet."

"I get all over the place in this old bomb. She can travel. I've had some beaut spills, but people pick me up."

"I do an awful lot of things I wouldn't have done if I'd been on my feet."

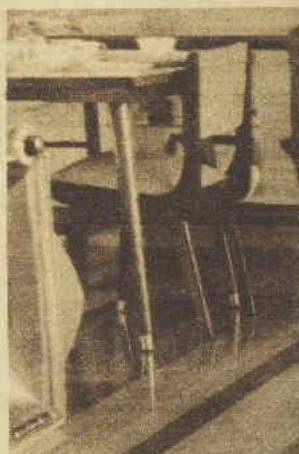


● Mark "rocks" with such abandon that he almost turns his wheelchair over as he goes, what the devotees call, far out hep.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 6, 1960

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Always look for the name **MORLEY**

Scratches and stains vanish! Housewife saves £18 — discovers magic of **MARVEER**

A few weeks ago a Melbourne housewife took a good, lasting look at all her furniture. She saw how dull it looked, how it was covered with scratches and stains after years of little household accidents. And she decided she couldn't stand it a day longer.

She asked a professional polisher to call around the same day and give a quote on repolishing her furniture. What he told her (and his words give us new faith in human nature) was this:

"I could polish this for you and it would cost you £18 — and I wouldn't be overcharging. But there isn't a scratch or stain here that Marveer can't remove. You could do it all yourself, in just a few minutes!"

Naturally this housewife took his advice and bought a bottle of Marveer, and with almost incredible results. In just moments Marveer made her furniture scratches and stains completely disappear. Everything came up brighter and cleaner than she'd seen them in years. And not just

the furniture either. She followed the instructions and polished all the baked enamel and plastic surfaces — refrigerator, stove front, electric mixer, telephone, wireless cabinet, leatherette upholstery, toys — and all came up sparkling.

The polishing man did send her a bill — 15/- for his time. But the housewife is still silently thanking him, and Marveer, for saving about £18 of housekeeping money.

Obtainable from all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores.

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She understood how necessary it was for him to dress well for his job, but she couldn't help wishing he'd worn something old today. Harry and her mother didn't need any fresh ammunition.

"George Pagely, Bart Lockwood," she said, deliberately giving George the place of honor in the introduction, proud of his athlete's shoulders, his intelligent brown eyes, his activity-man's easy smile.

"Glad to meet you, Bart." He took Bart's outstretched hand. "Doris was telling me about you the other night."

Bart drawled: "Well, I know you won't let it worry you, George."

She caught her breath. She saw questions leap to George's face. All she had told him was that an old friend of Harry's was coming. She certainly hadn't told him about—

"Of course," Bart shrugged. "I'm still willing."

Hastily she said, "Bart's quite a character, George. Well, if we're going to have time for dinner before the concert—"

They went out to the new luxury-class car he was buying because front was extremely important in his work, no matter what Harry said or told Bart. Bart's remarks about rings being sold on the instalment plan, too. Really!

"The new suit's terrific, darling."

Did she imagine a tinge of defiance in his voice. "Well, I have a couple of important appointments coming up."

"Of course," she replied, a little annoyed. Hadn't she been enthusiastic about the last new suit and the one before that? And this car? And the new apartment in the building with the bigger, showier lobby, twenty dollars more a month? Had she ever even hinted some of his salary might be going for a ring instead?

He reached for her hand. "All right. Out with it. What was that pal of your brother's saying? What's he so willing to do again?"

"Well, I had a few dates with him once," she admitted. Maybe it wouldn't hurt George to know. "I guess he wouldn't mind taking me out while he's here."

"I bet he wouldn't!" George's fingers tightened around hers.

She laughed and felt better. If only he hadn't stopped at that big drive-in restaurant — again. If only he had taken her somewhere more special tonight. After all, the concert later was going to be absolutely free.

"I hope you're not thinking about that pal of your brother's," he said as they sat down in a booth. "Don't forget who loves you."

"I won't," she smiled, snapping out of it then, feeling the way she always did with him, comfortable and secure. He did love her. He never even looked at another girl.

Bart was lounging in front of the television when she came in at eleven. "How come you're home so early?" she asked lightly.

"Waiting for you." He got up, switched off the television, then turned to grin at her.

Why on earth was her heart pounding? "Where's Harry?"

He was looking at her. That look. "Still out. I took a cab."

"Didn't you like your date? Just curiosity."

"I'm getting old, honey. Old and hard to please."

"That'll be the day!" she scoffed. "Uh — where's Mother?"

"She went up to bed — right after I promised not to forget you're her baby and Harry's little sister. Remember that?"

She tried to find just the right deprecating laugh, but it didn't sound the way she

Continuing . . .

THREE LITTLE QUESTIONS

from page 19

had hoped. It sounded, of all things, flirtatious. "The situation is a little different now."

"There are temporary obstacles," he said, and he started toward her. "Pardon me if I don't take them too seriously," he said. Then his arms were around her.

Why on earth was she just standing there letting him kiss her? She got hold of herself and pulled away.

"It's been a long time, honey," he said.

Five years. Five years since he'd gone away and never written to her. Not even a postcard. Just "love to your mother and Doris" at the end of his letters to Harry.

"You still look at me the same way?"

"I do not," she said, but her voice sounded far off, weak. He was kissing her again, and for a moment she didn't resist.

Then she was disgusted with herself, because her love for George was strong and deep, and this was insane. She jerked free. Somewhat shakily, she said, "Now listen, Bart. There's been enough of that."

"Not enough for me," he said; then, fervently, "not nearly enough. I want to get reacquainted during the next two weeks, Doris. I want to be with you every minute I can."

She swallowed. "You seem to be forgetting I'm engaged."

He smiled. "Honey, if you really were engaged I wouldn't be giving you any trouble. But since you're merely being taken in—"

"Taken in!" she cried. That did it. That woke her up.

His expression was almost pitying now. "He seems a nice guy, honey, and I'm sure he doesn't deliberately mean to be — oh, what's the polite word for it? — let's say — unscrupulous."

"Unscrupulous!" She had to laugh. "You, with your record, calling a man like George 'unscrupulous'!"

Bart shrugged. "I've never hung on to a girl I thought I just might want to marry some day and then packed her away on ice for whenever I got around to it. If I ever got around to it."

She caught her breath. "Are you implying that George?"

"He's kept you out of circulation for three years. He likes you too much to cut you loose; he doesn't like you enough to marry you."

SHE tossed her head. "Well, I appreciate your concern, but George, very definitely, is going to marry me."

Bart stared at her a moment. "Maybe so. But I dare you to ask him that old crucial question."

"Crucial question?" She was intrigued in spite of herself.

Bart nodded. "Number three in the series guaranteed finally and conclusively to test a man's intentions. I dare you to ask him all three. If he answers them right I'll apologise. If he doesn't, you'll spend the next two weeks getting reacquainted with me."

She smiled faintly. "He'll answer them all right."

"You'll ask them?"

"Of course," she shrugged.

Bart grinned now. "Well, the first is, 'Do you love me?'"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!"

What an anticlimax! "He tells me he loves me every time he sees me."

Bart kept on grinning. "The second is, 'Do you want to marry me?'"

"He's said so a hundred times."

"Now the crucial question,"

Bart said. "Just one word, 'When?'"

She glanced away. "But we aren't in any hurry. I mean I'm not, either. Can't anybody understand that? I want him to get a start in his work. I want a little time to myself, too."

"Honey—" Bart's grin widened—"you just goofed on the test yourself." Then he was kissing her again.

She turned and ran up the stairs to her room, slamming the door behind her, then locking it. In a fury, she undressed and threw herself into bed. Part of her anger, she knew, was her humiliation.

She smiled grimly up into the darkness. He thought he could come here and repeat his performance of five years ago, didn't he? He thought he could make a fool out of her for two

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body."

—Romans 6.12.

Paul, the apostle, is telling the Christians in Rome that Jesus Christ has died for their sin, and that believing in Him their sin would be annulled.

weeks and then go away and not even send her a postcard, didn't he? Well, he'd find out that George really loved her.

Her face hardened. George had better love her! He'd better be prepared to prove it these next two weeks, too, because if he didn't, she'd never forgive him. She had been patient and understanding and loyal.

She had helped him save money for the things he considered important, going to neighborhood movies when there were plays she wanted to see, eating hamburgers when her friends' dates were taking them to expensive restaurants, giving him in good faith three years of her youth, three years of her precious playtime.

Without even so much as a ring. She thrashed over on to her side, and suddenly, one by one, all the comments of her mother and Harry and Bart assailed her. No! she thought. It isn't true. I'm not being taken in. I'm not! But she had to turn her face into her pillow to stifle her sobs. She had so wanted security. She had so wanted to be sure no Bart Lockwood ever happened to her again.

Bart was sitting at the breakfast table with her mother and Harry when she came down, dressed for her job at the British Embassy.

"Morning," she murmured to no one in particular, hoping Bart wouldn't notice any signs of last night's sleeplessness on her face.

"You look tired," her mother observed. "Didn't you sleep well?"

"I slept perfectly, Mother." "I didn't sleep worth a darn myself," Bart said, directly to her. He would say something like that, something disconcerting. "When do you see George?"

"Right after work," she said. George sounded rather unenthusiastic over the phone, even a little annoyed. "Pick you up and take you to dinner? Well, I suppose I can, Doris, although I'm a little short of cash."

The hardness of her voice surprised her. "Then you'd better borrow some, darling. This is an emergency, and I think

you'd be well advised to buy me a steak."

She began as soon as she was in his car. "George, I'm not going to be indirect about this. We've been through too much together for that. But things have come to a head for me. I'm at a crossroads. And I want to know exactly where I stand with you. Exactly."

George glanced at her sharply. "What do you mean things have come to a head? That friend of your brother's?"

"Frankly, yes," she said. "He's being very aggressive."

George was scowling now. "Well, that's a fine thing! I haven't even looked at another girl for three years, but you're at a crossroads just because some guy who's only been in town one day is being aggressive."

"You're trying to evade the issue," she said. "You're trying to distract me by attacking me and acting injured."

George's eyes darted towards her, then quickly back to the traffic.

She told his profile, "He says I'm being taken in, George. He says you'll goof on his three little questions."

"What three little questions?" George growled.

She drew a deep breath. Well, here it was. The suspense would soon be over. "The first is, 'Do you love me?'"

George's face relaxed. He turned to her with a warm smile and reached for her hand. "That's a silly question. You know I love you."

She looked down at their hands and wondered how many times they had been clasped like this — on a car seat between them, at movies, on campus walks. Three years was a long time, she thought. Three years of her life with him. Only ten days with Bart — five years ago. "Do you want to marry me?" she asked.

He answered without hesitation. "You know I do!"

She almost stopped breathing. "When?"

"When?" he repeated as if he didn't understand.

"When?" she persisted with a certain grim enjoyment. Sadism, maybe, watching him squirm. "When do you want to marry me, George?" She was shocked at her own cruelty, but she even laughed. "How about three weeks from Saturday?"

"Doris—" his eyes were beseeching—"I want to get married just as soon as we possibly can, but—"

"Of course, darling," she said quickly. "No hard feelings, I assure you. Just turn around and drive me home."

"Home!" He looked shocked and very much worried.

She smiled at him gently. "It ought to be a complete break."

"Break!" The worry on his face changed to alarm.

She pulled her hand away. "I'm sorry, darling, but this is our last date." Bart for the next two weeks. Then—?

"No!" George turned to her, and terror seemed to have replaced his alarm. "Don't say that, Doris. Don't leave me."

His arm came across the seat back and pulled her towards him. "If you want to get married three weeks from Saturday, it's—well, it's all right with me."

She caught her breath. "Oh, no! No, George. I don't want to force you into this. I understand. Really, I—"

His arm tightened. "You tell that friend of your brother's to go chase himself. Tell him you're going to marry me."

He took her home right after dinner. "I feel as if I just

To page 48

Lavish blueprint for a wedding...

● Melbourne's wedding of the century — which stopped the traffic one sunny December day in 1933 — is the blueprint for Melbourne's wedding of the year on April 19.

THE bride and groom of 1933 were Sir Harold Gengoult Smith, who was then Lord Mayor of Melbourne, and Cynthia Brookes, daughter of Sir Norman and Dame Mabel Brookes.

The bride and groom of 1960 are the Gengoult Smiths' daughter Marion and Rodney Davidson.

While their wedding this month at St. Paul's Cathedral won't be as lavish as that of Marion's parents, it will be the nearest thing to it in years.

And there's not much doubt that the crowds gathering round the Cathedral will be nearly as massive as they were in 1933, when sightseers with cut-lunches gathered at 8 a.m. to wait for the bride, who was due at 2.30 p.m.

The public interest wasn't surprising, for Sir Harold was the city's first Lord Mayor to marry while in office, and his

21-year-old bride was to become the youngest Lady Mayoress.

Also, there'd been an armed police guard round the home of the bride's parents — then Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brookes — following threatening letters, one of which warned of a kidnapping plot.

1002 guests

On the wedding day there were so many spectators that the 1002 guests found it almost impossible to get from the Cathedral to the reception at the Town Hall, although it's only one city block away and 200 feet and mounted police were on duty there.

Cutting the wedding cake was a marathon task, for the City Council had provided a 6ft., 2cwt. cake, the largest ever made in Australia.

It bore the City Council's coat-of-arms, and there was enough in the four tiers for a slice for all the guests and every patient in every Melbourne metropolitan hospital.

The entire Collins St. foyer of the Town Hall was reserved for a public display of gifts, which were guarded by a posse of detectives.

Doors were opened at 8 a.m., and for two hours a steady stream filed past the two rows of trestle tableloads of gifts.

It was estimated that more than 600 pieces of dinner and dessert services were among the gifts, and a leading city jeweller reported a week before the wedding that he'd exhausted his supply of entree dishes and brandy glasses.

The City Council gave the bride and groom Georgian candelabra of sterling silver — "the heaviest pieces of sterling silver ever sold in Australia."

A diamond cluster — "as brilliant as the rising sun it has been made to resemble" — was the groom's gift to the bride.

The bride's parents gave her a dowry chest of linen and a dinner service of Georgian sil-



APRIL BRIDE of 1960. Marion Gengoult Smith, daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Gengoult Smith, pictured with her fiancé, Rodney Davidson.

ver of 102 pieces — "the most elaborate and complete collection of early Georgian silver in the Commonwealth."

In many ways the wedding of Marion Gengoult Smith and her fiancé will follow this elaborate pattern.

There's little doubt that Marion's trousseau, her wedding gifts, and her home equipment will be just as exciting as her mother's.

Lady Gengoult Smith and Marion returned home early this month after six months on a trousseau-buying trip abroad.

Marion bought blouses, underwear, hand-worked tablecloths and handkerchiefs, and shoes in Italy; hats and

her going-away dress and shoes in Paris; dresses and shoes in America; dresses and underwear in London.

In England she also collected Victorian Bristol glass in cranberry coloring, copper saucepans, frying-pans, and kettles.

And as wedding gifts "starters" she's come home with an emerald-and-diamond ring from her aunt, Mrs. Dyer Hanson, of Paris, a German pendulum clock from her uncle, Professor G. Hanson, and rings from her aunts, Mrs. Fred Roe and Mrs. John Langley, both of London.

Home reception

Though the size of Marion's wedding guest list will not be anything like her parents', the reception for 300 at their home, "Raveloe," South

Yarra, will be on a truly elaborate scale.

The bride will wear the old family Venetian point lace wedding veil which her mother wore before her and which she and her two sisters wore for their christenings.

The rose point lace introduced on the four-yard train of her mother's chalk-white mirror-satin gown will also be in her Tirling-designed wedding gown, and her tiny going-away hat will be a replica in color of the bridesmaids' hats, again following her mother's lead.

In addition to the train-bearer, Marion will have six bridesmaids.

April 19, the wedding date, has a special significance for Marion. It's the wedding anniversary of her grandparents, Sir Norman and Dame Mabel Brookes.

It was the talk of the town



DECEMBER BRIDE of 1933: Lady Gengoult Smith with 12 bridesmaids. Back row (from left), Mrs. Anthony Clarke (formerly Jessie Brookes), Mrs. K. Testorf (Nancy Griffiths), the late Helen Hughes (daughter of the late W. M. (Billy) and Dame Mary Hughes), Mrs. G. Holden (Prudence Staughton), Mrs. Geoffrey Smith (Noel Clapp). Front row are (from left) Mrs. George Hard (Betty Bunting), Mrs. Denis Doxford (Betty Lawrence), Mrs. Fred Roe (Elaine Brookes), Mrs. John Langley (Hersey Brookes), Mrs. Graham Farquharson (Margery Stevens), Mrs. Ian Mann (Audrey Poolman), Mrs. Alan Bragg (D'Arcy Lawry). Trainbearer was Mrs. K. Whitehead (Marguerite Manifold).

Anytime's a good time
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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Why not bikini permits?

AS most objections to bikini swimsuits seem to be on aesthetic — not moral — grounds, couldn't there be a law restricting the wearing of them to women with presentable figures? A permit based on the wearer's weight mightn't be practicable, so how about banning bikinis on females whose waists exceed 36in.? Beach inspectors could be supplied with tape-measures. Apart from the improvement to beach scenery, a lot of would-be bikini-wearers would be healthier as they strove to attain a better figure.

£1/1/- to R. Opala, Moreton Bay, Qld.

Starting school

CAN anyone tell me why the age for beginning school is being continually lowered? Psychologists have shown that any normal child beginning school at 12 or 13 can overtake his own age group in about three years. So it seems rather pointless to begin at four, thus aggravating the present shortage of classroom space and teachers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Watson, Bendigo, Vic.

Time by color

WHAT an excellent idea it would be if the hour hand on a clock was painted a bright color—say, scarlet—to distinguish it from the minute hand.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Rowe, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Out of place

WHILE lunching in a cafe a woman opposite me, having finished her meal, proceeded to make up her face, then comb her hair, which was inclined to fall. I think this is a disgusting habit. It's enough to repair one's lipstick at the table. Leave the hair and powder for a rest-room.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. F. Bassani, Salisbury, S.A.

It was just bent

RECENTLY six-year-old Peter broke his arm on the way home from school, and, unperturbed, walked the extra half-mile. Faced with our horrified exclamations as he came in the door with his arm dangling, he replied: "It's not broken, only bent. Daddy will fix it."

£1/1/- to B. Winston, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Too much for Dad

I HAVE escaped my household duties for five minutes to write this letter. My wife is in hospital, so I have to look after the children and home. Our house is in a beautiful state—dust on the furniture, the sink full of dishes, the washer full of clothes, the children under my feet, and exhausted me in the middle. How do our wives stick it? I can't.

£1/1/- to "The End" (name supplied), Adelaide.

Who eats steak?

WHERE are all these steak-eating Australians? I came from England 13 years ago to marry an Australian, and in all that time I have not met one family whose main diet is steak. My mother-in-law and sister-in-law are excellent cooks, who can produce a far more varied menu than ever I found in England.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. M. Chapman, Warra, Qld.

Even numbers

CAN anyone beat this? My mother's mother has 27 grandchildren, of whom 14 are boys and 13 are girls. On my father's side, his mother has 27 grandchildren, too—14 boys and 13 girls. It seems chance has worked evenly.

£1/1/- to Miss F. Weir, Kensington Park, S.A.

Colorful transfers

TRANSFERS, particularly of flowers, look lovely on furniture. In my room the furniture is painted grey, and we have placed red roses on each piece. They're colorful, so why don't we see more of them?

£1/1/- to Miss J. Maudsley, Goomeri, Qld.

No national dance, dress

• Mr. V White (N.S.W.) recently asked why Australia has no national dress or dance. Here are some views:—

I AGREE that Australia should have a national costume or dance. Australians feel so left out at international gatherings because they haven't national dress. I remember my Guide captain telling me of an incident at the World Camp in the Philippines several years ago. One member of the Australian group, left out of the Grand Parade because she didn't have a national costume, decided to do something about it and appeared in the parade dressed as an aboriginal brandishing a spear.

£1/1/- to Miss K. Jensen, Ipswich, Qld.

NEITHER national dress, songs, nor dances are made to order; they evolve. Don't let's force things. Dress is usually dictated by climatic and economic conditions. National songs and dances evolve from the heart, typifying the spirit and experiences of the people. We are a fast-growing young nation, and from our traditions the songs and dances will come.

£1/1/- to Miss I. Goode, Balwyn, Vic.

I DO think our men would look funny marching down the street in loin cloth and war paint, then holding a corroboree. Any other national dress and dance we could devise would have to be a mixture of Lancers, Irish Jig, and Highland Fling.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. White, Mungindi, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE have been some sharp words between the Donklings.

Elva Donkling objects to her husband Horrie referring to her as Mum.

The other night his friend, Mr. Wilson, gave him a lift home. As Horrie got out of the car Elva heard him say: "I'd better go and square-off with Mum."

"I don't like you calling me Mum," she told him. "It makes me sound like an old frump. Why don't you call me Elva?"

"All right, Mum—I mean Elva," he said.

From what I have heard a spirit of revolt on this point is spreading among Mums.

The situation is somewhat different with Mummies.

It is more chic to be called Mummy than Mum. It sounds younger. Elizabeth Taylor and Debbie Reynolds are Mummies, but one cannot strictly regard them as Mums.

A Mummy's husband, moreover, does not call her Mummy outside the home. You don't hear him say to friends at the club: "So long,

MUMHOOD AND MUMMYCRAFT

boys. It's time I went home to Mummy."

But Mummies are more irritated than Mums by the way their children address them. The latter keep bleating "Mummee-ee," "Mummee-ee."

They use the word for hailing, like "Cooee." Voices come from



all parts of the house — "Mummy this," "Mummy that."

I know a Mummy who was so tired of being Mummied that she asked her children to call her Clara. That was, it happens, her name.

They were indignant and refused to call her anything but Mummy.

Then her son, when he turned eight, thought "Mummy" was sissy and began to say: "Hey, Mum." She didn't like that any better.

At least Mums and Mummies are not called Ma any more. That must have been a hard name to put up with.

It is not used now except in the pictures, where it is given to bandits' mothers and keepers of sly-grog shops, and, of course, Ma Kettle.

Actually, Mum and Mummy are both nice words. It's just that Mums and Mummies hear them so often that they get jumpy.

The name Mother has a great reputation. A boy's best friend, they say, is his Mother, not his Mum. But children are reluctant to call Mum Mother; it sounds too grown-up.

A few mothers dodge the issue by having nicknames like Binky or Toots. But nicknames are hard to get, except for grandmothers.

To return to the Donklings' dispute: Horrie has stopped referring to his wife as "Mum." But now he calls her "the little woman," although she is a big woman. I would say things are only so-so.

IN CHECKS IT'S A

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INSIDE

Duo-Plastic Gaydec

Make your home as lovely as this.
Choose your ready-to-use colours
from Taubmans Spectrocolor cards!



OUTSIDE

"In 15 years of house painting I have never seen such a change come over paint," says Mr. John Readett, 26 Vermont Street, Sutherland, N.S.W., professional house-painter.

"During the last few years there have been plenty of big improvements in nearly all house paints. Easier to put on. One-coats. Longer life . . . Plenty of advances like that. But, by using Spectrocolor, Taubmans have improved the actual look of the colour of paint. All of Taubmans paints now glow with a life no paint has ever shown before. There are definitely new colour tones, too. Then at night, when the lights go on, the paint on the walls and ceilings seems to light up. It's

more than light reflection. Light seems to come from the paint itself."

Remember, all of that statement comes from a professional painter of 15 years' experience. A man who has had experience with every brand of paint.

Duo-Plastic Gaydec now in Spectrocolor

Taubmans have applied their exclusive Spectrocolor process to all of their home decorator paints — including

the most advanced plastic paint in Australia . . . Duo-Plastic Gaydec. Dries in 20 minutes. Brushes wash in water. Scrubbable. Odourless. No sealers. No undercoats. Resists fungus.

For added contrast and beauty use Taubmans Revelite Semi-Gloss or Full-Gloss in Spectrocolor on doors and woodwork.



Take a Spectrocolor card from the unit in your Taubmans paint store — today!

All Taubmans paints now in . . .

SPECTROCOLOR®



AUSTRALIAN

HOMES



"BANONGIL," at Skipton, Victoria, the home of Mrs. Fairbairn and the late Major C. O. Fairbairn, has been the home of this pioneer family for 60 years. Mrs. Fairbairn, who is Victorian State Commissioner for the Girl Guides, still lives there, the property being managed by her son-in-law, Mr. David Calvert, who is married to the eldest Fairbairn daughter, Coralie. He is carrying on the Corriedale sheep, Hereford cattle, and racehorse studs founded at the property by the late Major Fairbairn, who was internationally known for his hybridisation and perfection of daffodil strains. An unforgettable sight at "Banongil" is the mass of daffodils lining the one-and-a-half mile drive from the entrance gate to the homestead (at left).

Pictures by Mrs. B. Strange, of Ballarat, Victoria.

THE SOARING HEIGHT OF SPRING HATS



JEAN BARTHET swathes orange organza round the high rising crown of the hat above. The hat, made in fine beige straw, is worn straight on the head. The curved brim almost conceals the wearer's brows.



NEW SHAPE in stitched pique, above right, is designed by Jean Charles Brosseau. It has a ribbon-band trim and side vents.



SUMMER-DAY hat (left) by Svend at Jacques Heim is made in iced-coffee-colored open-work straw. The hat is banded with chiffon.



HIGH, egg-shaped toque (right) is from the Pierre Balmain Spring Collection. The hat is trimmed with a chic tailored bow.

● Reaching high to balance the new easy-waisted silhouette, spring hats are worn on the crown of the head or tilted forward. This exaggerated height complements and covers the spring coiffure which is lifted high and smooth on top.



BLACK TULLE is piled high and wide in the Italian-designed frou-frou toque (above). The hat is designed to complement an easy-fit cape dress. The color combination is new.



FOR SPRING one of the newest millinery looks is hat-matched-to-costume. The look is seen above in a hat with an amusing candle-snuffer silhouette. Hat by James of London.

SAINT-LAURENT at Dior tops his flaring unwaisted tunic with a high cone of shining black straw. The hat is created to cover spring's piled-up coiffure.



MILLINER Svend at Jacques Heim designed the pearly white straw hat (above) and trimmed its "bulky" crown with a bouquet of pale spring flowers.





Reading 26" instead of 24"?

*Relax, dear lady.
It's easier than
you think to whittle
those extra inches away.
Without strain—with
Ryvita! Ryvita is rich
in whole rye vitamins,
minerals and proteins.
None of those starchy fats
and sugars of heavier
breads. And so delicious!*

RYVITA satisfies your appetite sooner,
and keeps it satisfied longer, because it
is made from rye in a very special way.
You become less hungry and more
energetic, so your surplus pounds melt
naturally away.

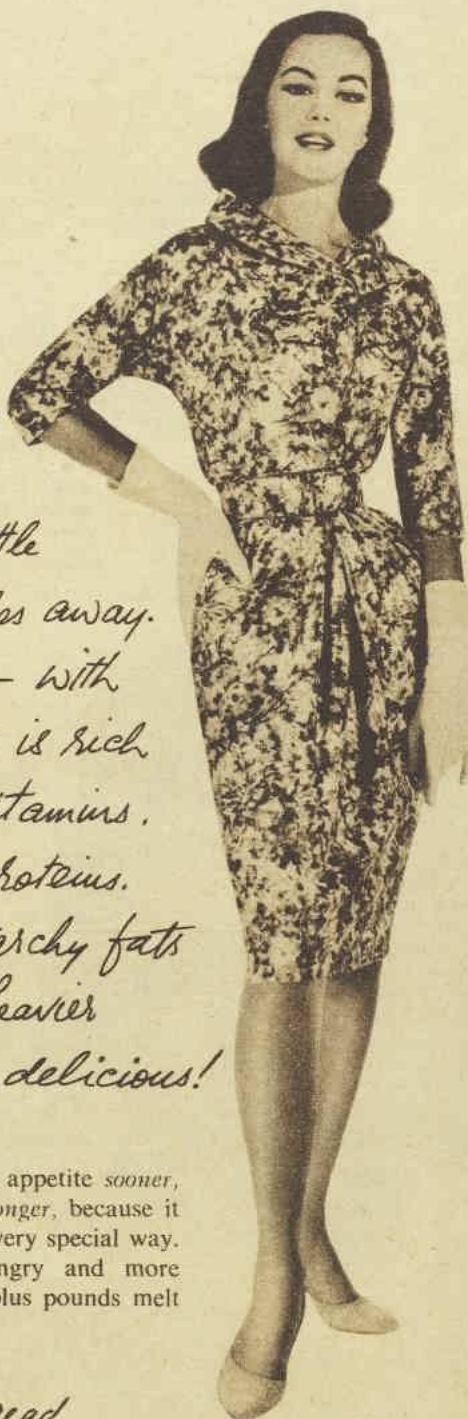
Make your daily bread

RYVITA

makes you fit—keeps you slim



Ryvita is good for everybody and delicious with so many foods.
Always sold in packets, so always fresh.



DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● All round the clock, white
alone and white plus a color
are being worn by fashion-
conscious women.

THIS fashion item
answers a reader's
query. Here is her letter
and my reply:

"Would it be good fashion
to combine some fine white
wool tweed with navy wool?
I am undecided if white
would look correct in winter.
My idea was a white jacket
and navy skirt. If you
would kindly advise me and
design a style I would like a
pattern in size 34in. bust."

Don't worry about wearing
white for winter—it couldn't
be more popular. Alone, or
with a color, white will be
seen in every type of fabric
and every type of occasion.

The design I have chosen
for you is illustrated at right.
The short jacket (in white)
has an easy casual fit; the
skirt (in navy) is made with
narrow knife pleats.

You can obtain a paper
pattern for the design. Under
the picture are details and
how to order.

"COULD you tell me if a
golden-brown shade will
be worn this autumn?"

Yes, it will. Furthermore,
in addition to golden-brown,
a deep tobacco tone, reddish-
brown, and blackish coffee-
brown are cited as top fashion
colors.

"PLEASE help me with a
style for a trousseau
dressing-gown. My material
choice is peach-colored vel-
veteen. I want a tailored
gown, but something more
unusual than the wrapover
belted style."

A mandarin robe cut straight
with oriental simplicity, with-
out interruption from shoulder
to hem, would be a new and
unusual way to use your peach
velveteen. Have the design
finished with a tiny mandarin
collar and fastened with braid
frogs from neck to hemline.

"BECAUSE I wear my hair
in a shoulder-length bob
I find the new high toques and
other hat styles don't suit me
at all. Could you offer any
millinery suggestions? I don't
want to cut my hair."

The solution seems to be



DS 399.—Skirt and jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.
Requires skirt 2½yds. 54in. material, jacket 2yds.
54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be ob-
tained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

a new hairstyle. The latest
coiffure, with the hair piled
sleekly on top of the head, is
best suited to the new high-
crowned hats.

If, however, you prefer to
keep your present hairstyle,
I suggest you wear one of the
new Garbo-type hats with a
peaked crown and soft, rather
wide brim.

"WOULD it be correct to
dress my two brides-
maids as well as myself in
white? The wedding will be in
early spring."

Yes, it would. All white, for
not only the bride but also
the attendants, would look new
and pretty for an early-spring
wedding.

"WHERE I live the winter
climate is very mild. I
only need a lightweight coat
every couple of years. As I
will be making a new one this
season I would like your ad-
vice on the style."

Why not make a coat-dress
in lightweight wool that could
be worn as a coat or a dress.
Made on cardigan lines and
bound with a contrast, it could
be worn belted or unbelted.

"I HAVE some pink taffeta
I wish to use for a short
party frock and would like
your idea about a style. I
am 18 and like all the newest
ideas in fashion. I am tall
and thin but have good legs."

You couldn't have anything
newer than a dress with a
tunic skirt. Have the bodice
perfectly plain, finished with
a neckline cut to a deep
square back and front, and
short sleeves. Have the tunic
"puffed" under, approximately
4in. above the hemline.

"SHOULD I have a winter
coat and matching skirt?
If so, please suggest a material
and color, also for an accom-
panying blouse."

A skirt with a coat to match
is not only correct fashion,
but one of the most useful
winter twosomes I know. For
material and color I like the
idea of plaid wool in brown,
pale beige, and black; or ink-
blue, purple, and black. If
you choose the latter, have a
blouse in purple jersey; for
the former, one in pale beige
jersey. Have the coat lining
matched in color to the blouse.

● Psychologists often write about childhood's problems. But what do children themselves think? Eight-year-old Nicky, interviewed here by his mother, proves he has very definite opinions—and gives them with candor.

By BETTY NESBIT EVSEEF

NICKY'S mother is a journalist on our staff. She would like readers to know that the views of Nicky, aged 8, are not necessarily her own!

Question: Let's talk about parents first. Just what do you think of them?

Nicky: I like them.

What do you think is the worst thing they can do to you?

—Give you a hiding with a stick or razor-strap . . . you know, one of those things they have in barber's shops.

Does that mean you don't think they should punish you physically at all?

—They shouldn't hit you. It makes kids think their parents don't love them one bit.

But if you are naughty you have to be punished some way, don't you?

—All right, but some other way. Besides, hitting kids only makes them worse. They'll just get naughtier and naughtier.

But doesn't your school-teacher give you the cane when you're disobedient or naughty?

—Oh, yes, but that's different. He isn't my mother or father, so I don't mind. He might hurt my hand, but it doesn't make me unhappy, so it's quite different. And I don't think children would be so naughty if their parents just explained very clearly what is right and what is wrong. Half the time we're not sure and that makes us worried.

Talking about being worried, do you think father-and-mother rows in front of children worry them?

—Yes, they do. Parents ought to wait till their children go out before they have a quarrel. It makes children afraid.

Are you afraid of anything in particular?

—No, but that's because I'm a boy. I think girls are afraid of anything on four legs.

What do you think about girls?

—They're all right, but I'm glad I'm a boy. Boys are much cleverer than girls. They grow up and invent things like rockets and aeroplanes and submarines, but girls don't seem to go in for that sort of stuff. Perhaps they haven't got time, getting married and having babies.

At what age do you think children should be given pocket money?

—Seven. They should get 1/- a week when they're seven, and when they get to be eight they should get 2/-. And parents ought to let children do what they like with it, but it's fair to say, "Don't waste it, save a bit."

Children ought to save up for Christmas and buy presents for their father and mother and grandfather and grandmother and any kind friends.

I think when you're eight you ought to have saved up a pound by Christmas for the presents.

Should you write the greeting cards yourself?

—Yes. Next year I'll be able to do mine in running writing instead of printing.

Now what about household chores? Should children have to do these?

—Yes. They should but they don't. I forget mine sometimes. The trouble is that mothers ask you to do something at the wrong time.

Just when you're interested in a game or a book mothers say "Go and feed the fowls or run up to the shop" and

things like that. That makes a kid very cranky.

And homework?

—I don't have to do any yet, but I will later on when I am in a bigger class.

And will you do it?

—Of course. I'd only get into trouble if I didn't, anyhow.

Do you think TV will distract you from your homework?

—Well, I'm not sure about that yet.

Do you like TV?

—I certainly do. But I don't watch it in the week-ends unless it's wet. I like to be outside playing games and I suppose it's bad for your eyes to watch it all the time. I don't want to have to wear glasses.

What's your favorite subject on TV?

—Rock-'n-roll sessions.

Why, on earth?

—It's a good noise.

Do you like anything else?

—Funny pictures and all the cartoons. Cowboys and

Indians are good, but I don't like the gangster ones much. I don't understand them. I like films about fish and the sea and natives and the islands. And about animals and jungles.

Do you think parents should give parties for children on their birthdays?

—If they can afford it. It's very exciting to have a birthday and you like your friends to come and enjoy it with you.

The best thing about a party is the eating. It's the day when you can have a really good choose of what you like.

And what sort of food do you like at a party?

—Frankfurts, meringues, lots of lemonade and orange drink, sponge sandwiches with cream, and bread-and-butter with hundreds and thousands.

Do you like girls to come to your parties or just boys?

—Girls should come as well so they can wear their best frocks. Girls like that.

There's a lot of talk about mothers going to work these days. What do you feel about this?

—I think mothers should stay at home if they can. It isn't very nice for children not to have their mothers home, particularly after school. But if they have to go, then they should get a very good, kind minder.

Do you think parents make mistakes with children?

—I think the biggest mistake they can make is to send their children to boarding school.

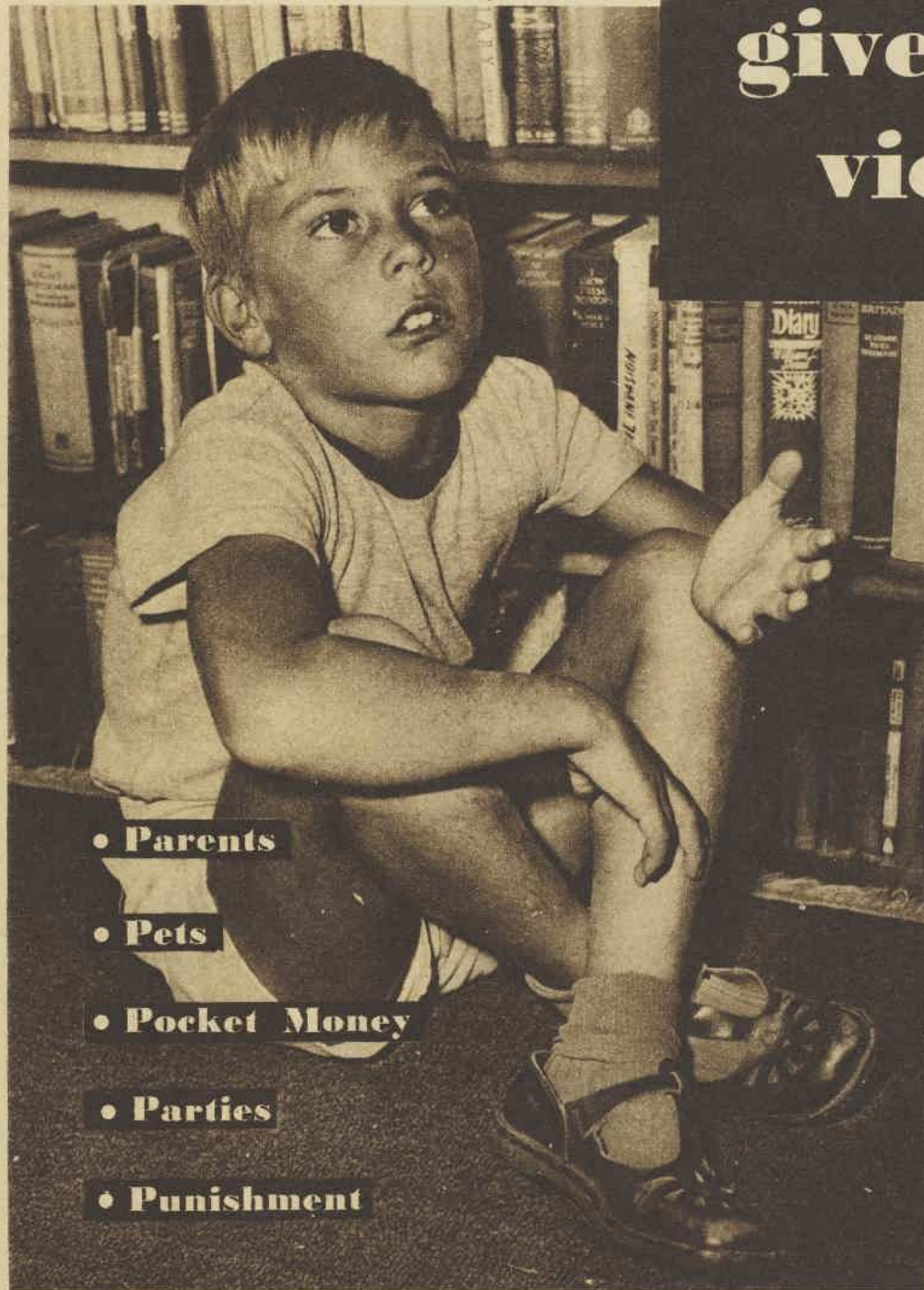
Do children enjoy having pets?

—Oh, yes, very much. I've got a cat and a dog, but I'd like to have a parrot that would sit on my shoulder and say "Scratch cocky."

What do you like doing best?

—Eating, going swimming on a red-hot day and riding a surf-o-plane you can kneel on; watching TV when it's cold and the fire's alight and you are eating cake and hot cocoa.

What do you want most? —To live for thousands of years.



• Parents

• Pets

• Pocket Money

• Parties

• Punishment

A boy gives his views

Here's the kind of breakfast
growing children need...



VITAMIN
ENRICHED

MALT
FLAVOURED



OVEN CRISP

Children thrive on crisp, crunchy Weet-Bix, because a three-biscuit Weet-Bix breakfast — topped with milk, fruit and sugar — is the most nourishing you can serve. The *quickest*, too! Just three seconds from packet to plate. And you can be sure that each golden biscuit contains the whole of the wheat — including the precious wheat heart — with energising malt and extra Vitamin B₁ added. No strain on the budget, for there are 48 biscuits in each large packet... a 3-biscuit Weet-Bix breakfast costs less than 2d. a serve! Starting tomorrow, give *all* your family this flavour-rich nutrition *every* morning!

DESTINATION MOON!
Exciting new book album

Boys and girls — learn the thrilling facts about space exploration! See fascinating rockets, comets, meteors! Buy your "Destination Moon" album today — 6d. at grocers — and collect the colour picture plates now included in Weet-Bix and other famous Sanitarium cereals.

WEET-BIX are wonderful

LUXURY LOOK IN WOOL FOR WINTER

● To crochet a winter coat isn't the formidable task that it sounds. The pattern below, which is worked sideways, uses a large crochet hook and thick wool.

Materials: 37 balls Peacock Chunkyknit; 1 No. 7 stratoid crochet-hook; binding; lining for pockets.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 40in.; bust, 36in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½in.

Abbreviations: ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl., slip; st., stitch; rep., repeat; inc., increase.

Tension: 2½ sts. to 1in.; 3 rows to 1in.

COAT AND COLLAR
Crochet loosely 110 ch. (to measure 43in.).

Next Row: 1 ch. to turn, then d.c. into every ch.

Rep. last row for 7½in., ending at lower edge.

Next Row: 1 ch. to turn, 1 d.c. into each of next 100 d.c.,

leaving 10 d.c. (3in.) unworked.

Continue to work these 100 sts. in d.c., having 1 ch. to turn, until work measures 9½in. Make pocket opening as follows:—

Next Row: Commencing at lower edge, 1 ch. to turn, 44 d.c., 12 ch., miss 12 d.c., 44 d.c. to end.

Continue to work the 100 sts. in d.c. until work measures 12½in., shape armholes as follows:—

Next Row: Commencing at lower edge, 1 ch. to turn, work 78 d.c., leaving 22 sts. unworked.

Continue on these 78 sts. for 4in., then crochet loosely 22 ch. at shoulder edge of last row.

Next Row: 1 ch. to turn, d.c. to end (100 sts.).

Continue on these 100 sts. for 14in. Shape 2nd armhole.

Next Row: Commencing at lower edge, 1 ch. to turn, 78 d.c. (leaving 22 sts. unworked).

Continue on these 78 sts. for 4in.; then crochet loosely 22 ch. at shoulder edge of last row.

Next Row: 1 ch. to turn, 1 d.c. to end (100 sts.).

Continue on these 100 sts. for 3in., then make 2nd pocket slit to correspond with other pocket. Continue in d.c. for 2in., then crochet loosely 10 d.c. at shoulder edge. Continue on these 110 sts. for 7½in. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

Crochet loosely 44 ch. (17½in.). Work in d.c., having 1 ch. to turn, for 2in. Inc. 1 st. at top edge of sleeve every 2nd row until inc. to 53 sts. Continue for 2in., then work 1 st. less at top edge every 2nd row until dec. to 44 sts. Continue for 2in. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes, then sew up sleeve seams. Join collar and stitch across back of neck. Bind all around lower edge, fronts, sleeves, and pocket openings. Make pockets and sew at back of pocket openings.



SIMPLE CROCHET coat which lends itself to this season's subtle shades of brown. It is in the new seven-eighths length, and bound in suede cloth.



CLOSE-UP of the crochet stitch. The coat is worked sideways. The two pockets are lined with material. Ribbon could be alternative binding.

Raglan sweater with striped yoke

● Stripes add charm to this well-tailored jumper. It is a design that is ideal for most occasions. It can be worn without a coat in spring and autumn and fits neatly under winter jackets. Directions below.

Materials: 11 (B 12, C 13) balls white, 1 (all sizes) ball black Peacock 3-ply crochet or 3-ply crepe wool; 1 pr. No. 13 needles; bin. zip-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; length 20½ (B 21, C 21½) in.; sleeve 16½in. (all sizes).

Tension: 10 sts. to 1in.; 12 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl,

st. stitch, tog. together, sl. slip, p.s.s.o. pass sl-st. over, b black, w white, inc. increase, dec. decrease, rem. remain, cont. continue, rep. repeat, beg. beginning.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and white wool, cast on 120 (B 130, C 140) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. P 1 row on wrong side, inc. 10 (B 10, C

10) sts. evenly across row. 130 (B 140, C 150) sts. Work in st-st., inc 1 st each end of every 4th row until inc. to 160 (B 170, C 180) sts. When work measures 12½ (B 12½, C 12½) in., shape armholes by dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 100 (B 106, C 112) sts.

Next Row: K 50 (B 53, C 56) sts., leave rem. 50 (B 53, C 56) sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 50 (B 53, C 56) sts. and inc. 1 st. at armhole edge every 2nd row 20 (B 20, C 20) times. Shape shoulder by casting off 11 (B 12, C 10) sts. at shaped edge every 2nd row 4 (B 4, C 5) times. Cast off rem. 26 (B 25, C 26) sts. for back of neck. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: K 80 (B 85, C 90) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 80 (B 85, C 90) sts. and cast off 2 sts. at centre front every 2nd row 25 (B 26, C 28) times, also dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 2nd row until all sts. are dec. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and white wool, cast on 68 (B 72, C 76) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. P 1 row, inc. 12 (B 16, C 16) sts. evenly across row, 80 (B 88, C 92) sts. Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 120 (B 128, C 132) sts. When sleeve seam measures 16½in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 90 (B 96, C 96) sts.

Next Row: K 45 (B 48, C 48) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on last 45 (B 48, C 48) sts., still dec. 1 st. at outer edge every 2nd row, and cast off 2 sts. at centre edge every 2nd row 15 (B 16, C 16)

times. When all sts. have been dec., fasten off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

YOKE

Using No. 13 needles and black wool, cast on 46 sts., pick up and k 72 (B 76, C 80) sts. along slanted edge of front, pick up and k 1 st. exactly in the centre, then pick up and k 72 (B 76, C 80) sts. along other slanted edge, cast on 46 sts.

Next Row: Rib to within 2 sts. of centre st., sl. 1, p 1, p.s.s.o., p the centre st., p 2 tog., rib to end.

Next Row: Rib to within 2 sts. of centre st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k the centre st., k 2 tog., rib to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times. Join white wool and work 8 rows st-st., beg. with a p row and dec. each side of centre st. every row. Cont. to dec. each side of centre sts. every row, and work as follows: Using black wool p 1 row, then work 10 rows rib. Using white wool, work 8 rows st-st.

Using black wool, k 1 row then work 10 rows rib. Using white wool, work 8 rows st-st., commencing with a p row. Using black wool, p 1 row, then work 10 rows rib. Using white wool, work 8 rows st-st. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join yoke to front and centre of shaped piece of sleeves. Join back to centre of shaped piece of sleeve, then join shoulders to yoke.

With right side of work towards you, using No. 13 needles and b wool, pick up and k about 60 (B 64, C 68) sts. from centre back to centre front. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Cast off in ribbing. Work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew zip into back opening.

More designs on next three pages.



INSET YOKE of stripes can be in any contrasting color. Stocking-stitch has been used for the body of jumper. Pattern is for 32, 34, 36in. bust sizes.



BULKY CASUAL for winter outdoor wear is a Paris design with a cable stripe and a high polo neck to give added warmth, chic. Directions for this pullover begin below.

Casual Paris pullover

Materials: 22 (B 24, C 26) balls Patons Totem knitting wool; 1 pr. No. 7 knitting needles; cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 34 (B 36, C 38) in. bust; length, 22 (B 22½, C 23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½ (B 17½, C 18) in.

Tension: 11½ sts. and 15½ rows to 2in.

FRONT

Cast on 112 (B 118, C 124) sts. and work in st-st. (i.e. k 1 row, p 1 row) for 14½in. (all sizes).

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 (B 7, C 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. one st. at each end of needle in

every alt. row until 88 (B 92, C 96) sts. rem.

Work straight until front measures 19½ (B 20, C 20½) in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Neck: K 36 (B 38, C 40), cast off 16, k 36 (B 38, C 40).

Dec. one st. at neck edge in every row until 25 (B 27, C 29) sts. rem. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front until armhole shapings are completed, 88 (B 92, C 96) sts.

Work straight until back measures 20½ (B 21, C 21½) in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Neck: K31 (B 33, C 35), cast off 26, k 31 (B 33, C 35). Dec. one st. at neck edge in every row until 25 (B 27, C 29) sts. rem. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

(Both Alike)

Cast on 48 (B 52, C 56) sts.

1st Row: K 14 (B 16, C 18), p 4, k 12, p 4, k 14 (B 16, C 18).

2nd Row: P 14 (B 16, C 18), k 4, p 12, k 4, p 14 (B 16, C 18).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice more.

7th Row: K 14 (B 16, C 18), p 4, slip next 3 sts. on to a cable needle and hold at back of work, k 3, then k 3 from cable

Continued overleaf

High-fashion handknits

FOUR MODELS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

- These exciting new designs, suitable for all occasions, will achieve a fashion success for your wardrobe as well as keeping you warm in the coming winter season.



CHECKED PATTERN and a longer line are fashion highlights for jackets of the 1960 winter season. Directions for this smart bulky-knit are complete on these two pages.

Long-line bulky jacket

- Directions for this jacket are below and on the opposite page.

Materials: 34 balls Villawool Speediknit; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 6 and 9 needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust; length, 27in.; sleeve, 16in.

Tension: 1 patt. (28 sts.) 5½in.

Abbreviations: T2 — k into the back of 2nd st., then k the 1st st.

Inc. 1—k into the back, then into the front of next st. (for the 3rd row of patt.).

PP18 — reads 3rd row of patt. as follows:

3rd Row: (Inc. 1, p 1) 3 times, (p 1, inc. 1) 3 times.

4th Row: (P 2, k 1) 8 times, (k 1, p 2) 3 times.

5th Row: (T2, p 1) 3 times, (p 1, t2) 3 times.

To cast off, over pp18—t2 sts. must be worked together and counted as 1 st.

PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): Sl. 1, p to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, k to end.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, * k 12, p 2, pp18, p 2, * rep., ending p 1.

4th Row: Sl. 1, * pp18, k 2, p 12, k 2, * rep., ending k 1.

5th Row: Sl. 1, * k 12, p 2, pp18, p 2, * rep., ending p 1.

Rep. 4th and 5th rows 6 times.

18th Row: Sl. 1, * (p 2 tog., k 1) 3 times, (k 1, p 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2, p 12, k 2, * rep., ending k 1.

19th Row: Sl. 1, p to end.

20th Row: Sl. 1, k to end.

21st Row: Sl. 1, * pp18, p 2, k 12, p 2, * rep. to last st., p 1.

22nd Row: Sl. 1, * p 12, k 2, pp18, k 2, * rep. to last st., k 1.

23rd Row: Sl. 1, * pp18, p 2, k 12, p 2, * rep. to last st., p 1.

Rep. 22nd and 23rd rows 6 times.

36th Row: Sl. 1, * p 12, k 2, (p 2 tog., k 1) 3 times, (k 1, p 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2, * rep., ending k 1.

Rep. these 36 rows for patt. inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 112 sts. and work from patt. inclusive until 18in., ending on the wrong side of work.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off in patt. (not forgetting the tw2 in pp18 counts 1 st.) 8 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and alt. rows until 6 times altogether.

Cont. until armholes measure 8½in. on the straight, ending on the wrong side of work.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 6 sts. 8 times, 5 sts. twice.

Cast off in patt. rem. sts.

CLASSIC SWEATER (left) is ideal for town wear under a suit or with a skirt or pants for informal occasions. Directions overleaf.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 6, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



***FRENCH FASHIONS IN
PANTS... pages 8, 9***

***Knitting instructions
for this sweater
... page 12***

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Coming of age at odd times

WHEN are we really adults? By tradition it is 21. At 12 years we are regarded as grown-ups by the theatre industry. Fourteen is the adult age on transport. We are allowed to fight for our country when the age of 18 is reached. These limits are thought up by adults, and yet they have the cheek to call us "crazy, mixed-up kids." — *Barbara Willmott, Braybrook, Vic.*

Public combing

JILL HEYWORTH (T.W., 9/3/60) says that you don't see girls combing their hair in city streets. Does she go around with her eyes shut? Not only do you see girls doing their hair, but turning around and looking at themselves in nearly every street mirror they pass. The reason we boys comb our hair after coming out of the water is that it is inclined to knot if we don't. — *Rodney Keeble, Mildura, Vic.*

Horse-racing

WHAT is wrong with horse-racing? My parents attend the local race-meetings and some of my friends think that they are "common" folk who do everything the perfect parent is not supposed to do. My mother and father go because they like to watch, not to bet and commit sins. Our Queen and the Royal family own and race horses, and you would not call them "common." — *"Red-craze," Dalby, Qld.*

Study problem

WHO says that New Australians are good in English? I am a New Australian and I would like to go to university, but I'll be lucky to get a pass in English. I have been in Australia for 2½ years. What can I do? "Get a girl-friend who is good in English," said someone. Oh, yes, good idea — when you're on a date just take out Shakespeare's King Richard II. Well, I would not mind, but I don't know about the girl. — *George Terei, Cardiff, N.S.W.*



GEORGE TEREI . . . date with Richard II

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our pin-up: The Webb Brothers—from left, Marius, Berard, and Fabian — are Queensland's harmonising cattle-men. They run a 5000-acre property near Gympie and have recorded for Columbia, Festival, and Rodeo, as well as appearing on TV, radio, and in nightclubs.

Freckles

"THE Terrible Two" asked for an honest opinion about boys liking girls with freckles (T.W., 24/2/60). My girl-friend has long fair hair and freckles, and these make her look a real happy, carefree teenager, and I wouldn't swap her for a dozen girls without freckles. — *"Lucky Guy," Kingswood, S.A.*

No steady

I'M amazed at the number of girls in my high school who think there's something odd about me because at 15 I don't pair off with any one girl. I get along well with a lot of girls, I like to be good pals with them, I love to dance, and I play the piano for our school get-togethers. On weekends I fish with my father, go to a film or concert with a few mates, to church on Sunday morning, and to life-saving drill on Sunday afternoons. Why do girls

tease me, say I'm slow or too mean to take a girl out? Isn't there plenty of time for romance later on? — *"Sheed," Bundaberg, Qld.*

Reflected glory

LAST year my brother, Bob, a terrific-looking teenager who is very popular with girls, was in third year at high school and I was in first year. When all the young females found out that I was Bob's sister they all clustered around me and were very pally. Now that Bob has left school all I hear from these young females is an occasional "Hello." It makes me mad. — *"Yvonne," Roleystone, W.A.*

False pride

"SHY BABY'S" method of enjoying herself at social functions by thinking herself superior to others (T.W., 2/3/60) is, in my opinion, wrong. It is unkind to inflate one's ego at the expense of others. This false pride soon shows through. A better way is to take a warm, sincere interest in others. In helping them to enjoy themselves, one's own shyness is forgotten and a lasting friendship is sometimes made. — *"My Way," North Innaloo, W.A.*

Women degraded

I AGREE with Kay Harris (T.W., 3/2/60) that sex is overemphasised in modern writing. In many instances today both books and films have degraded womankind to a mere symbol of sex, and this seems to me to have stripped sex itself down to its purely physical connotation. The Victorians may have hidden "behind a screen of false

morality," as John Baker says (T.W., 2/3/60), but now the pendulum of fashion as regards morals seems to have swung to the other extreme, with all its accompanying evils and abuses. — *R. Konik, Auchinflower, Qld.*

Working mother

WHY are people always criticising working mothers? My mother works and I am very grateful to her. The extra money goes towards a good education at school and in music for myself and brother and sister. Admittedly, we have more jobs to do, but it also means extra pocket money, and if we all help, chores are done much more quickly. As we are all at school, we are only by ourselves for about an hour, and I think it gives us a sense of responsibility. A job also gives my mother a change from housework, and I think we all are better off for having a working mother. — *Diana Arthur, Belmont, Vic.*

Help from TV

UNTIL television opened in Brisbane I did not have much general knowledge. Now, thanks to the sponsors of such programmes as those dealing with science, debates in general and other interesting subjects, I have gained a considerable amount of knowledge which I would not have gained otherwise. — *"Teenager," Brisbane.*

Snoopy eyes

ANNE O'BRIEN (T.W., 16/3/60) wanted to know the description of the driver's eyes in "Seven Little Girls in the Back Seat." Three out of every four replies, including those from disc jockeys, said it was "snoopy," and this is the word used in the sheet music. Other readers, however, voted for "droopy," "filthy," and "silky."



TONI MASON . . . with sister Robin

Tuneless noise

THERE should be much more good music played on the radio and television, and not nearly so much of this terrible racket called rock-n-roll. Somebody should do something about it, right now. I am utterly and entirely sick of those squeaky voices trying to sing, and that terrible, tuneless, aimless noise which is known to rock-n-rollers as music. I couldn't be the only teenager who likes classical music. — *Toni Mason, Mosman, N.S.W.*

Colored beauties

WHY do only white girls have a chance of gaining the best of pleasures out of life? In beach and beauty contests we colored girls are left right out of the race. This is most unfair. There are many beautiful and talented colored girls up north here, as well as the white ones. — *B.V., Innisfail, Qld.*

Homesick cure

I LIVE away from home and often have a session of homesickness and misery. To defeat these feelings I write down on a piece of paper all the things I have to be thankful for. Of course, the list is endless, and by the time I've filled up a page I realise how selfish I am and how trivial my troubles really are. — *"Blue No Longer," Stanmore, N.S.W.*

More in jive than frantic swinging

● "Teenager Too" (T.W., 9/3/60) said jiving was just a lot of frantic swinging by people who could not dance complicated steps, and urged that it be banned from the dance floors.

"Pride of Erin," etc., which most of us jivers can do, anyway. — *Marie Louis, Maleny, Queensland.*

MANY dances for young people are spoilt by the few couples who jive while others try to dance properly. I like jiving, but only at special jiving parties. — *Catherine Cardale, Milton, Qld.*

RECENTLY I attended a public dance in Melbourne and found that the problem of being bumped into by jivers had been solved. A line of chairs marked a division of the floor; the greater section

was for those who could do those "complicated dances," such as the Alberts, the Lanciers, and so forth, while jivers could really go to town in the other section. — *"Sweet Seventeen," Armidale, N.S.W.*

HAS "Teenager Too" ever considered the possibility that some teenagers may not like the traditional dances, and would she like to be excluded from a dance hall if she was one of this group? Even if she doesn't like jiving she should be more tolerant of other people's views and be prepared not to have things her own way. — *G. J. Rosmassen, Hawthorn, Victoria.*

RECENTLY I went to a ball in my home town. There was no jiving and the dance was a lot more orderly than the jive parties I usually attend. My toes were not trodden on and people were not continually bumping into me. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Sure, I still enjoy jive, and think it is terrific, but I was surprised that ballroom dancing was so enjoyable. — *"Blondie," Tasmania.*

IS "Teenager Too" a real fun-loving teenager? Why should he be bumped by "frantic swinging" if he danced in the part set for proper dancing? Jive may be the same thing repeated over and over, but steps in the Alberts, etc., are repeated over and over again, too. Jive is good clean fun and is popular at Police Boys' Club dances, church camps, etc. — *D. Swindells, Gympie, Qld.*

The NEW-fashioned OLD-fashioned GIRL

● Hearts and flowers, lace and pinafores, long hair and petit point . . . this was a world of charm and rustling silk, when a girl was precious and helpless, wooed and won with gallant courtesy.

JUST let's pretend for a minute that we can project ourselves back into times long gone by.

You enter a drawing-room and the young men bow. One of them rushes up to take your hand and lead you to a chair.

They hover about you, competing for the gracious smile that will allow the favored one to go and get your little glass of punch.

Fun, isn't it? Especially when it's contrasted with boys yelling "Hi, Slugger" at you from across the street, staying glued to their chairs while you find a comfortable spot to sit on the floor, and watching you walk over to the counter to get your own milkshake.

It can make you wonder whether Female Emancipation was worth it! Well, it was, of course, because women won the right to be people instead of just objects.

Unfortunately, along with it they also won the rather unpleasant right to have to earn respect as individuals, instead of having it handed to them on a velvet pillow.

What you can do

You may not ever be able to make any of the boys you know bow when you come into a room; but if you work at it you may be able to convince them that you aren't just "one of the fellas," and after that it isn't such a long step to getting one of them to push your chair in for you when you sit down instead of pulling it out from under!

Aside from putting etiquette pamphlets in his pocket and taking him to see David Niven movies, what can you do to convince him that you deserve some of the nice little attentions you'd like to have?

First of all, give him a chance. Don't be too independent; lean a little. Maybe he is slow to realise that you're dying of thirst, but wait him



out; don't jump up and get your own drink.

If he's obviously never going to get around to it without prodding, ask him to please bring you one. If you do it enough times, he'll gradually get the point.

Need him. Be a little weak physically (and mentally, too, occasionally). If you're always leaping around lugging picnic baskets or moving furniture you aren't giving him a chance to show off his most prized attribute, his male superiority.

If you're sitting at a football game in a biting wind, don't shout about what a bracing invigorating day it is while he turns blue from the cold.

Be colder than he is. He may come down with something, but he'll give you his half of the rug, or his coat.

If you're a little better than he is at certain games, or a little smarter at algebra, play it down.

I don't mean that you're supposed to go around acting like a wispy little goof. But keep



"The Young Housekeepers, the Day After Marriage" is the title of this 1848 print by the famous American lithographer Nathaniel Currier. The bride knew, as also does the modern miss at left, that leaning a little—being a little helpless—is part of feminine charm.

the competition down to a minimum. Give him a chance to take care of you!

For goodness' sake act like a girl. Wear girls' clothes sometimes. Boy shirts, straight skirts, and shorts are fine part of the time, but every now and then frill yourself up and remind him that you are strictly feminine.

Sound like a girl, tone down your shrieks and silly antics. They are attention-getters, but they get the wrong kind of attention.

Examine your own attitudes. Do you show respect for other people? You won't get it unless you give it.

Do you stand up when an older person enters a room?

Do you, in short, think about the comfort of other people and do what you can to improve it?

Courtesy isn't something stylised and artificial; it's an expression of one person's concern for another.

If you are outgoing and really conscious of other people's needs, you offer the best possible reason for people to want to do things for you.

Most important of all, are you a nice person? Do you try to do what you think is right and not just go along with the mob?

Do you come home when you're told and obey the rules, even when they seem a little silly?

Have you figured out how you should behave on a date and made it clear that, though you're not a prig, there are things you just don't do?

Do you deserve the respect you'd like to have?

The good virtues

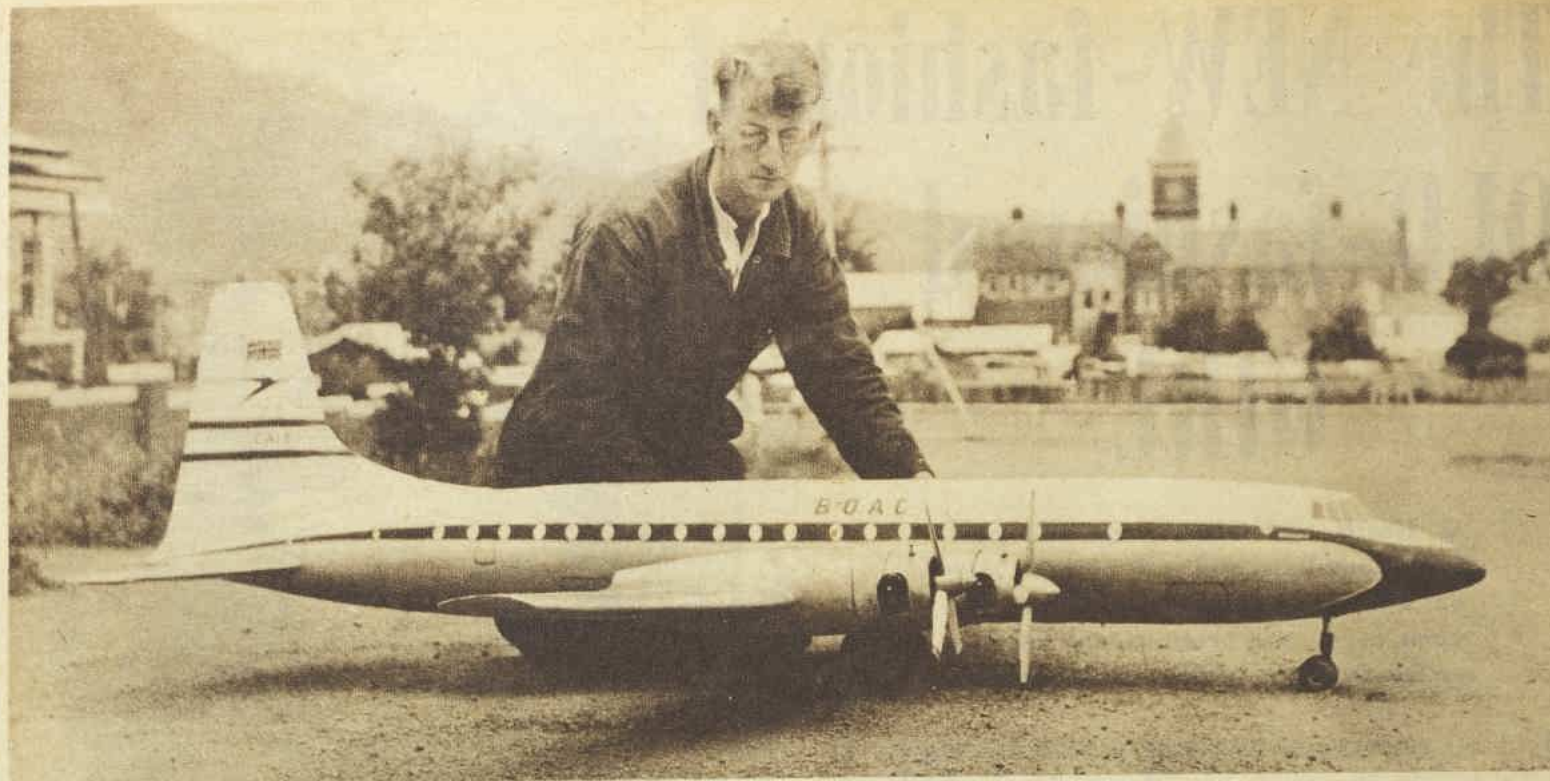
Yesterday's girl in dimity and ribbons was cherished not so much for herself but because she was born to a built-in set of standards.

Well, it's a lot of fun to dress comfortably, and swim, and write for the school paper, and turn handsprings if you feel like it.

It's a lot more fun to be just you and figure out who you are and who you want to be and what you want to do. It's a lot more fun, but it's a lot more work, too.

So let yesterday's girl help you a little. Take a good look at some of the things she was supposed to stand for: kindness, goodness, consideration, loveliness, gentleness.

You'll find that a lot of those old-fashioned virtues have stood the test of time.



LEONARD QUINN with his huge model of a B.O.A.C. Bristol Britannia, which flies at more than 60 miles an hour. Below, the model resting on the special car trailer which Mr. Quinn built to take it from Tasmania to the Australian championships in South Australia.

Wingspan of 7ft. 10in.

● The biggest and one of the most exciting working model planes in the Australian National Scale Model Championships at Gawler, South Australia, last Christmas was a Bristol Britannia, which had taken 1600 hours of exacting, painstaking work to build.

THE builder was lanky, fair, bespectacled Leonard Quinn, of New Norfolk, Tasmania.

A plumber by trade, he is also an experienced pilot. He belongs to the Aero Club of Northern Tasmania, and has flown all types of small aircraft.

His main hobby, however, is building model planes.

He began by building small models, and with these he won the Tasmanian team racing championships of 1956 and 1957.

Then he decided to build something bigger and better—a Constellation.

Full-scale plan

He worked from full-scale plans provided by B.O.A.C. and took seven months to complete the job.

Built of balsa wood and Tasmanian King William pine and equipped with four miniature diesel motors, it weighed 14lb. and had a flying speed of over 70 m.p.h.

This model almost won him the national championship at Traralgon, Victoria, at Christmas, 1957-58.

He was flying it on control lines, the model airliner 40ft.

Story and pictures by Harry Frauea

up in the sky, its engines roaring as it circled on the third lap.

He moved the control lever to bring the model down a bit, but the lines failed to respond.

"My right hand isn't working properly," he thought, recalling a hunting accident a few years before in which his right arm and wrist had been injured.

As he took his eyes off the plane to look at his hand holding the control handle the model crashed and broke up.

Soon afterwards he started on the Bristol Britannia, one of the world's largest airliners. The model weighs 20lb., has a wingspan of 7ft. 10in., is 6ft. 11in. long, and cost £90.

There were about 400 model planes at Gawler. They ranged from the heroic kites of barnstorming days to the latest jet-propelled aircraft. Quinn's mighty airliner, however, was the biggest model in the control-line class and caused quite a sensation.

The model flew on a 50-lap course on 74ft. lines at a speed of 62 m.p.h. Everything went without a hitch and Quinn felt

sure that he'd be taking the winner's trophy home.

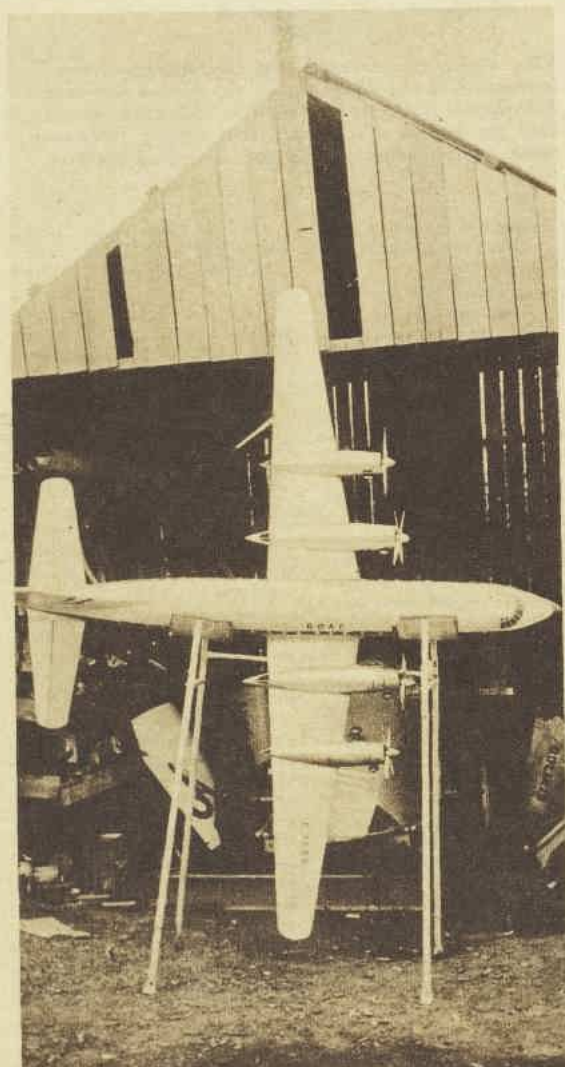
But in scale-model championships points are won or lost on construction detail, and although Quinn's model was almost perfect it lacked seats and passengers. With these he would have won; without, he got second place.

The winner was Tony Orden, of N.S.W., who flew a model single-engined triplane, which gave a perfect performance and was completely accurate in detail.

Mr. Quinn is now planning to build a bigger and better model. It will be one of B.O.A.C.'s huge jet airliners.



THE TROPHIES which Leonard Quinn has won with his model planes.



MODEL PLANES



ABOVE: PREPARING their planes for take-off are (from left) Ian Avery (15), of Ashfield, Barry Pogson (16), of Epping, and Bruce Whiteside (19), of Ashfield. LEFT: Frank Pearce (17) watches his A-class team racer make a dusty take-off. BELOW: Youngest members of the club are Doug Woodcock (left), 8, and Fred Hughes, 7.

Top speed of 117 m.p.h.

● A short run along the ground and the planes took off with a deafening roar, climbing, looping, and diving against the blue sky. It was a meeting of a typical model flying club.



IN the Epping district of Sydney, club members meet every second Sunday afternoon to test their new planes and try new mixtures of fuel on their old favorites.

More and more young Australians are beginning to take up this absorbing hobby, and there are nearly 100 clubs in New South Wales alone.

The Epping club, with a membership of over 70, is one of the biggest in the State.

The secretary, Mr. Les Woodcock, started it seven years ago, and business meetings were held in the family living-room.

"But it got out of hand," he said, "and we now use the School of Arts, Epping, for our fortnightly meetings."

Mr. Woodcock started the club to provide an interest for teenage boys on Sunday afternoons. He has three sons, Ross, Bob, and Douglas.

But men of all ages have since joined — the youngest member is seven-year-old Fred-

By Penny Ford

die Hughes, and there are many elderly men who find it a relaxing hobby.

"We have several father-and-son teams," said Mr. Woodcock. "The boys join, then the fathers become interested."

Flying model planes is intriguing to watch. The "pilot" stands in the middle of the field holding a handle, from which two long wires are attached to the plane.

He controls the model by moving a lever inside the handle. This moves the elevators up or down to make the plane dive or climb as it circles round at the end of the control wires.

Build their own

"The hardest thing is to master the dizziness," one boy said. "Once you're used to it the rest is simple."

But the flying isn't everything. The boys all build their own planes, and it is a club rule that each member must

make and fly his own craft within three months of joining.

Making a plane can take anything from a week to three months.

Ian McIntyre, a fitter and turner, who was 1952 State Junior Stunt Champion, told me that some members had spent 200 hours to make a model.

"The paintwork alone on one plane took me 18 hours," he said.

Some of the boys design their own planes, but most use ready-made plans with their own modifications. Sizes range from 1ft. to 6ft. wingspans. The cost is low once the engine has been paid for.

"Apart from the engine there's only balsa, glue, and paint," said Ian.

The engines cost anything from £2/10/- to £21.

The smaller ones up to a capacity of 2½ cubic centimetres are miniature diesels, which run on a mixture of kerosene, ether, and castor oil.

Over 2½c.c. capacity most of them are glow-plug diesels, using methanol and castor oil.

They are made with one or two cylinders, and the largest, with a capacity of about 10c.c., are rated at 1½ brake horsepower.

The ordinary diesels start on their own, but the glow-plugs need a 1½-volt battery to heat the plug before starting.

40-minute flight

The average model will fly for seven or eight minutes on a tank of fuel, but the official record is 40 minutes. For speed, the club record is 117 miles an hour.

Although it is difficult to make working-scale models of actual planes, Ross Woodcock has two — a Mustang and a Catalina—made from Air Force plans.

Ross, 21, is an aircraft engineer, so he has a professional interest in his hobby.

The club gives its own trophies and prizes, as well as entering for the Australian and State Championships, which are held annually.

Once a year the club holds a picnic and free flight competi-

tion. "That's really fun," said Mr. Woodcock. "The planes land miles away, and the boys have to go on their bikes and cars to rescue them."

Most of the younger members are training to be engineers and mechanics, and find the precision needed in building models good practice for their physics and maths.

Graham Tribe, 16, is typical. He did his Leaving last year and started mechanical engineering this year. Later he hopes to do aeronautics.

All members are now practising for the event of the year, the New South Wales Championships, to be held at Camden during the Easter weekend.

One of the most exciting events at the championships will be the team racing. Three teams compete, each with a pilot and refuelling squad.

They race over five or ten miles, and the key to success is the speed of refuelling.

The record is about six seconds, from the time the plane touches the ground till it is in the air again.

SAL MINEO,
21-year-old film star,
gives this advice to
his 16-year-old sister:

DON'T WORRY ABOUT SHYNESS

● Sal and his sister, Sarina, were taking a walk around the spacious grounds of the lovely estate in Mamaroneck, Long Island, that Sal had bought for his family.

SARINA giggled. "I knew Mom would chase us out of the kitchen when we started sampling that chicken casserole."



"Yes," Sal laughed. "Imagine her telling us to go out and work up an appetite with a walk in the fresh air—as if we needed it!"

"Anyway, I'm glad," Sarina said. "It gives us a chance to—well, just talk about things the way we used to. Golly, Sal, I've missed you."

Sal felt a little twinge. It was hard for him, too, being away from the family so much, but he knew that was part of the price he had to pay for all the good things happening to him.

"Hey," Sal said, grabbing Sarina and tickling her face with a feathery wand he'd broken off a bush. "You haven't told me about the boy-friends yet. C'mon, now, or I'll tickle you some more."

Sarina squealed. "Stop it, Sal! I'll tell."

She sat down on a stone bench in a sunny nook. When she looked up at Sal her face was serious. "You know, Sal, I'm glad you asked me. There are some things about the way I feel about boys I just don't understand."

"How could you?" Sal said. "You're only sixteen. I turned twenty-one in January, and I've still got a lot to learn about girls!"

"But you're so confident," Sarina said. "I am, too, when I'm with you, or Vic, or Mike—but you're my brother. When I'm with other fellows I get awfully self-conscious. I worry so much about how I

● "There are some things about the way I feel about boys I just don't understand," Sarina told her brother.

● Sal's theories include how girls should dress: no heavy make-up, jewellery, or fancy hairdos. But straight stocking seams and clothes which are clean are essential.

look and what to say that sometimes I don't have a good time at all."

"In other words, you're just plain shy," Sal said. "Most teenagers are. I know I was."

Sarina laughed. "You, Sal? How about those love scenes in 'The Gene Krupa Story'?"

Sal blushed. "Aw, that was acting. But, seriously, you've got to remember that the fellow you date feels the same way you do. Think about him and the problems he's having."

"But how can I tell what to talk to him about?" Sarina asked. "A lot of fellows I know seem to just wait for the girl to start conversation."

"What did I tell you?" Sal said. "That proves they're shy. Well, all boys have hobbies or sports they like to talk about. Try to find out what they are. And don't talk all the time yourself to cover up nervousness. He'll think you don't care a snap about him."

"I'm so self-conscious"

Sarina sighed. "But I'm so self-conscious about my looks. I want to look grown-up and sophisticated, but I don't know how. Anyway, Mom won't let me use heavy make-up."

"Mom's right, as usual," said Sal. "I'll tell you something—guys don't like that stuff. Who wants to kiss a girl when she's all done up like that? He'd be afraid to spoil it! Just check to see that your lipstick isn't smeared and your clothes are pressed. Those are the things a fellow notices."

They heard Mrs. Mineo calling them, and started toward the house. "Thanks so much, Sal," Sarina said. "You've helped me a lot."

Sal grinned. "Oh, there's one thing I forgot to tell you. All those fellows you've been dating—I think they're very lucky!"

Farm boy with guitar lands TV contract

● Randy Ross, a fresh-faced Ballarat farm boy who arrived in Melbourne with his guitar only four months ago, has already landed a television contract.



BASS PLAYER "Doc" Bertram, of the Horrie Dargie Quintet, with Randy Ross at a TV rehearsal.

HORRIE DARGIE and his famed Quintet are right behind Randy, whom Horrie found on his recent "Round Victoria Talent Hunt."

Like doting uncles, the Dargie boys are grooming the quiet, still-startled 17-year-old to suit the talent they know he has.

Randy, the first entertainer the Dargies have sponsored, is appearing regularly on two TV shows — "High-Fi Club" and "In Melbourne Tonight" — and has cut one disc.

Back in Ballarat Randy was just one of the band—the Ross Family Band.

His father, Vic Ross, plays the piano-accordion, violin, and mandolin, his mother an electric mandolin, brother Bradley (21) an electric guitar, and sister Helen (19) the xylophone.

"Dad taught us all to play," Randy said. "He was a hard taskmaster."

Ballad man

Randy — or more formally, Randall Anthony Ross — has been strumming a guitar and singing since he was seven.

He played with the Ballarat Junior Technical School Band, and won the award for the best and fairest student in his final year.

He was the school's champion cross-country, mile, and 880yds. runner, and has since become an A Grade baseballer.

A modest, unaffected boy with a sunny personality and a wonderful deep voice, Randy is primarily a ballad man, and loves Australian songs.

"Walkin' and Talkin'," a composition of his own, is featured on Randy's first record, and is backed with "Does She Know?"

"Randy is a natural for this business," Horrie Dargie said.

"As well as having talent, a performer — particularly on television, because the cameras catch everything — must have sincerity, even temper, good looks, and no nerves.

"And Randy has the lot."

But Randy is not being groomed to join the Quintet. Horrie said that the Ross talent would stand on its own.

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

Local talent: The De Kroo Brothers, Leo and Doug, Western Australia's contribution to east coast entertainment, are out with a smartly paced 45 for the Columbia label. "On The Job Too Long" moves along briskly to a stepped-up country and western beat. Leo wrote the semi-rocker flip "Head Over Heels." With the Billy Antman Quintet and The Rock-a-Belles.

REX'S bright teenage hopes Noeline Batley (16) and Kerry Bryant (18) have their first 45s on the counters. Noeline, inexperienced as yet, but with a pleasing light voice, backs the English parade-topper "Starry Eyed" with "Soldier, Won't You Marry Me." With her are Ron Hardy and The Hardmen and The Graduates.

Kerry, a veteran of TV and radio, and already quite a stylist, does "Through A Long And Sleepless Night" and "Dear Someone." It's the Ultra Tones and The Graduates with Kerry.

NO doubt about Rob E.G. — he's really the goods, with a beat and a guitar that could take him to the top of the teen market. Now on long-term contract to Rex, you can hear him on a 45 pairing "Your Cheatin' Heart" with his own Nashville-Tennessee-type rocker "7 Foot 2."

Pops: The warm, mature voice of Kitty Kallen in "That Old Feeling" (Coronet 45) won rave notices in the U.S. and should have a strong appeal to the older group here. "Need Me" is in the same mood and makes a sympathetic flip.

MUCH as it pains me to say it, I can't see Marv Johnson's second 45, "I Love The Way You Love" (London), having the success of his first



Noeline Batley

big hit. "You Got What It Takes." It's still "Marv for marvellous," but this time he hasn't quite got the material. Flip is "Let Me Love You."

Novelties: More chant-style from the popular Kingston Trio. This time it's "Coo Coo-U" (Capitol 45), with a rather unusual ballad, "Green Grasses," on the turnover.

YOU crazy about the crazy David Seville-Chipmunk outfit? Me, too, and the quality of their recordings is always first-rate. Now it's "Alvin's Orchestra" that gets the Chipmunk treatment. Flipping this one is a straight, big-beat orchestral, "Copy-right, 1960."

Instrumental: Rafael Mendez' third L.P. for Festival, "The Singing Trumpet," is rightly named, and will serve as an eye-opener to anyone apt to think a trumpet is a trumpet is a trumpet. The sweet and brilliant sound of Mendez' trumpet illuminates such numbers as "Body And Soul," "I Surrender, Dear," and such unexpected material as Puccini's "One Fine Day" and Delibes' "Les Filles De Cadix." Side one for dancing; side two for listening.

"VIVA!" (Coronet L.P.) offers Percy Faith and His Orchestra in a vivid and luscious recital of music of a Mexican character. Among the more familiar, though not necessarily most attractive, numbers are "Granada," "Estrellita," "La Paloma," "Mexican Hat Dance," and "El Rancho Grande." Available on monaural or stereo.

Jazz: Pye International's "Bechet In Brussels" (L.P.), taken from the Sidney Bechet jazz sessions at the Brussels World Fair, is the last recording of the late negro soprano-sax player, then 60. With Bechet on this joyous, improvising occasion were Buck Clayton (trumpet), Vic Dickenson (trombone), George Wein (piano), Arvell Shaw (bass), and Kansas Fields (drums).

JAZZ collectors being by no means millionaires, two current 45s could be of interest. The Jonah Jones Quartet swings breezily through "Hit Me Again" and "High Hopes" on Capitol.



Percy Faith

Part two of London's two-sided "Smokie," with Bill Black's Combo, is the one that has been given a lot of air play. But there's nothing wrong with part one, either.

Show tunes: Older members of the family will probably have told you all about those wonderful stage shows of their youth and their deathless songs—the kind they don't write now. The best of them were good, as English singer Edmund Hockridge has no trouble at all in proving on a Pye L.P., "Show Stoppers Of The Twenties." Twelve enduring charmers from such shows as "The Vagabond King," "Land Of Smiles," "New Moon," and "Rose Marie."

WORTH HEARING

SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto

SCHUMANN was a gentle, sensitive man, a romantic — among romantics, who wrote much of his finest music under the inspiration of the great love of his life. He fell in love with the pianist Clara Wieck while she was still a teenage girl; they married five years later after bitter opposition from the girl's father. The marriage seemed to release in Schumann a flood of lyrical music, including most of his songs and the first version of this concerto, of which his wife became a well-known interpreter. The music, by turns animated and reflective, is that of a profoundly emotional man whose emotion was always genuine — never "turned on."

There are several good recordings of the Schumann Concerto. One by Arrau (Columbia) and another by Solomon (H.M.V.), both have the popular Grieg Piano Concerto included on the disc; it comes alone on a 10in. disc played by the late Dinu Lipatti (Columbia).

— Martin Long

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FRENCH TEENAGERS PLAY IT SMART IN PANTS



FIRESIDE SUIT made in tomato-red wool flannel. The tailored jacket has a single-breasted fastening and wrist-length cuffed sleeves. The slacks are ankle-bone length. Contrast is seen in the colored braid trim outlining the jacket and trouser seams.

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JAUNTY BREECHES in plaid wool (left) are worn with an easy-fit jacket-shirt which has self-material buttons and two pockets placed high. The breeches button below knee level.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 6, 1960

CLASSIC SWEATER (12)



BOY-TAILORED look is seen in this jacket, shirt, and slacks designed for sport. The jacket is in purple-and-brown plaid, shirt in white silk, and slim line slacks in taupe corduroy velveteen.

BRILLIANTLY printed mohair wool is the fabric choice for the oriental-inspired At Home Suit (left). The jacket has an on-or-off sash in jersey; the trousers are a chic above-ankle length.



PLATTER PARTY pants (below) are ultra-slim, and made in zazzy black-and-white patterned silk. Note bulky handknit sweater top.



● On these two pages are real-life examples of French teenage chic. Young French girls (they are not mannequins) pose in five of the newest looks in Paris-designed trouser suits. Australian teenagers are apt to think of slacks only as a comfortable garment to slop around in. The young French Miss wears her slacks as part of a carefully designed and planned costume. She wears them for sport, the fireside, and that teenage craze — the platter party. — Candy Hardy.

Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

Double problem

"I HAVE a double problem which I hope you can help me with. I am 14 and belong to a club where I am the youngest, and on dance nights, because of my shyness, I depart to a corner. Is this shyness natural, and how can I overcome it? Or should I leave this club and start afresh? My other problem deals with a boy I had a crush on a couple of years ago. He moved away and I did not see him until a few weeks ago. I think he likes me, and when I saw him again I found out I still like him. Should I contact him and how? Or should I forget him?"

"Mixed-up," S.A.

That departing into a corner trick is fatal. You're so hard to get at no one would dare approach you.

Girls often forget that boys are just as shy as they are, and it's a very brave boy who is going to clump conspicuously across vast open spaces to speak to you, and run the risk, too, that when he gets there you won't speak to him.

Stop that scuttling-into-the-corner act and think why you do it. Is it because you feel you can't dance or can't talk to a boy? Because if this is true, and I feel it might be the trouble, you must save up and take private dancing lessons just as soon as you can.

There is nothing like being good at something—dancing, for instance—to cure shyness. The same goes for conversation, too, but that is harder. You can't go away somewhere and learn how to make bright talk. I'd start the dancing lessons first, and I'll bet you both your dancing and your conversation improve together.

Moving to another club would serve no good purpose; you'd be just as shy

there. Stay where you are and shun the corners.

About that boy: Why should you forget him? There's nothing to stop you thinking about him. But let him make the overtures to you—it's better that way.

Feel left out

"LATELY we have been getting very depressed and feeling that we'll never get a boy-friend. Although we are two fairly attractive 16-year-olds we don't seem to be the same as the other girls in our class. Most of the girls seem to know and go out with lots of boys. We have been out with a few boys, but most girls of our age go out with lots of different boys and we don't. Do you think this should depress us? When and how will we get some boy-friends?"

"Depressed," N.S.W.

You seem to be doing very well for your age. You've already been taken out by some boys, and for a pair of 16-year-olds still going to school that's a good situation.

You mustn't let your social life or hopes interfere with your schooling at such an important stage. Soon now your schooldays will be over. You'll have a much happier life if you leave school knowing you did as well as possible. I wouldn't be depressed about it at all, just keep on at your work and things will come good for you. You'll get boy-friends in good time.

Strict father

"I AM 14½ years of age and please don't think I am conceited, but I look at least a year older than I am. I am 5ft. 3in. tall, weigh 7st. 10lb. My

measurements are 37, 20, 35. My father is very strict and does not allow me out at night, not even with a group of girl-friends. He does not allow me to speak to boys unless he knows them and their families. When I am doing the shopping I often speak to a decent young fellow. I like this boy a great deal, although I have only known him a month or two. Do you think I should tell my parents and let them meet him? Also, do you think I am too young to wear a little lipstick, as I have rather pale lips. If so, what color do you suggest to suit olive skin and green eyes?"

"Jenny," Vic.

You should tell your parents about this boy straight away. You have disobeyed your parents by speaking to him, and I think to tell them is the best way to clear up the matter. I agree with your parents that at 14½ you are too young to have boys calling on you, but tell your parents about it, and they will know what is the best to do.

No, I don't think you are too young for lipstick. Buy one of the new pale pink ones. They suit young girls very well.

Buck teeth

"I AM a boy of 16 with very embarrassing buck teeth. Would you recommend that I get false teeth in their place, or do you think the shape of the jaw would make them look peculiar and unnatural? I also have large lips that seem to make my problem worse. Do you know of any way to reduce their size? Please advise me."

"Mouthful," N.S.W.

A dentist is the only person who can advise you on this programme. See your family dentist first, ask his advice, and ask him to suggest an orthodontist (a dentist who specialises in problems like yours) for you to consult. It may mean a trip to your nearest capital city, but orthodontists sometimes make country tours, and you may be able to see one at a nearby country town.

If you have no family dentist, or prefer to deal direct with an orthodontist, you should write to the Secretary, Australian Dental Association, 135 Macquarie Street, Sydney. His association will provide a list of names and addresses of orthodontists you could consult.

"Friends" gossip

"I LIKE a boy of 16. I am 15. I like him very much, and I think he used to like me, but now one of my friends said he doesn't like me, because he told his friends, and they told my friend, and she told me. My question is: Do you think I should tell him how I feel about him, and also ask him does he still like me?"

"Girl-friend," Qld.

Sometimes you find out the truth about your friends through other friends, but if you do it is generally information given accidentally or quite unknowingly. I always mistrust information that comes through friends of friends and is passed on in the way you say.

People who pass on gossip like this usually have a deliberate reason for it, and it's generally not for your good but for their own.

You'd be mad to ask this boy if he still likes you. You can tell that best by the way he acts over a long period. If he's still around, he likes you.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



BE a beast this winter—a beast with your claws sheathed in leopard-skin, so kitten soft, so cuddly, so terribly je ne sais quoi. Or speaking in Australian, so French.

To make leopard paws for yourself—and they look wonderful with the new colors: toast, chestnut-brown, and the molten buttery shades—buy 1-6th yard of imitation leopard-skin.

Put your hand flat on a piece of paper and run a pencil round it. Your leopard paws are made like a baby's mitt, or an oven mitt, with only one big "finger" for your thumb, the rest of your hand and fingers sharing a common compartment.

Cut four pieces from your material and sew them together. Remember, they shouldn't be a close fit. When you've finished that part, sew a worm (that's the name for that wriggle of elastic sewn inside the wrist of a glove) in the inner wrist—and voila!

As I said before, so French, so chic.

Shy boys

"THERE are two nice boys who go to the same Youth Club as we do who seem to be rather shy towards us. We like them very much, and wondered if it would be forward of us to ask them to our school dance, which is to be held in about two months' time. We feel rather shy about asking them. We are both fairly attractive and are 16. The boys are 17 and 18."

"Lovesick," W.A.

No, I don't think it would be forward of you at all, but I'd wait for a while before you asked them. Asking people two months ahead doesn't give them much chance to refuse gracefully.

An invitation should be given so that it is delightful if it is accepted, and no skin off anyone's teeth if it is refused—so that when the asking and accepting or refusing is over, everyone concerned still feels good about each other.

Another tip: Don't ask that terrible question—"What are you doing Saturday night?" That's another type of invitation that leaves you feeling trapped even if you want to be.

Just go along as you're going with the boys for a while, and about a month before the school dance ask them if they'd like to go with you.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



"Men are so unreliable. Billy was supposed to take me to the dance Saturday night. Now he calls to tell me he fell and broke his leg."

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

By Carolyn Earle

● *Every scheme designed to turn a beaver into a butterfly concerns itself with certain basic problems. These are good health, nice manners, clothes and how to dress, recreation and temperament.*

GOOD health heads the list not by accident but by design. It is by far the most important of all the items, and to look "the picture of health" should be every girl's immediate ambition.

Make it a habit to visit the dentist, not just twice a year but as often as is necessary, and if they seem to need it have your eyes checked, too. Your mother will tell you that many youthful upsets stem directly from poor eyesight and neglected teeth.

Your dentist is the best source of information about the condition of your mouth, but between visits to his surgery there are numerous things to do, such as regular brushing and rinsing, which help make the trips less frequent.

Good, strong, clean teeth and firm gums are essential to a pleasant expression, and it follows that you will smile oftener if you have something pretty to show behind your lips.

Take a tip from athletes and treat your feet with respect. Always wear comfortable, attrac-

tive shoes that support the feet sufficiently. Some girls have trouble, just as they are entering the teens, with a sudden increase in weight. This, added to the fact that they may still have the remnants of a child's figure, can make finding and wearing clothes a real worry.

At best this should be only a temporary state of affairs. The waistline will develop naturally and the weight should start to go down by itself. But if it does not, do consult your mother and your doctor.

Good eating habits are a lifetime insurance for health and looks, and every young girl is wise to develop them at a very early stage. It should not be necessary for healthy, normal teenagers to go on special blitz diets.

Attention to the basic foods (e.g., eggs or lean meat or fish, fresh fruit and vegetables, a pint of milk and plenty of water, all consumed daily) and a firm "no" to too many starches and sweets do the trick of keeping a young figure in trim.

If you're naturally short in stature, do avoid that broad-as-you're-long look. Proper meals and exercise will do this for you.



WHAT EXERCISE? If you are disgruntled with your shape — or lack of it — and seem to have become chunky through the middle all of a sudden, the drill is to combine exercise with those proper eating habits.

You probably swim or play tennis or squash or volley ball. When you swim, swim **HARD**, stretching with each stroke. By all means play your favorite ball game—anything that makes you r-e-a-c-h is the idea.

Toe-touching is also a help. Stand with your feet apart and pointing like the model in the illustration. Without bending your knees, bend way over and touch the right hand to the left foot, at the same time flinging the opposite arm up and back. Repeat 12 times on each side.

You can vary this movement with sit-ups, which also have a streamlining effect. Lie on the floor, body extended, toes pointing, arms straight back. Now sit up and touch toes with hands. Do this 10 times a day; it's a cinch for the waist.



GOOD HEALTH is the keynote of youth's charm, and every young girl should follow a simple health-and-beauty routine in order to make the most of herself.

Broken leg hitch to hitch-hiker's tour

● A seven-month stretch in an Australian hospital has not discouraged David Rogers, a 19-year-old Londoner, in his plan to hitch-hike his way around the world.

By David Rogers

Now is the time...



Now is the time for a fabulous fling. To dance and sing and really swing

But now is the time that perspiration odour takes over—even though you've just had a bath or shower. Now is the time for you to use a modern deodorant... Mum. Mum Deodorants are the safe, gentle deodorants—the deodorants you can trust. The special ingredient in Mum Deodorants, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria causing perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day. Mum Deodorants are the most convenient, most effective deodorants you can buy. They're absolutely safe for normal skins and cannot damage the finest fabrics.



**Stay up-to-date dainty,
with Mum**

Choose from Mum Cream, 1/9-5/3, Mum Stick, 6/3, and Mum Roller, 7/6, at all chemists and quality stores

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

WHEN a car in which I had hitched a ride collided with a horse, I thought my hitching days were over.

After travelling 20,000 miles through 17 countries, there I was in a hospital bed with a broken thigh.

But seven months later I have now hobbled out into the sunshine and am on my way again.

Maybe a slight limp will help me get more rides!

The story began in a London insurance office one day in 1958 when I was so bored I decided to cut loose and see the world.

I had little money, so decided to hitch-hike, and advertised in the London "Times" for a travelling companion.

From 52 applicants I picked a fellow Londoner, Stephen Williams, and we set out with £36 apiece, a certain amount of apprehension, and plenty of hope.

After crossing the Channel by ferry to Calais, we spent the first few weeks touring Europe, staying overnight in youth hostels or roadside barns.

We lived on bread, sausage, and cheese, with a good hotel meal every three or four days.

In Geneva, Switzerland, we got work in the kitchen of a big hotel and labored through piles of dirty dishes from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. for £4 a week.

After two months our wallets showed a more healthy bulge, and we pushed on towards our first major objective—Pakistan.

In Yugoslavia we were lucky enough to meet three American girls who were touring Europe by car and heading for Istanbul.

We travelled with them through Greece and Turkey where we had one or two awkward moments because of the Cyprus dispute. Especially in eastern Turkey there was considerable animosity towards the British and we found it expedient to travel as Germans.

One truck-driver took us to a cafe and treated us to a meal, during which he turned to a map of Cyprus on the wall, and uttering the one word "Engleesh," he drew his finger across his throat.

We entered Persia close to Mount Ararat, and while crossing several thousand miles of desert both Steve and I caught a mild form of dysentery.

In Mashad, in Eastern Persia, we stopped for treatment by an American Methodist Mission doctor, and while there we had the unnerving experience of being driven from a mosque because we were unbelievers.



DAVID ROGERS, ready to set out again on the road.

Two days after we arrived in Karachi, Pakistan, we woke in the morning to find that the country had suddenly been placed under martial law, following a coup d'etat, so we were glad to accept an offer from the English captain of a Pakistan cargo ship of a free passage to Rangoon, in Burma.

There we were threatened with gaol because our visas had expired, but the captain of a Dutch tramp steamer came to our rescue and allowed us to doss down in the vegetable locker for the voyage to Singapore.

We arrived with only enough money for one passage to Australia, so we sat on the dockside and tossed a coin to decide who should dive into the water, and who should go.

But once again a ship's captain

came to the rescue with a loan of the cash we needed, and so eight months after leaving England we arrived in Fremantle with half our journey completed.

There Steve and I temporarily parted company, and I spent the next few months travelling around Australia, taking a few weeks' work here and there, until I was brought to an abrupt halt by a horse in Taree, in northern N.S.W.

Now out of the Manning District Hospital, I am busy making plans for the next stage of my adventuring—first to New Zealand and then to South America.

By the time I have gone north through the United States and Canada, and back to England, I hope the roving urge will have cooled sufficiently to allow me to settle down to a steady job.

French pullover

● If you want to knit yourself the French-designed pullover our cover girl is wearing, here are the instructions.

Materials: 4 (5, 6) balls Peacock Bulkykhiti, natural; 5 (6, 7) balls bermuda, 1 (1, 1) ball turquoise, 2 (2, 2) balls flamingo; 1 pair No. 6 needles and 1 crochet-hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 22 (22, 22) in.; bust, 34 (36, 38) in.

Tension: 4½ sts., 1 in.; 6½ rows, 1 in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, beg. beginning, rem. remain, inc. increase, n natural, b bermuda, t turquoise, f flamingo.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles and n wool, cast on 84 (88, 92) sts. and work in st-st. in following striped pattern:

Two rows n, 2 b, 1 t, 1 f, 1 b, 4 f, 6 b, 6 n, 6 b, 1 t, 1 f, 6 b, 6 n, 6 b, 6 f, 2 t, 6 f, 6 b, 6 n, 6 b, 1 t, 1 f, 6 b, 4 n, 6 b, 1 t, 1 f, 6 b, 6 t, 6 n, 4 b, 1 f, 6 n, 1 t, 1 f, 4 b, 2 n.

Continue in st-st. using n wool and cast off 9 (8, 10) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 8 (9, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows.

Continue in st-st. on remaining 34 (36, 36) sts. for fin., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off very loosely.

FRONT

Work same as for back.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulders. Turn back neck facing and slip-stitch into position. Sew up side seams, leaving 7 (7½, 7½) in. opening for armholes. Make fringe around armholes and lower edge. Cut two lengths of n wool about 6 in. long, insert crochet-hook on wrong side through first st., loop wool over hook and draw loops through and fasten off, repeat around edge and trim.

ON THE WAY UP

These teenagers have made an early start on fortune's ladder

Weekend job

● Davy Jones' locker isn't easy to plunder, but 19-year-old Jeremy Lawrance gets a pretty good haul every weekend — £7 worth of bullion.

NOT real bullion, of course. Those crackly pounds are his earnings as a rouseabout round Sydney boatsheds, and they're a substantial addition to his weekly £10 wage as an advertising clerk in the city.

Yet to see Jerry pottering about Elizabeth Bay at the

crack of a Saturday's dawn you feel that the money isn't so important to him as the sea.

He shins yachts' masts to free tangled rigging and he's a willing hand at scraping barnacles off keels.

In the murky depths, wearing his aqua-lung, he'll find a lost mooring or help salvage a boat.

But engines are his forte; he's responsible for keeping a fleet of small hire boats in shipshape mechanical order.

Jerry has been keen on small boats ever since his parents used to take him fishing in his carry-cot.

At 13 he earned his first wages in a boatshed, mostly tinkering with engines for 12/6 a day. He just picked up his knowledge from older men and books.

Now, six years later, he's got as much work as he can do, but he's keen to get better jobs.

"I want to get my coxswain's ticket," he said. "Then I'll be qualified to pilot ferries round the harbor."



Music and stars

● Australia's Junior Champion piano-accordionist Maurice Sasso, of Narrabeena, N.S.W., is considered a bit odd by his school-mates. He doesn't like rock-'n-roll.

BUT it doesn't worry him. The 14-year-old musician is sticking to his classics.

Maurice won his junior title in the recent championships held in Adelaide, won second place in the senior section.

When he first decided to make music his career, at the age of nine, he chose the clarinet. "But I couldn't find a teacher, so settled for the accordion," he said.

During the past two years Maurice has played his way through dozens of eisteddfods, collecting six medals, four big

trophies, 20 certificates, and has appeared on TV twice.

The accordion not only takes up a lot of the young musician's time, it takes most of his money. "Recently I bought an ultra-modern instrument for £230," he said, "twice as much as I paid for the first one."

Apart from music and school work, Maurice's only other interest is astronomy, and he belongs to the Sydney Amateur Astronomers at Bel- field.

On clear nights, with his £10 telescope rigged on a tripod, he spends his time jotting down observations.



Whether Maurice winds up harmonising at London's Festival Hall or star-gazing at Mount Palomar, for this year his course is mapped. He's sitting for his Intermediate Certificate.

Her aim—an all-girl band

● A pretty young Adelaide girl, who sailed for Europe recently to take up a two-year scholarship at the State School of Music at Trossingen, in Western Germany, wants to form her own all-girl band when she returns to Australia.

SHE is 18-year-old Helga Kober, accordionist, who was awarded the 1959 Overseas Hohner Scholarship entitling her free tuition at the school for two years.

About 20 youthful musicians from all Australian States competed for the scholarship, which was awarded for the first time in 1958 to another South Australian, Graham Williams.

"Everyone is saying I won't come back to Australia, but I will prove them wrong," said Helga.

"When I do return I want to start forming my own band to play at concerts, nightclubs, dances, and private parties.

"As far as I know there is no all-girl band in Australia.

"About eight would be the right number — a drummer, saxophonist, trumpet player, guitarist, electric steel guitarist, pianist, singer, and, of course, an accordionist."

Language will be no problem to Helga in the little village of Trossingen. She migrated to Australia from Germany with her mother, stepfather, and two young sisters about six years ago.

Music runs in her family. Her father, the late Dr. Walter Kober—a Doctor of Science—conducted a small orchestral group in Germany.

Her two sisters, Heidi and Gudrun, are also studying the accordion at the Adelaide College of Music.



Tall, with hazel eyes, clear olive skin, and soft, brown hair, Helga did her Intermediate at the Brighton High School, and has been studying at the Adelaide College of Music for four years.

To raise money for her fare to Europe, Helga worked in a delicatessen in Adelaide during the Christmas holidays. The college also organised an evening for her just before she sailed, raising £100.

Three careers—at 17!

● At 17 young Bruce Short, of Sydney, has three careers in hand.

WITH musical and acting talent, he's already a radio and television personality, a piano teacher, and he just started to study medicine at Sydney University.

Bruce has been acting in radio serials and plays since he was ten, and recently starred in "Two Boys in a Boat," a Department of Interior film to boost Sydney as a tourist resort.

Just now he has a part in the radio play "Dr. Paul."

As a music teacher Bruce has two pupils, aged nine and ten. He was once a choirboy at St.

Clement's, Mosman, and has played the piano in many charity concerts.

His mother, beauty and deportment teacher Geraldine Short, taught him the rudiments of voice production and acting in London before the family came to Sydney in 1950.

Soon after they arrived Bruce, then 7, made a round of the theatrical agencies on his own and landed a small part.

Recently he broke into TV as a guest artist in a Desmond Tester show on Sydney's Channel 9.

In last year's Leaving exams Bruce topped the list in Ancient History and won a scholarship to the University.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 6, 1960

How to get glamour hairstyles for 4d.

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.

2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairstyles.

3. Comb Curlypet quickset through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET ... AT ANY PRICE!

15 sets for 4/10

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

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TEENA by Lilla Tenz



Dancing—with tears in my eyes

● "I won't dance, don't ask me." That's going to be my theme song from now on if my partners don't change their tune. Frankly, I'd rather be with the wall-flowers than sobbing for mercy in the middle of the floor.

HAVE I had some whoop-dee-doo dancing partners lately! Why, I'm practically writing this from a wheel-chair.

First there was Jittery Johnny, who sidled up and said all in one breath, "Will-you-have-this-dance-with-me? I'm-not-very-good-though."

I should have realised what it was going to be like when he took five minutes to get over the shock of being accepted.



By the time he'd been revived with a splash of cold water, the dance was half over and we crawled out into the crush, just out of time with every other couple tripping the light fantastic.

Ours was the most fantastic of all. First he severed my toe (accidentally of course), then he all-but crushed my favorite ankle, then gracefully tripped me with one of his half-dozen feet.

And, all the time, ALL the time, he panted for breath, counting one, two, three, four, oops sorry, two, three, and glued his eyes on those wandering feet. When I see him coming now I don't call for music, I call for an ambulance.

Knowall Neville looked pretty sheepish and safe as we cruised round the floor for the first time.

Then he said, quite quietly, "Can you do the tango?" and the next moment there we were writhing round, slipping and sliding like a pair of South American eels. Or rather he was — and not a bit put off by my stumbling steps and slips.

That wouldn't worry him. Name

any dance, and he can do it — and he likes to show them how.

Wheelbarrow Willie is really rather wearing. Sure, he's been to dancing school and learnt the basic steps, but he still lacks a certain something—confidence.

This boy really believes in keeping his girl at a distance—he holds her firmly at arm's length and pushes her around like a wheelbarrow. Why, you practically have to shout if you want him to hear what you're saying.

But I'd rather have Wheelbarrow Willie than Clutching Clive. You've only just this minute met him, he folds you into his ham-like arms, presses your nose against his greasy tie and starts stomping.

The band isn't playing "Goodnight Sweetheart," you wouldn't be his steady for a piece of Elvis' ear, and your steady is watching with a very beady eye indeed.

Then there was Rowdy Richard. Everybody rocks nowadays — but nobody, but nobody, rocks like Richard. He doesn't notice that you're not wearing a bouncy skirt, but one in which you can walk two



inches at a time. He doesn't notice, and he doesn't care.

He swings you round the room like a bale of hay, you're either dangling from his little finger or diving head-first across the floor. It's just one long bracket of mirth-packed laughter ... for the spectators.

And I've got just a few more plaintive points:

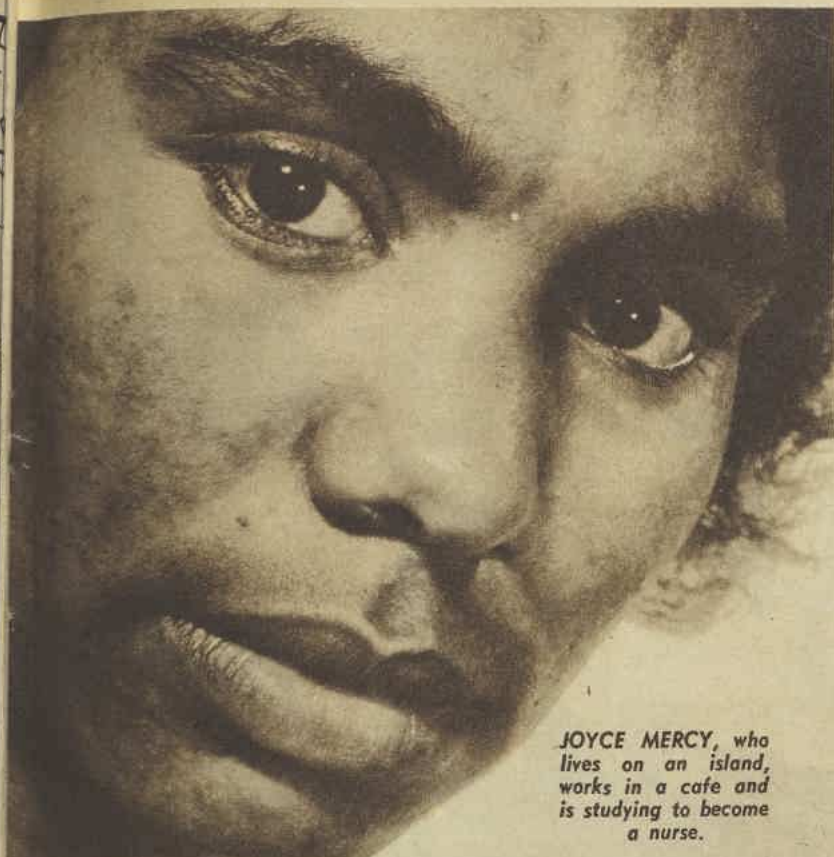
I wish those males wouldn't prowl up and down between dances looking us girls over like we were a herd of prize heifers or something.

I wish the far-out types wouldn't wear desert boots with evening-dress.

I wish they wouldn't croon in my ear in an unpleasant light baritone—I'm not conducting auditions for the top ten.

I won't dance ... but I will. Because a poor girl never knows what it will be like till she's trapped out there on the floor.

Patricia O'Bonnell



JOYCE MERCY, who lives on an island, works in a cafe and is studying to become a nurse.

She's working to be a nurse

● Joyce Mercy has one ambition—to be a nurse. And if determination and work will get her there, she's got what it takes.

MODEST and quietly spoken, Joyce is a 20-year-old aboriginal from a little settlement on Ulgundahi Island, three miles from Maclean on the North Coast of N.S.W.

When she left school at 16 she had finished second-year high school.

She came to Sydney and worked in the wards at St. Margaret's Hospital, Darlinghurst, and studied for her nursing entrance examination at night.

She failed the first year—but didn't give up. At the end of the second year she was called

home to help look after her young brother and sisters.

Since then Joyce has been working in a cafe in Yamba, 11 miles from the island, while she studies for her exams by correspondence.

"I work in the cafe as a waitress and shop assistant from 9 a.m. till 2 p.m. and from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.," she said.

"Then I study, sometimes till two in the morning."

But that's only half her life. She is also studying commercial art—she's halfway through a four-year course—and spends her weekends at home helping her stepmother.

Ulgundahi is on the Clarence River, and the only way of reaching the island is by boat.

"Thirteen of us used to go in one dinghy to school at Maclean each day," Joyce said.

"We'd row 1½ miles and walk another three."

"Ulgundahi is a mis-spelling of our word for 'ear'."

"The island got the name because of its irregular shape."

"It's only small—about 42 acres, and there are 43 people living there."

Joyce is very interested in drama and attends all plays produced in Yamba.

"I am hoping to join the local repertory society," she said.

Joyce was back in Sydney recently to attend the annual conference of the Federal Council for Aboriginal Advancement, held at Newport.

"I'm very glad I came," she said. "The thing I found most interesting was the suggestion that aborigines should have equal rights."

"And I did enjoy meeting all the people."

Joyce obviously loves life and people. She has an appealing grin, and her dark eyes are expressive as she talks about nursing.

"I think it is a profession to be proud of," she said, "but I don't want to nurse in Sydney, though. When I pass my exams I will apply to the Royal Melbourne Hospital, just for a change."

Apart from nursing, Joyce hasn't thought much about the future or marriage.

"I think every girl wants to marry eventually," she said, "It wouldn't matter to me what color he was as long as he was the right one."

"I've been out with white Australians, aborigines, and a Swedish boy, but there is no one in particular."

Leaving home is a big step

● Everyone wants variety in their life and you, as a teenager, will find that the time will come eventually when you simply must leave home.

By Prudence Frith

YOU may be ideally happy with your family, job, and friends—but you'll feel the compulsion to move on, at least for a year or two.

Or you may be less fortunate—perhaps you are unhappy at home or have to study in another State. Whatever the reason, it's your life and you have to live it.

But leaving the security of your home is a big step, and before you burn your boats make sure you are self-sufficient and mature enough to manage life on your own.

At the beginning of this year I decided that as I had spent the 19 years of my life in a small town it was time I headed for the Big Smoke.

It was the glamor and excitement of Sydney that attracted me, plus the desire for independence.

My family is wonderful, and I was very happy with them. But I felt that I was in a rut and placed too much weight on their opinions and judgment.

Well, I'm certainly on my own now, with all the independence that any teenager could possibly want, financially and mentally.

It seems odd not to be able to race home to my family and pour tales of woe into sympathetic ears; instead, I wander reluctantly back to the hostel (I'm looking for a flat), eat the stodgy food, and chatter brightly to my table-mates.

The utter loneliness of it all is the first thing that struck me. People are friendly, but they've got their own lives and their own friends.

It's awfully easy to be alone in a crowd. Actually I'm very lucky—several of my

schoolfriends are working in Sydney, so I'm not completely isolated.

I've learnt that there's no point in forcing friendships. It's better to take time, to meet people with similar interests and ideas, than to let sheer loneliness force me to attach myself to the nearest available person.

It's fun meeting different people every day, but acquaintances are just not the same as old friends and family.

And it's frightening to think that I could disappear completely and few people would worry or even notice.

The next thing is harder—making all my own decisions about big and little things.

Far more expensive

Most teenagers think they're independent of their parents' ideas.

But there are a thousand and one things that crop up all the time, things my parents would automatically have helped me to solve.

For instance, how many times have you been flat broke and borrowed enough from your parents to tide you over?

Or left a frock or suit for your mother to wash and iron for that special date?

I just have to think of those things ahead now, and plan my days and budget accordingly.

Talking of budget—life is far more expensive when you're not living at home and it's horrible to be alone in a strange city with only 1/6 to last till pay day.

I find it's the little things like soap and toothpaste and pegs that I simply didn't

consider at home that put my budget out of balance.

My parents wouldn't let me pay more than £3 for board at home; the expenses of flatting or living in a hostel are more than twice that amount.

So it's important that my job here is better paid than my old one, as I've made up my mind not to ask my parents for money on any account, even though they'd be glad to give it to me.

That's the dark side of living alone—but I've found that the advantages far outweigh those minor points!

I'm learning to be reasonably self-reliant—if I don't look after my diet and health and finances, nobody will.

I'm meeting a much wider circle of people than I did at home, where I was bounded by my schoolfriends and the people at work. They accept me as a person in my own right with my own opinions.

Sydney's a fascinating place, full of variety. There's so much more to do here—even without a fabulously wealthy escort—than there was at home.

Ferry rides, surfing, eating in quaint little restaurants, and browsing through wonderful shops... it's all so different from a small town.

And, above all, it's fun to know that I won't bump into dozens of people I've met as I walk down Martin Place or George Street.

There's something exciting about the continual hurry and bustle of Sydney people that makes me want to get things done.

Although I'd love to see my family and friends and I get horribly homesick when the mail comes in, I wouldn't go back to my old life for anything.



THE WEBB BROTHERS

Page 16 — Teenage World

Continued on page 17 — Australian Women's Weekly — April 6, 1960

CLASSIC SWEATER (left) is tied to the post and off in patt. at base of post and

American party sweater

● Here are the directions for adapted version of sweater at right.

Materials: 11 (B 11, C 12) balls Patons "Patonyl" 4-ply knitting wool; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 5 large button moulds.

Measurements: To fit size 34 (B 36, C 38) in. bust; length, 23 (B 23, C 23½) in.; sleeve seam (all sizes), 5in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in. in width.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 138 (B 146, C 154) sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st row seven times.

Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

** 1st Row: K into back of every st.

2nd Row: Purl. **

Rep. from ** to ** until work measures 15in. from commencement.

Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 104 (B 108, C 112) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 21½ (B 21½, C 22) in. from commencement.

Cast off.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 84 (B 88, C 92) sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st row seven times.

Using No. 10 needles, work as given from ** to ** for front twice.

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. once at each end of needle in next and every foll. 4th row until there are 96 (B 100, C 104) sts. on needle, then in every alt. row until there are 110 (B 114, C 118) sts. on needle.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 70 (B 78, C 78) sts. rem., then in every row until 20 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT YOKE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 24 sts.

*** 1st Row: K 4, p 2, k 18.

2nd Row: P 18, k 2, p 4 (this is the outside edge). ***

Rep. from *** to *** until yoke is long enough to fit along top edge of front. Cast off.

BACK YOKE

Work exactly as given for front yoke.

SIDE TRIM

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 24 sts.

Work as given from *** to *** for front yoke until work measures 15in. from commencement, finishing with a purl row.

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

BOW

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 20 sts.

**** 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1. ****

Rep. from **** to **** until work measures 9in. from commencement. Cast off.

KNOT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 16 sts.

Work as given from **** to **** for bow for 3in. Cast off.

COVERS FOR BUTTONS (Make Five)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 8 sts.

Work in patt. as given from ** to ** for front, inc. once at each end of needle in every alt. row three times.

Work 7 rows without shaping.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next row and every alt. row twice. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew side and sleeve seams. Turn 2 sts. at outside edges of yokes and side trim on to wrong side of work and sl-st. in position. Sew yokes to back and front. Cross front yoke over back yoke and sew in position at armhole edge. Placing right sides together, sew inside edge of side trim to body, 15 sts. to front of left side seam. Turn trim back on to right side and sew in position at armhole edge. Sew in sleeves, placing seams to side seams. Cover button moulds and stitch to side trim as illustrated, catching trim to body of jumper. Make bow and sew in position as illustrated.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 56 sts. and work as back in patt. until 20 rows. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row until 80 sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt.

Cont. until sleeve measures 16in., ending on the wrong side of work. Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 6 sts. twice, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 20 times, 4 sts. 6 times, 16 sts. once.

COLLAR (Two Pieces)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 112 sts. and work as back for 1 complete patt. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on the wrong side. Sl-st. down the pocket linings. Fold the front facings to inside and sew down. Using small back-st., sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Sew the edges of collar pieces tog. and attach collar to neck edge. Sew round buttonholes. Sew on 4 buttons. With right side of work facing and using No. 9 needles pick up and k 223 sts. on lower edge of garment from where the front facings are sewn down. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Cast off loosely ribwise. Fold ribbed band up to inside and sl-st. down. Sew down pocket linings. Press all seams.

BUTTONS AND BOW trim this American sweater for party wear. It has been adapted for Australian knitters, using a larger stitch.



CLOSE-UP of stitch used in adapted version of the American sweater at right.

POCKET LINING (Make Two)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 30 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, k to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, p to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 36 rows altogether.

Leave on needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 82 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, p to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, k to end.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, * k 12, p 2, pp18, p 2, * rep. to last 25 sts., k 12, sl. 1, k 12.

4th Row: Sl. 1, p 24, * k 2, pp18, k 2, p 12, k 2, * rep., ending k 1.

Cont. working in patt. as for back and keeping the 13 sts. on front edge in st-st. and slipping the first st. of the 13 sts. on the k row. Cont. until 2nd patt. has been completed. Work the 1st row of the next patt., ending on the right side of work.

To Make Pocket Opening: Next Row: Work 40, cast off 30, patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt. 12 sts., patt. 30 sts. of pocket lining, work to end.

Cont. until work measures 18in., ending at side edge.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off in patt. 8 sts. at beg. of next row, dec. 1 st. on armhole edge every 2nd row 6 times.

Cont. until armhole measures 6in. on the straight, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every 2nd row 25 sts. once, 2 sts. 7 times. Cont. on rem. 29 sts. until armhole measures 8½in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and alt. rows 6 sts. 4 times, 5 sts. once.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 82 sts.

1st Row (right side of work): Sl. 1, p to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, k to end.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, k 11, p 1, * pp18, p 2, k 12, p 2, * rep. to last 13 sts., pp18, p 1.

4th Row: Sl. 1, * pp18, k 2, p 12, k 2, * rep. to last 29 sts., pp18, k 1, p 12.

Cont. in patt., working as for left front in reverse with the addition of 4 buttonholes made as follows:

Work 1 complete patt. and 26 rows of 2nd patt.

Next Row: K 3, cast off 6 sts., k 3, p 1, patt. 3 sts., cast off 6 sts., patt. to end.

On the next row cast on 6 sts. over cast-off 6 sts.

Make 3 more buttonholes at intervals of 4in., the last one being a ½in. before neck shaping.





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High-fashion handknits

Classic sweater in lilac wool

● Below are directions for making the classic sweater shown in our color section. Knitted in lilac wool, it has raglan sleeves and a wing collar to give added fashion interest.

Materials: 9 (B 9, C 10) oz. Lincoln "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 14 and 11 knitting needles; 1 5in. zip-fastener; 1yd. ribbon 1in. wide.

Measurements: To fit 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 19½ (B 19½, C 19½) in.; sleeve seam, 11 (B 11, C 11½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to lin.

FRONT

* Using No. 14 needles cast on 114 (B 120, C 126) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 5in., * inc. 1 st. at end of last row, 115 (B 121, C 127) sts.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 6th row foll. until there are 133 (B 139, C 145) sts. on needle. Work a further 1 (B 1, C 5) rows.

Now commence yoke.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 2 to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, k 1, p 2 to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k to last 4 sts., (p 1, k 1) twice.

4th Row: (P 1, k 1) twice, p to last 4 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice.

5th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k to last 6 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

6th Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, p to last 6 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

Cont. in this way, working an extra 2 sts. in rib at each end of every alt. row until there are 28 (B 30, C 32) sts. in rib at each end, ending with a row on wrong side.

To Shape Armhole: Still working an extra 2 sts. in rib at each end of every alt. row as before, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every alt. row following until all sts. are in rib, then cont. dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt.

row until 59 (B 61, C 63) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck: Next row (wrong side): Rib 20 (leave on spare needle), cast off 19 (B 21, C 23) sts., rib to end of row.

Cont. on last 20 sts., dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row as before until all sts. are dec. Break off wool.

Join wool to neck edge of 20 sts. from spare needle and work in rib, dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until all sts. are used up. Break off wool.

BACK

Work as given for front from * to *.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 6th row foll. until there are 132 (B 138, C 146) sts. on needle.

Cont. without further shaping until back measures same as front to armhole.

To Shape Armhole: Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these two rows until 84 (B 86, C 88) sts. rem.

BACK OPENING

Next Row (wrong side): p 42 (B 43, C 44) sts., turn, leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Knit to last 4 sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these two rows until 19 (B 20, C 21) sts. rem.

Cast off. Join wool at centre to sts. from spare needle.

Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to end of row.

Complete to correspond with side already worked.

SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles cast on 78 (B 80, C 82) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in.



COSY and warm, this two-color cap will delight a little girl.

CHILD'S WINTER CAP

MATERIALS: 1 ball Peacock Kwicknit (white), 1 ball Peacock Kwicknit (red); 1 pair No. 8 needles; 1 medium-size crochet-hook.

Tension: 5½ sts. and 7½ rows to lin.

Using white wool and No. 8 needles, cast on 36 sts. Work 8 rows st-st., change to red wool and k 10 rows. Rep. these 18 rows until work is 2lin. long or required length to fit around head. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seam. Using red wool, work 2 rows of d.c. along lower edge. Using white wool, work 2 rows of d.c. around top, gathering it into a circle. Make a pom-pom for top, using both wools.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 6th row foll. until there are 98 (B 102, C 106) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until sleeve measures 11 (B 11, C 11½) in. (or length required).

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2.

Work 3 rows without further shaping.

Rep. last 4 rows 3 (B 4, C 5) times more, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row as before until 12 sts. rem. Purl 1 row. Cast off.

COLLAR

Left Section: Using No. 14 needles cast on 76 (B 80, C 84) sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) to end of row.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2 tog. Rep. last 2 rows until 58 sts. rem.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., rib to end of row.

Next Row: As 3rd row. Rep. last 2 rows until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.

Right Section: Using No. 14 needles cast on 76 (B 80, C 84) sts.

1st Row: (P 1, k 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until 58 sts. rem.

Next Row: As 2nd row.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., rib to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows until 4 sts. rem., then 2nd row once. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts lightly. Join sleeves to armholes. Insert zip-fastener into back opening and face with ribbon. Sew collar sections into position. Join sleeve and side seams in one line. Press seams.

Casual Paris pullover

Continued from color section

COLLAR

Cast on 50 sts. (All sizes.)

1st Row: P 4, k 12, p 4, k 30.

2nd Row: P 30, k 4, p 12, k 4.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once.

6th Row: P 30, turn.

7th Row: K to end of row.

8th Row: Like 2nd row.

9th Row: P 4, slip next

3 sts. on to a cable needle and hold at back of work, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, slip next 3 sts. on to a cable needle and hold at front of work, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, p 4, k 30.

10th Row: Like 2nd row.

11th Row: Like 1st row.

12th Row: Like 6th row.

13th Row: Like 7th row. Rep. 2nd and 1st rows

twice, then 6th and 7th rows once.

20th Row: Like 2nd row. ** Rep. from ** to ** for about 19in.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a fine back-stitch seam, sew up the side and sleeve seams.

Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew shoulders of back and front to side edges of cable strip of sleeve top, which forms part of shoulder.

Fold back lin. hem round lower edges of bodice and sleeves, and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Join edges of collar, then sew to neck edge.

Fold in half the other edge of collar and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Press all seams.

Debbie makes

A BATCH OF BUNS FOR EASTER



COMPRESSED YEAST is crumbled and dissolved in a small quantity of warm water to start its action. Then it is added to other ingredients and kneaded.



PROVING means setting the dough aside in a warm place so the yeast cells can multiply and give off a gas which causes dough to rise. Test with finger.



DOUGH is divided into sections, then each piece is again kneaded and moulded to shape required. This second kneading distributes yeast gases through the dough to give an even texture.



● This week Debbie, our teenage chef, gives her recipe for making Easter buns.

As well as the traditional hot cross buns, Debbie makes a variety of novelty buns, twists, plaits, and loaves, all from the same basic recipe. Here it is:

One and a half pounds flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. mixed dried fruits, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. yeast, 12oz. warm water.

First Debbie weighs or measures out all her ingredients, using level spoon measurements and an eight-liquid-ounce measuring cup. To the sifted flour in a basin she sprinkles in the spice, rubs in butter with tips of her fingers, then mixes in the clean fruits. Taking two smaller basins, she crumbles the yeast into one and adds sugar and salt to the other. Debbie then blends $\frac{1}{4}$ of the water into yeast, and stirs remainder into the sugar. Both these liquids she now adds to flour mixture, and then kneads dough well. She covers it with a clean cloth and places it in a warm spot in the kitchen to prove. After about 25 minutes, when dough is elastic to the touch, she kneads it again and divides it into sections.

To make crosses on buns she needs 1 cup of flour blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Icing quantities for plait are 1 cup icing sugar mixed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons hot water, and red food coloring. She trickles raspberry jam on top of large round bun. Two tablespoons corn-flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 2 teaspoons sugar, and a pinch of spice, blended together and cooked until thick, is mixture she brushes on steamy hot buns to give a lovely shine. She sprinkles brown sugar and cinnamon over spicy loaf after brushing it with melted butter.

Debbie forms bunnies from thin rolls of dough, and uses thicker strips for three-strand plait and to wind, snail fashion, into tin for raspberry twist. She rolls plain buns into ball shapes, and places them on a greased tray. The spicy loaves she forms from an oval-shaped piece.

She allows a second proving time of 1 hour or until dough is doubled in bulk. Then she cooks buns in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

SERVED VERY FRESH, with lots of pretty butter curls, this variety of shiny yeast buns is one of the highlights of the Easter weekend. See recipe and step-by-step instructions on this page.



CROSS of batter is piped on buns, then they are placed for their second proving in a warm oven with a tray of hot water to give moist atmosphere which helps to keep them so light and soft.

Gran's train gets in at 8.30

... and little Frances Kennedy and her mother of Penshurst, N.S.W., are hurrying off to meet her. So breakfast was a brisk affair this morning — the washing up even brisker!

But how lovely for Mrs. Kennedy when she gets back from the station, to see clean, gleaming dishes, and shining silver, all ready to put away.

"What a blessing New Rinso is!" she says. "There's nothing like those richer, softer suds for getting dishes done quickly. And how well Rinso looks after my hands! "I get good value for my money with New Rinso, too. The suds never die down half-way through — they stay thick and busy till the last pan's shining!"

Whatever your reason for finishing sooner . . .

You'll wash up quicker and easier with
NEW RINSO's richer, softer suds

MOTORING

By BETTY McKAY

● Sydney designer Bill Buckle—a dark, quiet young man—has begun a fashion among Australian teenagers with his car the Dart.

BUCKLE MOTORS import the German Goggomobil sedan. It is popular in Germany but it hasn't caught on so well here—perhaps because of the long distances Australians usually travel.

Bill Buckle saw the need for a runabout that would appeal to the young and the young-in-heart. So he made a car using the imported Goggomobil chassis and engine, with a fibreglass shell of his own design.

Known as the Dart T.400 (the early models were T.300s with smaller engines), the little car has become a great success in N.S.W. and is rapidly spreading to other States.

A "saucer"

It looks something like a miniature flying-saucer, and I felt I should tether it in the drive at home in case it suddenly took off.

I consider the price rather high for such basic transport, though import duty makes the chassis expensive. They are selling at £715 (inclusive of tax).

A youngster can buy a Dart if he can find the 1-5th deposit, and no doubt many parents would gladly help out if Junior's alternative was a motor-bike.

No doors

Four wheels are easier to control than two, and there is some protection in the little two-seater body.

Another advantage in the Dart's favor is its 60 m.p.g. consumption figure.

Having driven the Goggomobil sedan I was soon at home in the Dart—that is, after I had changed into suitable clothing and climbed over the side, for there are no doors.

The weather was showery, so I didn't think much of the present hood arrangement. I had to lower it to get in and then hoist it up.

"Dartniks" obviously don't mind getting either burned to a crisp in the sun or wet in the rain. It's a rare sight to see a Dart with hood erect.

Mr. Buckle plans to market a hardtop version soon, with openings after the style of the gull-winged doors of the Mer-

cedes 300 SL. This should be a big improvement, provided adequate vision is possible.

Forgetting the vibro massage effect of the two-stroke motor, the lack of comfort, the lack of even a glovebox—and assessing the Dart as a teenager might—I liked:

- Its colorful and unique appearance.
- The economy.
- The comparatively rapid acceleration.
- The easy four-speed constant mesh gearbox.
- The manoeuvrability in traffic.
- The feeling of sure-footedness.
- And (possibly most of all) the fun of driving it.

While I wouldn't like a Dart as personal transport, I can see how appealing they must be to teenagers. It also teaches youngsters to drive properly—I know a man who bought a pair of Darts for his

children and they drive around happily in the back garden.

A word for mums with "Dartnik" children—slacks are necessary, "flatties" an advantage (old ones at that), and a sweater, also some sort of headgear (why not a crash hat and look the part), plus a liberal coating of face cream and/or a raincoat. You'll enjoy it then, even if it does rain.

The Dart fashion could develop into a cult.

Hint for the week:

Car tyres are vitally important to you and to the safety of all who travel with you. Check the tread depth regularly, and never drive on tyres with less than 1-16th-inch of tread. Tyres are expensive, so it will pay you to look after them by keeping them inflated to the recommended pressures by not "scrubbing" them along the kerbs and by changing them around on the car every 2500 miles.



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Prizes awarded for recipes

● A recipe for a two-tone layered cake with a rich, unusual flavor wins the main prize of £5 this week.

THE prizewinning cake recipe has one dark moist layer and is topped with a light sponge layer, to provide contrast in both color and texture.

Recipes for ham and pineapple puffs and brandied cherries win a consolation prize of £1 each.

Spoon measurements are level.



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

Curlypet

EXOTIC CAKE

First Mixture: Three eggs, pinch salt, 2½oz. sugar, 2½oz. self-raising flour.

Second Mixture: Six tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons rum, 5 eggs, 8 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 2½oz. ground almonds.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar, and continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold in egg-yolks, one at a time, and lastly sifted flour. Bake in a greased and lightly floured 8in. cake-tin in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Meanwhile prepare second mixture.

Soak breadcrumbs in rum for two hours. Separate eggs, beat four yolks with sugar until light (reserving one egg-yolk for filling), add cocoa, soaked breadcrumbs, apricot jam, and ground almonds. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into breadcrumb mixture. Pour into well-greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. When both cakes are quite cold join with the following chocolate mixture, placing dark layer on the bottom:

Chocolate Filling: Cream 3oz. butter or substitute with



ELEGANT to look at and delicious to eat is this exotic cake. See recipe.

3oz. castor sugar. Gradually add 2oz. melted chocolate, reserved egg-yolk, and 1 tablespoon black coffee. Continue beating over bowl of ice until beginning to thicken, spread between layers of cake. Spread sides with chocolate icing, coat with coconut, then cover top with icing, decorate with blanched almonds.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. I. Fisher, M.S. 33, Beenleigh, Qld.

PINEAPPLE AND HAM PUFFS

Four ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 dessert-spoon milk, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, ½ cup finely chopped ham, ½ cup finely diced tinned pineapple.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne into basin, rub in shortening, then add ham and pineapple. Mix into a soft dough with beaten egg and milk, add mayonnaise. Drop mixture a

teaspoonful at a time into deep hot oil and fry until cooked and golden brown. Lift out and drain on kitchen paper. Serve piping hot with grilled sausages or chops.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Schmidt, Low Bank, River Murray, S.A.

BRANDIED CHERRIES

Six ounces dark chocolate, maraschino cherries, brandy.

Place roughly chopped chocolate in basin over saucepan of boiling water and stir with a wooden spoon until melted. Pour a little of the chocolate into small fluted paper sweet cases and spread chocolate over base and sides to make a chocolate case. When set, place one well-drained maraschino cherry and ½ teaspoon brandy into each case, cover with extra melted chocolate. Chill well until quite set before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Zaitschek, 97 Boundary Rd., Merlynston, Melbourne.

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The manufacture of your superb quality, 100% lambs' wool "Laconia Blankets" has been achieved by a combination of the latest automatic mach-

inery and the most modern techniques. In the event of any fault caused by imperfect manufacture your blankets will be replaced free of charge.

Laconia MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY



823

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Home Plan No. 823. This house could be elevated to give a large balcony in the front. It has wide eaves running the whole length of the north wall to keep it cool during summer months.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page and other standard small Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in the following stores:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

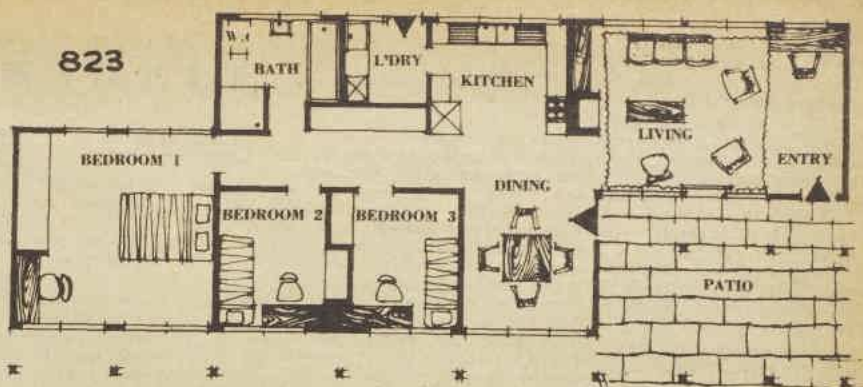
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's. (Please telephone 27-221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.



FLOOR PLAN for design 823. Dining area and kitchen face each other. There are three well-sized bedrooms, with the bathroom centrally placed.

For a hot climate

● This week's Home Plan, No. 823, has opposing skillion roofs which give a highlight to the passage, across the dining area, and along the living-room to supply good cross ventilation.

IT has been designed by our architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack, and plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in the stores listed in the box at left.

These Centres are under the direction of Mr. Borland and Mr. Trewenack. No problem in connection with home building and planning is considered too large or too small for the Centres to handle.

They are situated in large stores throughout Australia, and consultants at our Centres will introduce you to specialists on the store's staff, who will advise you on every aspect of home decorating and furnishing.

Numerous and various plans for small homes are on sale, and qualified architects will advise you as to the best plan to suit your land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

All plans can be used in mirror-reverse position, placed on an angle to suit your site. They can be built flat on the ground, on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill. They can also be constructed with a modern or traditional exterior, and in whatever building material you choose.

Home Plan No. 823, which we feature on this page, is suitable for a narrow block and a hot climate. Approximate cost in timber is from £3300 to £3900, and in brick from £3750 to £4300. Area in timber 11.04 squares. Area in brick 12 squares. Frontage 31ft. or 40ft.

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LINCOLN DOES WONDERFUL THINGS WITH WOOL

The consumer herself made this clear by the way in which she ignored it, complaining:

"I have no time to eat. I leave it to others with plenty of time on their hands." Here she would stop speaking, in order to dart a look of disapprobation at her husband, and then resume. "Let others—it is not for me to judge or name—let others, I say, who like it, indulge their gross appetites. I think the hours can be better employed."

From her mother, Cinderella had received, too, lessons of a more practical nature. . . . For instance, when Cinderella's father, whom long-standing but unformulated accusations had made timid, ventured to eat at home, her mother would not, of course, join him at his meal, but would dust outside the dining-room in a manner that gave full vent to her feelings.

She would rap the furniture sharply with the back of her brush and send avenging spirals of dust to penetrate under the door and through the keyholes until his own sneezes obliged the poor husband to acknowledge his consciousness of his wife's lurking but virtuous presence outside. Thus it had been through continual quiet observation of her mother that Cinderella had in time come to comprehend that dusting was not to be deemed merely a form of housework, but constituted in able hands a form of self-expression, rather like—though also very unlike—the art of using the fan in Nippon: so that each flick with a duster, each tap with a brush, each fall, each breakage could be made to proclaim throughout the house the mood of a great executant. . . .

Her mother showed her, too, just how to nick the china—for

Sevres and eighteenth-century German porcelains, of which he was an acknowledged connoisseur, were among the gross appetites which her father indulged—thereby removing from the object, at one delicate and expert rap, both all the aesthetic pleasure to be derived from it and all financial value. And one morning, when they were alone, her mother imparted one of her secrets directly, by word of mouth.

"Let me give you a hint that your dear old godmother gave me before my marriage. Never, dearest Rella, when you have smashed one of your father's things, never tell him all at once. Mince matters. Break the news as well as the china"—and here she gave one of her rare but merry laughs—"Come up to him affectionately and say something like this: 'Daddy, darling, I've something awful to confess . . . the most dreadful thing that has ever happened in this house. I can't bring myself to tell you . . . Something fearful. Oh, I can't say.' Go on like that for a little, watch him until his eyes begin to bulge from their sockets, and then let him have it straight. You'll find he'll almost be relieved. But remember, if it's a valuable thing you've destroyed, to remind him also that you've saved him the wages of a housemaid. That always produces good results, too."

As the reader may imagine, Cinderella became a proficient pupil, and soon, at a very early age, there was no treat to which she so ardently looked forward as the promise of being allowed to stay at home and do a few hours'

good dusting with her mother. As for spring cleaning, the thought of it lit her days, a beacon shining, as Christmas gleams ahead for other children.

Alas, when Cinderella was fifteen her mother fell ill and died of premature virtue. Passed away, which was the phrase most commonly used of her, hardly did justice to the fiery resignation and assertive selfishness of her departure from this earthly scene.

Thus it had been that Cinderella, while still young in years, had donned the mantle of dust handed on to her by her mother. It was extraordinary, old friends of that lady would tell one another, "how suffering has brought the child out." In her ways she seemed more like a woman of thirty than a girl who had not yet reached sixteen. Her days were full. As her mother had done before her, she managed the whole house: but she substituted scorpions for her mother's whips. After preparing and cooking her father's meals, she would serve them herself, dusting outside in the interval. While handing him a dish, she would sometimes further aggravate his taste by telling him of the manner in which it was concocted and listing its ingredients. The food was by no means plain. "It's quite original, I think . . . 'Something different' but I haven't the time to give to the cooking I should like to have. In a large house like this there's always something to be done without having to

look for it." And she would begin to cry.

Cinderella's father, in spite of the indigestion from which he suffered chronically, never failed to be moved by the sound of his daughter's grief.

"You must not work so hard, my darling," he would say, after trying to swallow a mouthful of the sweet. "You're becoming morbid. You should go out more. Fresh air will soon make things seem easier."

"How can I go out," she would retort, "when I haven't even begun to black-lead the grates yet, let alone clean the lamps?"

"That reminds me," her father went on, "I mean to have electric light put in this winter. It'll give you more leisure."

"Well, if you do, I shall run away . . . Think of the dust it will make when it's put in. . . . It only shows you don't think I clean the lamps properly," she gulped out between her sobs.

SOMETIMES now, when she felt particularly unhappy, she would run out into the churchyard that adjoined the house and throw herself at full length on her mother's grave. For this display she would seem to prefer a rainy night, and would lie prone there, sobbing her heart out until her wet and weary father, who had observed her leave the house and had soon come to know the ritual, would arrive to drag her off the stone and take her home. She would allow herself to be led, but, on reaching the house would at

once, without waiting to change her sodden clothes, run downstairs, and begin to rake out the kitchen stove, and spin round among the ashes until her dress, clinging to her form, would assume the look of a plaster cast.

One night at dinner a piteous scene arose when, as Cinderella offered her father a dish, he glanced at her dress and observed kindly:

"Rella, child, I was thinking you should come out of mourning now. Your dear mother has been dead for over a year, and it isn't suitable for you at your age to go about for the rest of your life in black. So I've ordered you three new dresses from Paris—you're seventeen now and should begin to take an interest in your clothes."

At these words, Cinderella fled from the room, and for the rest of the night Wilfer Old Hall was loud with her sobs. . . . When the dresses came, she would not wear them, for though she often complained of how busy she was, she liked to make her own clothes, and to darn and mend her father's shirts. Her mother had also taught her how to wash her father's socks; and this she always did herself, shrinking them to the quick, so that they became an agony to him—but he had to put them on or she would cry. And after a good day's washing and shrinking, it was noticeable how much the child would enjoy her tea and toast.

In spite of the companionship that Cinderella offered him, her father after a time began to feel somewhat lonely and proposed marriage to a neighbor and old friend, Lily Lady Laughingtower was a good-natured, plump, concentric widow, built on the model of an old-fashioned cottage loaf, only with a head stuck on at the top; but her dress still carried on the tradition of the years when she had been a handsome, rather florid, young woman. She liked to dwell much on that period—to which she invariably she referred as "the old days." Though garrulous, she was vague at the same time, so that she never could properly remember any single one of the many incidents she set out to describe, and hunted the truth down its tortuous burrows for many an hour. She possessed, Cinderella's father was aware, a kindly disposition, and could be trusted to be considerate to his daughter. He had felt, too, it may be, that his new wife's two grown-up girls—they were just three and two years older respectively than Cinderella—would be company for her. But Cinderella herself did not share this opinion, and on learning the news of his engagement, and for many days thereafter, had refused all sustenance and cried incessantly.

At first Cinderella had feared that her feelings would not allow her to attend the wedding ceremony, yet in the end she had recognised that it was her duty to master them, and was accordingly present, albeit she still wore mourning. With the light, bouquet-like dresses of the other relations and guests, this made a striking contrast; and, indeed, she was very noticeable, for she had become—it was remarked almost for the first time—unusually pretty, with her ash-blond hair showing its pale gold from under a black bonnet, and with her complexion, which was at the same time pale and brilliant, with that pallor of the very fair, enabling her mother's old friends who were present to say not only that she was "lovely," but also that she looked "pinched and white." They proceeded to wonder, in whispers that resounded, whether her father gave her enough to eat or was starving her as he had starved her mother: "Poor old Lily! She little knows. Her

weight will soon reduce itself without any trouble to her."

All through the service Cinderella indulged in a quiet soprano sob, and afterwards, at the wedding breakfast, which was in a hotel, she still maintained, at any rate in public, her fast. But she showed some sign of affection for Lady Laughingtower, who had always been very kind to her. Before the marriage Cinderella had given her no present, but now, when for a moment there was a silence, in front of everyone she rushed demonstratively at her stepmother, kissed her, and drawing from the black bosom of her own dress an object, thrust it into the bride's hand, saying simply through her tears:

"I feel I must give you something—and this is all I have to give."

The guests crowded around to see the present, which proved to be an oval miniature of Cinderella's mother in a plain gilt frame.

For an instant the recipient had seemed rather taken aback, but before she could say anything, Cinderella had jumped up and kissed her again, and then had darted away. "How charming of her!" most people cried. "What a sweet thought!" . . . With a final sob, Cinderella proceeded to run out of the hotel, and, refusing several offers of lifts in various motor cars belonging to her friends, hurried home. Tired and footsore though she was when she arrived at Wilfer, yet, since there was to be no honeymoon, and the bridal couple were returning here after the reception, she at once, nevertheless, set to and began to busy herself with preparing a welcome after her own fashion for her father and stepmother.

Soon columns of dust like those that cover an army on the march rose in the air. Every day the particles, full of the most subtle poisons, and entertaining under their cloak the most virulent germs, lay harmlessly on the floor; every day they were stirred with her brush till they whirled into miniature universes of death-dealing moles and atoms. This array, glittering in the sun, or cloudy and menacing on a November morning, and far more potent for harm than the cohorts of the Assyrians swooping down in purple and gold, was doomed to fall back helplessly on the floor—since dusting never yet got rid of dust, but only stirs it to an hour or so of quickened life. The pulse of the germs must beat with a new and passionate strength as they take the air like eagles. When they were on a level with the eye, it was possible—or so Cinderella's father thought—to identify certain germs as they passed.

So it was with real terror that he perceived the yellow, quarantine banners of the dust hanging out from every window to welcome him and his bride. Further, today was Boiler Day and the day appointed for cleaning the kitchen flues, and as they entered the hall the victorious columns could be seen enclosing the whole staircase. Cinderella's face, when at last they found her revolving furiously at the storm's very centre, had every line, at other times invisible, incised, apparently ingrained with green and black dust, until it resembled the mask of a Tibetan devil-dancer. . . . But her stepmother seemed pleased with the display.

"You seldom find a gal like that nowadays," she observed to her husband, "very seldom."

In the course of time, life at Wilfer Old Hall began to fall into a familiar pattern. If poor Lady Laughingtower went out for a minute, she would return to find that Cinderella had "done out" her room. The dust

To page 50

Continuing . . . THREE LITTLE QUESTIONS

can't take any more excitement tonight," he explained.

Bart was in the living-room with her mother and Harry. She leaned against the door she had just shut and blurted out the news. "George and I are getting married three weeks from Saturday."

"Three weeks from Saturday!" Her mother's face fell, then lifted. "Why, darling!" Her mother came across the room and kissed her. "That's wonderful. I couldn't be happier."

Then why did her face fall? Doris wondered. She said, "You don't like him, do you, Mother?"

"Why, I like him very, very much, darling."

"You just don't want me to get married and leave home?" "Why, darling!" her mother chided. "What kind of a mother do you think I am? Getting married and leaving home is part of life. It's happiness for a woman. And I want you to be happy."

Harry was across the room now. He kissed her, too. "That's swell, Sis. He's a darn nice guy—and a darn good picker."

If suddenly she felt all choked up, it was because she was so happy and because Harry and her mother were being so decent, she told herself. She peeked at Bart.

He smiled, not his up-to-no-good grin at all, just a polite say-nothing smile. He said, "Apparently I misunderstood the situation, Doris. I'm sorry." The apology he'd promised. "Well, I know you three have family things to talk about. So—" he started up the stairs—"good night, all."

In the morning, when he sat at the breakfast table wearing that polite say-nothing smile, he knew perfectly well she would wonder how he felt beneath it. He knew the polite say-nothing way he listened to

her mother's wedding chatter would be provocative, too.

"When are you going to get married, Bart?" her mother asked.

He studied his coffee cup. "The day I want to get married so much I can't talk myself out of it."

"That'll be the day," Doris said.

He glanced at her. "Yes, if it ever comes it will be quite a day."

He knew she would shiver in spite of herself. He knew she would be silly enough to speculate about how he might have felt at the end of two weeks with her. He was deliberately trying to upset her.

At the end of two weeks with her, he would have felt the way he felt at the end of a concentration on anybody, ready for a change, anxious for the next, off to South America. Not even a postcard.

HIS ego just would not let him admit she had broken his dark spell over her. That was why he stayed at home that night, saying he had work to do. He knew she would remember he had offered to go out with her every night. He was trying to be as intriguing as possible.

George didn't help a bit by telephoning to say he was with a client and couldn't shake loose. That left her at home all evening with Bart shut up mysteriously in his room, not making a sound, being just as distracting as he could.

She was in her room after dinner that evening, waiting for her extension phone for George to return the call she had just made to his apartment, when Bart walked by her open door, not even glancing in.

"Bart!" she commanded. It was time for a showdown on this.

"Yes, Doris?" he said, reappearing.

from page 28

"Will you please stop being so—?"

"So what?" he asked. "What have I done?"

Nothing, she realised suddenly. That was the trouble. That was what was bothering her. He hadn't done one darn thing for two days now. He had been absolutely honorable, and she couldn't stand it. What kind of a woman was she, anyway? "Working tonight?" she managed.

He shrugged. "I've got a pretty big job to get ready for."

"How would you have got ready for it if we—?" She caught herself in time. Mustn't ask that.

"I'd have managed," he said. Then he turned abruptly and vanished down the hall.

The phone rang. George said, "Sorry I wasn't in when you called, but I went out with the boss after work. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing," she sighed. "Mother just wanted me to remind you to bring your list so she'll know how many invitations to order."

He was silent a moment, then she heard him clear his throat. "Well, Doris, I—I know we said three weeks from Saturday, but the boss says several big deals are brewing. I'll probably be pretty busy the next few months, and I wondered if it might not be better to postpone things for a while."

She sat up very straight. She began to smile. "Whatever you think advisable, darling."

There was no mistaking the relief in his voice. "I knew you'd understand, Doris. This just isn't a very good time. Maybe next winter some time—"

He was careful to say "maybe," she noticed. She said, "Good-bye, George." Then she hung up.

Funny, she had thought of Bart as the unscrupulous one, but he really had been infinitely fairer than George. He never had said he was in love with her. He never had led her to believe he wanted to marry her. She ran down the hall to his room and knocked. "Come in," he called.

He was sitting at a card table littered with blueprints. He got slowly to his feet. "Oh, hello, Doris. What can I do for you?"

"George just reneged, Bart. He start stalling again, so I said goodbye to him. And I've come to get reacquainted with you as I promised."

That look was on his face now and, suddenly, she saw that it wasn't an up-to-no-good look, after all. It was bad enough revelation of something deep inside him, something wonderful—oh, good heavens!—something hers!

He started toward her and then stopped as if he didn't want to stop, but thought he should. "We don't need to get reacquainted as far as I'm concerned, honey. I already know how I feel. It was bad enough five years ago, but then I could tell myself you were too young and I was too broke."

He began to grin, but it no longer seemed up-to-no-good. It just seemed like humor and honesty and all the things that were Bart coming out. "Now, darned if I can think of anything to tell myself except that I love you, I want to marry you—" She knew she would never forget the way he emphasised those next two words—"right now!"


She laughed with more happiness than she would have believed anyone could feel, ever, about anything. She ran into the hall. "Mother!" she cried. "Harry! Come here right this minute! I want witnesses to this!"

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had been shifted into new corners, and each piece of furniture had been moved somewhere else than where it should be, every book, every hairbrush had been hidden. Nor did these poltergeist-like manifestations by any means exhaust the child's resource and energy. In the absence of her stepmother and sisters on some shopping expedition, for example, she would mend and darn their clothes, so that no single one of them could appear again in public for several days without discomfort. It seemed there was nothing that Cinderella would not do for them. She used to rake out the grates, lay the fires, polish the floors (till walking became a sport, like skating), and make the beds with such vigor that it was impossible to untuck the bedclothes without incurring a semi-dislocation of the wrist.

The two girls, Pamela and Diana, were handsome in their large and bounteous fashion, kindness shining from eye and skin. They had always been fond of Cinderella, and bore her no malice for any of the housewifely tricks she played upon them. Continually they tried to make a real friend of her, but she would not enter into it. She would not even share their meals, although she had cooked them, but ate scraps in the former Servants' Hall (its name now changed by edict, and under threat of severe fines, to the Domestic Help's Lounge and Sun Parlor). And it was as easy to offend as it was difficult to please her. The two sisters were always forgetting this, and in their easygoing, plain-spoken fashion making little mistakes not easily forgiven them. One day, for instance, Pamela, who loved scents and aromatic airs, called out:

"What on earth is that horrible smell? It's all over the house. It might be a hospital ward."

A tear-choked voice replied from an attic bedroom:

"It's only my carboxic soap. I can't afford Roger et Gallet Parma-Violet. . . . I was going to leave off work for half an hour, but now I see I'm grudging even that!"

For the rest of the day Cinderella remained locked in her room, sobbing and moaning like a harmonium. . . . Diana and Pamela were obliged to acknowledge to each other that life seemed nevertheless a little easier for them when she chose thus to immerse herself.

"All the same," Diana confessed to Pamela, "it makes one feel such a beast to say so. Think of everything she does for us! I know she'd go through fire and water."

Continuing . . . CINDERELLA

from page 48

Lily Lady Laughingtower also paid her tribute: "Mazin' what that gal does! In the old days at Laughingtower, it would have taken ten housemaids to raise that amount of dust. But that's what I've always said. 'Do it ourselves and SHOW THEM!' . . ."

After any little difference of opinion, Lady Laughingtower and her daughters would soon be reconciled to Cinderella, and in token of it would frequently buy her little gifts, new clothes and shoes; but she would put them away at once and never wear them, saying, "They're not suitable for my work." Thus when she came into the drawing-room, as very occasionally she did, to see old friends of her mother who had happened to call, they would be startled at the contrast presented by Cinderella's faded cotton dress, broken-down shoes, and dusty, disarranged hair, with the rich, decorative, clean appearance of her stepmother and stepsisters.

"Poor child, poor Cinderella!" the visitors would exclaim subsequently to their neighbors. "I never saw such neglect. But it's always the way with a second marriage."

IT was about now, when she was approaching the age of eighteen, that Cinderella began to have singular experiences. . . . One night she was in her room, combing her pale mermaid's locks in front of a looking-glass, when she heard a fluttering—if it were not a contradiction, one would say a ponderous fluttering—and turning round she saw a lady with fair hair, in which shone a diamond star. She wore white wings and a white ball dress covered with silver sequins, rather old-fashioned in style. The expression on her face was somewhat vacuous, but happy. The lady spoke in a voice of sugar and silver, at once tremulous but convinced of virtue.

"Cinderella!" she said, "you have two godmothers. I am the good fairy; of the other, I prefer to say nothing. I, and I alone, can help you. Poor child. You are a victim of self-pity. You need taking out of yourself. You stay too much in the house. Above all, you fear fresh air. This is because," she added somewhat prosaically and with a doctrinaire manner, "you suffer from an Oedipus complex. You only feel safe behind the wall of dust and cinders you create. In other words, and put more plainly, you are,

without being aware of it, in love with your father. But psychoanalysis can come to your aid. . . . Let me put to you some helpful questions. Look!"—and here she suddenly produced a diamond wand—"look at this wand of mine and tell me what it makes you think of. . . . Be honest with yourself, child!" . . . But at this moment Cinderella woke up, as she came later to conclude, or else the fairy vanished.

It was when the first season of spring cleaning was at its height, the King decided that his only son should give two entertainments at the palace. Excitement among those who had been invited—and equally among those who had not—mounted higher every day. Cinderella, Pamela, Diana were all invited—and Cinderella accepted, so that at the last moment she could refuse to go. This, however, she did not divulge to her stepsisters, who were delighted to think that she was for once to accompany them, until she was actually helping them to dress and arrange their hair. Then, when they said to her:

"Now, darling, it's your turn, we'll come and help you put your clothes on," she looked at them reproachfully and said:

"You know quite well I can't go. What am I to wear?"

Pamela and Diana were amazed at this and said:

"Surely you remember that you've got that lovely new dress that Mama ordered specially for you from Paris. She'll be so hurt if you don't wear it."

At these words Cinderella burst into tears, remarking:

"You seem to think that all the work in the house gets itself done. After all, someone has to do it."

She then fled upstairs, her tears still falling, and bolted herself into her attic.

They tried their best to persuade her to change her mind. Even Lily Lady Laughingtower climbed the stairs and endeavored to argue with her through the door; but in the end the rest of the party was obliged to leave without her.

As her stepmother's kind, rich voice floated up to Cinderella at the window, saying, "Goodbye, Rella! Take care of yourself!" she began almost to wish that she had gone to the ball, too. . . . But, she asked herself, how could she have done so? The truth of the matter was, they always left her

behind; she was just a drudge—and here she afforded herself the indulgence of a good cry.

Soon, however, she tired of this particular expression of her grief—after all, she was young—so she unlocked the door, and, after creeping through the empty house where tonight everything seemed unnaturally quiet, let herself out at the back entrance and ran to visit her mother's grave. This time, she did not throw herself on it, for her father had gone to the ball, too, and so there was no one to fetch her in—besides, it was a fine night. . . . She looked at the grave, and, hardly knowing what she did, broke off a small branch of the birch tree growing there and waved it in the air. As she did so, some strange, strong impulse seized on her to repeat quickly a few nonsensical words that had strung themselves together in her head, and came unbidden to her lips:

"Horse and Hattcock,
Horse and go,
Horse and Pelatis,
Ho, ho!"

It sounded almost like a spell,

chin. Her hair was cut short, she wore no hat, and she was dressed in a smartly tailored black coat and skirt, without ornament except for a diamond and platinum clip on the lapel: a piece of good unobtrusive jewellery, which Cinderella examined more closely—and found to represent a broomstick. In her hand the old lady carried an ebony cane. . . . Cinderella regarded her for some moments without saying anything, and thought to herself, "What a nice expression she has! You can see she has suffered. I should love to hear her story."

"Did no one ever tell you that you had a fairy godmother, Cinderella?" the old lady said.

"Well, certainly the other night a lady in white chiffon, and with a diamond star in her hair. . . ."

"I know her, the simpering, silly bit," the old lady interrupted angrily, "forever 'trying to help,' and believing that all evil has a rational basis and can be purged from the mind—but don't let us talk of her. She's not worth it. . . . Has no one else ever told you?"

"I believe my mother"—and here, at the loved name—Cin-

obeyed. . . . In a few moments she returned, carrying an enormous, rugged, golden globelike fruit of that cucurbitaceous plant.

The old lady took it from her, put it on the kitchen table and cut it open in a businesslike way with a long knife—but there, in the middle, instead of seeds, were several microfilm documents headed "Most Secret."

"Bother!" said the old lady. "Of course, it's the confidential papers from the State Department. I'd forgotten in which pumpkin my agents had hidden them. It's rather awkward! But never mind, we've other things to think of!" And hastily wiping the microfilm with a napkin, she put them in the pocket of her coat and continued to clean out the centre of the fruit. After a while, she looked up from her task and added:

"Now, go to the pantry and see if there are any mice in the trap."

"There are sure to be," Cinderella replied, "because Pamela and Diana are both always so wasteful, leaving bits of food about."

She came back shortly, with a trap containing one large mouse and six small ones.

The old lady thanked her, and added:

"Go once more to the kitchen garden, and look in the crevices of the wall behind which you found the pumpkin; you'll see some lizards. Catch them and bring them to me."

Once more Cinderella complied.

"Now," said her godmother, "shut your poor red eyes while I count seven."

Cinderella did as she was told, for she found it easy to obey the fascinating old lady; but she did not stop up her ears, and could distinguish the tapping of the large ebony cane and the sound of hurrying footsteps as well as the clump of hoofs.

Six . . . seven!
Open your eyes, child!"

THROUGH the kitchen window, Cinderella saw a magnificent gold coach drawn by six plump and rosy horses of the extinct Hanoverian breed, with long creamy tails and manes. A fat coachman in a wig and state livery sat on the box, and six footmen were in attendance, wearing black silk knee breeches, white silk stockings, and coats of sepia velvet, with waistcoats frogged with gold. Cinderella noticed that on their golden buttons they carried as crest a broomstick rampant.

"Well, get in, dear, or you'll be late," the old lady commanded.

Cinderella was just about to leave the house, thinking to herself, "I won't change my dress. I'll go just as I am and shame them," when at that very moment the old lady touched her on the shoulder with her ebony cane and to Cinderella's amazement and consternation, her torn and discolored cotton dress became cloth-of-silver, and her bare legs were covered in the finest nylon stockings. She began to cry again, until she saw her shoes, which so surprised her that she stopped; for her small feet were now cased in slippers made of glass—rather outre, Cinderella considered, but pretty, all the same.

"Hurry, my dear," the old lady urged her, "and I must tell you, so that you can be prepared, that at the last stroke of midnight, if you have not already left the palace, your coach will become a pumpkin again, your servants and horses will turn to mice and lizards, and your cloth-of-silver dress will become patched cotton once more."

On hearing this, Cinderella



YOUR BOOKSHELF By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Two Weeks in Another Town"

Irwin Shaw (Jonathan Cape).

SOPHISTICATED, well-tailored novel about an American, Jack Andrus, once a film star, now a civil servant with the U.S. Government in Paris, with a French wife, called to Rome by his old producer Maurice Delaney to dub the lines of handsome leading man who drinks too much, Chance ghosts and real people from his past haunt him constantly. Death comes close to him, does claim a friend, a French journalist, a character who could have stolen the whole novel had he lived longer. Jack's heart is disturbed by an Italian girl, but not his determination by a dazzling job offer. The plot is an intricate one, deftly and subtly woven.

"Return to Peyton Place"

Grace Metalious (Muller).

BACK to the small New England town; back to Constance MacKenzie, now happily Mrs. Mike Rossi, and to her daughter, Allison, the central figure of

this sequel to the best-seller. Allison writes a book about the "goings-on" in a small town, just as Grace Metalious did. And sells her soul to a publicity man to make the novel a best-seller, and has an affair with her "much older" publisher. The characters have come alive; but their behaviour, especially in the book's over-eager style, is hard to swallow.

"Learned from Life"

B.B.C. Broadcast Talks (Werner Laurie).

COLLECTED in this book are short talks given in the B.B.C. Woman's Hour by 25 well-known people, including writers E. Arnot Robertson and Ursula Bloom, on the lessons they have learned from life. Especially appealing is what Kaye Webb has to say—"It does not really matter what people think as long as your own heart is serene, then you suddenly discover, as a sort of bonus, that you have also learned tolerance." But the main finding from these talks is that few people learn from experience.

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Old and new combined in modern rooms

● With careful choice old and new can be combined in interior design. Contemporary pieces can be placed beside elegant antiques, old Chinese and Japanese prints, and colonial furniture.

ON this page are three rooms in which old and new are happily combined. They are from the book "International Interiors and Design," by Australian interior decorator Clive Carney.

At right is a modern living-

dining area that was converted from an outdated living-room and porch. The porch was transformed into a dining recess, and the main room given a new floor covering, furniture, and murals.

These reflect the oriental influence that is having yet another revival.

In the American bedroom below, provincial furniture

blends well with a wallpaper patterned in an old-fashioned design. The same pattern has been used for shades on the bedside lamps.

The quilted bedspread has a checked flounce — another revival of an old fashion. Checks and tartans are being used again for drapes, curtains, and cushions in the muted colors popular years ago.

Muted color is important as a background; beige, brown, and white are given accents of bright yellow, blue, or red.

The third room, at the bottom of the page, shows a slatted ceiling and room divider. Traditional Scandinavian wooden furniture is given a new look by a modern designer.

A spear as a wall decoration is appropriate in this attractive setting.



ATTRACTIVE living and dining area was converted from an outdated living-room and adjoining porch. Note Chinese influence shown in murals.

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Page 52



MATCHING lampshades and wallpaper in this bedroom make a delightful background for the American provincial furniture and painted bedhead. The underflounce on bed matches chairs.



SLATTED CEILING is an unusual feature of this modern Danish-designed dining-room. The slatted motif is repeated to form a divider between the dining and living areas.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 6, 1960

reach for new health

Be regular

the way
Nature intended



*With ALL-BRAN'S "bulk" in your daily diet
you'll never need to bully Nature again!*

If you ate the same food as your grandparents, it's almost certain that your headachy "half health" and nagging irregularity would never have developed!

Their food was chock-full of "bulk", put there by Nature to allow the intestinal muscles to grip waste matter and move it through the system. Nature took its course almost automatically.

Modern food is different. It is highly refined, often over-processed . . . vital "bulk" is often missing.

Our internal muscles, with nothing to grip, grow flabby. The system becomes clogged. We begin to experience the unpleasant symptoms of irregularity and incomplete elimination. And the reason lies, quite simply, in that missing "bulk."

WORKING AGAINST NATURE

Not knowing this, many people take laxatives and purgatives—to "help Nature along." Nothing could be less safe than these *unnatural* means!

The magazine of the British Medical

Association issued this grave warning on the subject:

"The constant use of purgatives can do more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation.

This fact was known in AD100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since."

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

In other words, break the laxative habit, stop bullying Nature! Add "bulk" to your diet and you'll be working with Nature, not against it, to remove the cause of your irregularity.

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In no other food is bulk so ideally found as in bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat.

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All-Bran is a tasty, nut-sweet laxative cereal with a flavour many people prefer to any other. Sprinkle it over your present breakfast cereal; cook with it or enjoy it by itself, with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Gently but firmly, your

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Continue to eat your favourite foods but enjoy a plate of All-Bran at breakfast. Within a few days, your system will be functioning the way Nature intended. Besides its natural "bulk," All-Bran is rich in Vitamin B₁, B₂, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one.

Millions of people all over the world reach for good health and natural regularity every morning, with All-Bran.

Now that you know how to add "bulk" to your daily diet, why not take advantage of this promise to you:

Enjoy delicious nut-sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's—and double your money will be gladly refunded.

KH30

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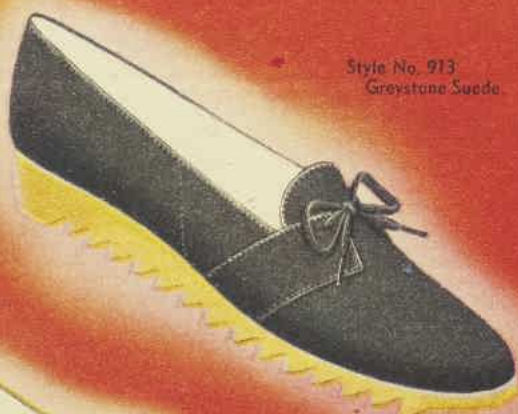
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brightened. She might make something of it. "And, after all," she reflected, "the old lady seems to know her own game. So I must put my trust in her judgement and make the best of it!"

As the coach drove up the processional route to the palace, its obsolete but glittering splendours caused a stir among the chauffeurs of the grand motor cars brought out for the occasion. The crowd at the gates first gaped and then cheered.

The Prince was dancing with Pamela as Cinderella entered the ballroom, but the music stopped suddenly and all the dancers were arrested in their movements, as if every flutter of every leaf in the world were all at once to be stilled. This cessation had about it a singular beauty, the reverse—but much more rare—of that which is to be observed when a dance begins, and the whole planetary system starts to break, rustle, and sway. . . . As Cinderella advanced into the centre of the room, a dazzling, perturbing figure, slight, with her ash-fair hair this time undusted by cinders and with her radiant skin unincised with soot—and offering, indeed, a peach-like texture lacking in many of the beautiful faces around her—a sigh broke the silence, as if someone were stirring to life again, and the Prince walked slowly across the floor to meet her. . . . The very first moment he had caught sight of the stranger he had dropped the hand of his partner, Pam-

ela, for he had thought—as had many of those present—that this must be the unknown Princess, who, it had been rumored, would make her appearance that evening.

So sparkling and unresigned did Cinderella look that night, her complexion diamantine at the touch of her godmother's wand, that her stepsisters did not recognise her, though, as they stood together by the wall and watched, Diana remarked to Pamela:

"Odd! Don't you think that the lovely girl who has just come in has a look of Cinderella? It only shows what she could make of herself if she would take a little trouble. . . ."

PAMELA, carefully examining the newcomer, agreed with Diana. Indeed, the two sisters, handsome and large, were not even annoyed with the stranger who put them in the shade for the whole evening: since the Prince, with whom each had fallen in love at first sight, and who had hitherto paid them great attention, dancing with one or the other the whole time until Cinderella had arrived, now never came near them. But no element of spite or envy existed in their natures.

For Cinderella the hours flew by all too swiftly, yet at

the same time they seemed to absorb a whole summer, so that at moments she was sure midnight would never strike. The King's son had led her in to supper at the head of a procession of dignitaries, and for once all desire to snub or retreat into herself had left her, and in a mood new to her, of contentment or even of happiness, she was lost to time. . . . Suddenly looking up at the clock in the Banqueting Hall, she saw it was ten minutes to twelve, and, rising from the table hurriedly and rather unceremoniously, she cried, "I must leave. I must go at once!" The Prince expostulated, but seeing that she had made up her mind, accompanied her to the door. . . . Perhaps in a way the manner of her departure only served to deepen the sense of mystery that had surrounded her from the moment she arrived. So exquisite in her fragile fashion did she look as she went out, that many of the guests forgot their manners and stood on their seats to see her go by. . . . And Cinderella, as the Prince handed her into her coach and she drove off without any semblance of looking to left or right, obtained, for her part, a very satisfactory glimpse of Pamela and Diana standing together near a wall, without any man in attendance.

Once inside, the motion of the lumbering vehicle made her quickly fall asleep; a long, restless stretch of slumber, during which the lady in white chiffon had again materialised. First, Cinderella had seen a star through the open window, and then it had turned to a diamond star in the hair of the lady, who came floating in at the aperture, steadying herself as she entered by holding on to the door-handle.

DIRECTLY she had found her sea legs—for she would not sit down—she began to address Cinderella with uneasy dignity:

"Poor, poor child! You think you have enjoyed yourself. But I am your good godmother and know all that has happened. Beware of the old woman in black. She seeks your worldly advancement, whereas I seek only your good. . . . Little did I think to live to see a god-daughter of mine drive in a mouse coach, attended by lizards! Child! believe me it is all due to your inferiority complex. You must rid yourself of it. I can promise you no brilliant marriage, but a clean, sane, healthy life of hard work, and a pension at sixty. But you must first promise to give up seeing your wicked godmother. Then I will guarantee you a good course of psychoanalysis to lift from you your Oedipus burden; and, after that is over, a post in a Government Accounts office. . . . You say you can't add up? That doesn't matter today. It may even lead to a promotion." With these words she flew out again, fluttering out of the window like a white silk curtain caught in the wind.

Cinderella woke up before she reached home. She alighted from the coach, turned the door-handle, and walked in. But no sooner had her glass slippers crossed the threshold than, once more, she was in her bare feet and old cotton gown. She ran straight to the kitchen, and there she found her real godmother waiting for her. Directly the dear old lady saw Cinderella, she opened the window, leant out, tapped the coach with her stick, and then bent down and picked up from the ground outside the shell of a

large golden pumpkin, cut in half, that lay just where the coach had been a moment before. Hastily taking some micro-films out of her pocket, she thrust them into the fruit, put on top the other half, touched the reconstituted pumpkin with her cane, and there it was, whole again! . . . Then, turning to Cinderella, she said approvingly:

"Obedient child! I hope you enjoyed yourself. . . . There will be another ball at the palace tomorrow night—as I do not need, I can see from your face, to remind you. You can be present at it on the same terms as tonight, and with the same equipage; but bear in mind that if you have not taken your departure by the time the clock strikes midnight—well, you're left there, just as you stand now, in your old dress and bare feet."

When a man and woman are married their romance ceases and their history commences.

—Rochebrune

Cinderella, after experiencing an evening of personal triumph, found herself rather piqued by such conditions being repeated; fairy godmother or no fairy godmother, she had now no intention of allowing herself to be patronised, so she answered:

"Between ourselves, madam, I have some very pretty dresses put away upstairs, that my step-mother gave me and that I have never worn. . . . I could go to the ball in one of them, and then I should not have to leave at twelve."

"I know quite well all about your dresses without your having to tell me, thank you, Cinderella. But may I bring to your attention the fact that, before you went out, you told me you had no new dresses? Whatever happens to you, you should learn not to contradict yourself!" the old lady replied rather sharply. Then, softening a little, she added, "But where is your commensurate, child? We have to pretend that your family allow you no clothes, and won't let you go to any parties."

With those words, she vanished, whirling away into the distance. . . . A moment later a motor-car drove up, and out of it, looking very tired and rather dispirited, stepped the rest of the family.

"You haven't really been waiting up for us all this time, Cinderella!" they cried. "You oughtn't to have done it! You make us feel such brutes."

Cinderella replied, "I didn't expect you so early. I thought, if you were really enjoying yourselves, that you wouldn't be home before five—and it's only ten to two. I didn't at all mind stopping up. It gave me the chance to do all sorts of odd jobs—such as darning and mending: you two are heavy on your clothes, you're big, one must remember. . . . Now let me help you off with your dress, Diana, or you'll tear it, as you did the last time you went to a party—and I had to mend it for you. . . . But did you enjoy yourselves tonight at the ball? And did you both dance with the Prince? Tell me all about it while I help you off with your things."

In order to amuse her they began to tell her, as she had requested them to do, of the ball, and especially of the Princess, as people had thought her, who had caused such a sensation in the ballroom. Pamela

ended her description by saying:

"She was wearing a wonderful silver dress, and do you know, Rella dearest, she had such a look of you. We both noticed it."

The next moment, however, Pamela wished she had not spoken, because Cinderella at once started to cry. . . . At first she would not answer the sisters at all, but in the end she managed to sob out:

"You are making fun of me, both of you. You tell me all about the ball only in order to make me feel unhappy! . . . How could I go without a dress fit to wear?"

By this time her stepsisters were feeling very depressed and exhausted—it really was growing late, but they were obliged to prepare a glass of hot milk with some rum in it for Cinderella, and to put her to bed with a hot-water bottle.

The next evening Cinderella again helped her sisters to dress. Once more they urged, even implored, her to change her mind and come with them to the ball.

"Do come, Rella," Diana entreated, "we need support. Both Pamela and I are hopelessly in love with the Prince, and at first we thought he rather liked us; but in the end he treated us cruelly. And if the Princess comes to the ball again tonight, no doubt the same thing will happen. We really need someone with us, and we can't tell Mama. Say you'll come!" But she would not give in.

Thus they stayed arguing with her until the very last moment, when Lily Lady Laughingtower and Cinderella's father were already in the motor and began impatiently calling the girls to join them. Hurriedly they got in at last, but not before they had been given time to see that Cinderella was now again in tears at being left behind.

Alone in Wilfer, Cinderella began to think of her poor mother and to feel more than ever mournful and deserted by the world, when, from the opposite direction the motor had taken, came a sound of wheels and of hoofs, and there was her coach again, with the same footmen in attendance. . . . She was just beginning to wonder what had happened to her godmother when an escort of six bats flew in at the window; then

sounded a now familiar whirring, and there was the dear old lady beside her!

"Good evening, child. Your coach is waiting," she announced, and touched with her stick of ebony Cinderella's dress. This time it turned to cloth-of-gold instead of silver, but the slippers were the same, of glass.

"Jump in! There's no time to be lost. Don't wait to thank me: remember you've got to start home at twelve," her godmother reminded her. And accordingly she set off through the darkness.

When she entered the ballroom it seemed as if she was expected. The band stopped playing a rumba and broke into the strains of the most popular waltz of the moment. Whereupon the Prince, who had been dancing with Diana, at once left his partner without attempting any explanation or apology, and ran across the floor to greet the new arrival. . . . All around the room, with its tall pillars of turquoise matrix and gold Corinthian capitals, the busy tongues ceased clacking, and as the young couple began to waltz, there was a rhythmic movement among the jewelled heads, turning to watch intently, that recalled the passing of an August wind over a wheatfield.

THE night wore on in happiness and glory, but Cinderella never lost sight of the time. When midnight struck its first note, she was standing with the Prince on a balcony overlooking a vista of the garden, hung with lamps, and, beyond that, of the dimmed lights of the city, now beginning to go out altogether. . . . At the second chime from the belfry of the Cathedral she clasped her head in her hands for a moment and uttered a cry; then, lifting her train, she fled from the balcony through the ballroom and down the stairs, which descended in shallow flights broken by even spaces over which she ran fleetly. . . . After her went the Prince, and after him, hard on his heels, the guests; but Cinderella maintained her start, moving fast as the wind, so that she was in her coach and off before anyone could stop her.

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MARJORIE"—A flattering sheath frock is back-zipped and finished with a soft bow in front. Material is soft angora in forget-me-not-blue, blossom-pink, pearl-beige, forest-green, blue-grass-green, royal blue, and geranium. The skirt has a half lining at back.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 6, 1960

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Dry, chapped "Detergent" and work-worn hands are healed overnight when you use Edinburgh Camphor Cream. Massaged into hands, red roughness and burning irritation are instantly soothed away. The skin-softening camphor heals, protects, softens. Non-greasy Edinburgh Camphor Cream rubs right into the skin, vanishes, never stains. Nothing can make hands, arms and legs smoother, quicker.

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Continuing . . .

CINDERELLA

from page 55

Back to the balcony darted the Prince to see if his eyes could follow the golden track of her coach, lighted with candles, passing through the now dark streets, and thus perhaps be able to perceive what direction the unknown Princess was taking. But as the Prince searched the darkened city beneath, he could find no sign of a coach, none at all. Back he went, down to the hall again, and cross-questioned those present, but no one, guest or servant, had seen her leave. He turned despairingly toward a room through which she had passed in her flight—at least it was empty, there were no crowds to watch him—and there, in front of him, nearly buried in the thickness of the carpet, the glitter of some object caught his eye . . . It was one of her glass slippers,

the arrival of the herald. The whole party went out to greet him . . . It was a lovely July afternoon, one of those summer afternoons when the sky takes possession of the earth. The great blue arena of the heavens was full of huge white tents, as though a tournament were to be held aloft. Underneath, on this bright, flat, green spot of earth, altogether dwarfed by the expanse of air, the herald stood in his playing-card clothes, checkered and formal in reds and blues, and cried, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Come forward!" By his side stood a man, who, to judge from his general air, was young; but it was impossible to be sure, for his voluminous black cloak had attached to it a hood which completely hid his face.

BOTH

Cinderella's stepsisters attempted to evade the test, saying to Cinderella, who was determined that they should enter for it:

"Listen, dearest, we're like cart-horses; our feet are far too large."

In the end, Cinderella overcame their objections, and merrily led the laughter when Pamela, the first competitor, failed to get her foot into the shoe. Then came Diana's turn, with the same result, and after her the guests were equally unsuccessful . . . Last of all, Cinderella crept shyly forward, in her old tattered dress and clumsy boots. Ceremoniously the herald placed a chair for her and arranged a silk cushion for her foot . . . Somehow, she looked very pathetic at that moment—but then, she had been practising her expression before a looking-glass for hours that morning and the previous night . . . She stretched out her foot. The shoe fitted.

At that instant Cinderella heard a familiarly grating voice speak just behind her.

"Prince," it said, "I think you had better throw off your disguise and declare yourself."

Cinderella turned around, and there was her dear old godmother, who now removed from her lapel the diamond clip she habitually wore and herself fastened it on Cinderella's dress. . . . In the meantime, the stranger had torn off his cloak and hood, and now stood revealed as the Prince. He seized Cinderella's hand and presented to her the casket, while the crowd acclaimed them and cried, "Long live our Prince and Princess!" Then, turning with an expression of marked distaste towards Pamela and Diana, the Prince said to them:

"Goodbye, ladies, I take from you the sister you have treated so ill."

At these words the poor sisters at first looked astonished, and then began to cry. . . . Cinderella did not bid farewell to them at all, but got into her coach, which had just drawn up. The Prince jumped in, too, and the happy couple set off on the long slow drive to the metropolis and to the Palace. As the coach lumbered along through the aromatic golden tunnels of the summer lanes, thick with honeysuckle and with roses, Cinderella whispered coaxingly to the Prince:

"Darling, after all, I think we really ought to ask my step-sisters, and their mother, old Lily, to our wedding."

The Prince, answering her with a kiss, said:

"Cinderella, you are not only more beautiful than any girl I have ever met, but more compassionate and forgiving."

(Copyright)

From the summit of power men no longer turn their eyes upward, but begin to look about them.

— J. R. Lowell

which must have fallen off in her hurry, without her noticing it . . . Now, at last, he held a clue.

The Prince picked it up, and the next day ordered it to be placed in a casket of gold, set round with diamonds, and caused it to be announced from the palace that the box would be awarded to any girl who could fit the shoe on her foot. The mothers of ten thousand daughters—more than had been present at the ball—rang up the Lord Chamberlain's office. The telephone bell sounded without stopping—but the messages received were nearly always identical.

"Is that the Lord Chamberlain's Office? . . . I am so sorry to be a bother, but I believe my silly girl left her glass shoe at the palace last night . . . I didn't telephone before because I hate giving trouble; but we can't get another anywhere—it's rather original—so could you make inquiries for us?"

Still, no one was discovered whose foot could get into the shoe . . . The Prince, impatient, at last decided to send a herald all over the land to proclaim officially that whoever could wear the shoe upon her foot should be his bride.

It was some ten days after the ball that the herald made his appearance on the village green at Wilfer . . . He had been expected, so Lady Laughingtower had asked several young people over to luncheon and to pass the day. She had hoped it might do Pamela and Diana good, for the two girls had seemed very depressed lately—ever since the ball, in fact—and, as their mother had remarked, more like Cinderella than like their dear selves . . . Today, however, with young people all around them, they were in better spirits. And Cinderella had for once consented, in spite of her fatigue, to have luncheon with them in the dining-room—though nothing would persuade her to wear any clothes other than those in which she worked; her stained and darned cotton dress and her cooking-boots.

Thus, there was much laughter when, after luncheon, they heard a trumpet sound from the green to announce

FOR GROUND COVERS

● Often you might want to cover a garden area that is stony, or where it is not practicable to grow grass. Illustrated here are some of the plants and methods used as ground covers. Your nurseryman can advise you on the best ground-cover plants for your locale and climate.

GARDENING



HEDERA CANADENSIS, or Algerian ivy, makes an attractive ground cover all the year round. *Hedera helix*, English ivy, is effective, too, but a slow grower.



CINERARIAS make a wonderful spring ground cover in a shady situation. Varieties *stellata* and *cactus* strain are best. *Cineraria* seedlings can be planted out in April and May.



FLAGSTONES are probably the easiest ground cover of all. Best laid in a bed of sand or ashes. Plants can grow between the flags if they are not cemented.



NEMOPHILA INSIGNIS is a fast-growing, free-blooming annual, best sown where it is to remain either late autumn or early spring. They are rapid growers.



ANOTHER attractive and economical ground cover is made from old tree rounds, sawn to a thickness of three to six inches and embedded firmly in tanbark.



ALYSSUM SAXATILE is ideal in a sunny situation. Best sown from seed where it is to remain and then thinned out. It self-sows and spreads rapidly and thickly.



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You keep this "just-bathed" freshness all day! After a bath or shower with Lifebuoy soap you feel like singing. You're alive, so clean, so completely fresh, as fresh as Spring itself. How thrilling to know that you keep this freshness — right through the busiest day. For fragrant, mild Lifebuoy is made to protect your personal freshness. Its cool, creamy, lather contains Puralin, a purifying, deodorizing ingredient that stops perspiration odour in the nicest way. Step into a Lifebuoy bath or shower first thing every day — and keep that "just-bathed" freshness all day.



The people who are nice to know keep Lifebuoy-fresh from top to toe . . .

W.380.WW1434r

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 23

impressed and somewhat amazed by the things he did not know. These men were working as a team, doing things together quickly and accurately, things that he could only guess at. He knew that on their teamwork the safety of the aircraft depended.

All his own skill and ingenuity could not assist them by one iota; the most that he could do to help them in their work was to keep right out of their way.

He went aft again into the rest quarters and examined the galley. That was understandable, at any rate; there were tins of coffee and tins of tea, and tinned milk, and tinned meats and vegetables, and bread and butter and cheese and jams. This was within his competence.

He could not assist these people in their work, mechanical though it was, and that was humiliating, but he could keep them well supplied with coffee and biscuits. He set himself to discover where everything was stored.

Presently he sat down again; there was nothing to be seen at all but the grey fog. One of the young co-pilots came and sat beside him. "Half an hour to go," he said. "He'll be starting the let-down in a few minutes."

"How high are we?" "Fifteen thousand. We're going to do a G.C.A. approach."

Keith asked timidly, "What's that?"

"Ground control. They get us on the radar screen and talk us down on to the runway. It's quite interesting. You can hear it all on the loud-speaker if you come forward. But don't get in anybody's way."

The note of the engines changed as the let-down began, but nothing else seemed to alter. When the young man beside him got up and went forward Keith followed him. A trickle of remarks was coming from the loud-speaker over the wind-screen between the pilots, half heard by Keith at the rear, one-quarter understood.

"Delta November, you are cleared down to six thousand feet, six zero zero zero feet, QFE nine nine eight, nine nine eight, course three two zero." And then, "Delta November, Roger."

He could not understand any of it. The co-pilot seemed to be flying the machine; Captain Fielding sat relaxed, watching the instruments and fingering a black hand microphone, occasionally raising it for a short remark. Everyone was standing or sitting very quiet. Nobody was peering from the windows, for there was nothing to see.

Once Captain Fielding, turning to say something to the navigator, noticed Keith Stewart at the back of the standing officers, and smiled slightly at him. Then he turned and faced the instruments again.

The stream of half-heard, quiet orders from the loud-speaker brought them lower, lower, upon changing courses. "Delta November, you are cleared to descend to two thousand feet. Check your QFE, nine nine eight." Keith saw the captain raise the microphone and heard, "Delta November, Roger." They sat in motionless tension.

Then, "Delta November, turn now, right, on to heading zero four zero." And presently,

"Delta November, you are now on final and eleven miles from touchdown. Commence your descent at six hundred feet per minute. Check your wheels and flaps for landing."

There was activity in the cockpit; the wheels went down with a thump, the flaps crept half-way out, the note of the engines rose higher as the pitch decreased. There was still absolutely nothing to be seen but the grey fog outside. There was dead silence on the flight deck.

"Delta November, you are four miles from touchdown, closing with the centre line. Turn left now five degrees on

Observe a man's actions, scrutinise his motives; take note of the things that give him pleasure. How then can he hide from you what he really is?
—Confucius

to heading zero three five." The captain said laconically, "Roger."

"Two miles from touchdown now, and on the centre line."

Suddenly the fog was ripped apart, and streaks of it flew past the windscreen and the windows. The quiet voice said, "Turn right two degrees on to zero three seven; you are one and a half miles from touchdown. Can you land visually?"

The runway, broad and long and comforting, lay immediately in front of them. The captain lifted the microphone and said, "Delta November is visual. Thank you." He hung the microphone upon a little hook and placed his hands and feet on the controls, nodding to the co-pilot.

One of the juniors turned to Keith and said, "Captain likes everyone strapped in for landing." They went back to the seats, and as they settled down in them the wheels touched the runway.

SUDDENLY the engines roared in reverse pitch and died again, the brakes squealed a little, and the aircraft slowed, turned from the runway, and taxied to a remote part of the tarmac where the batsman waited.

One of the lads by Keith grumbled, "They're putting us a heck of a way from anywhere. I got an aunt in Allerton. I told Ma that I'd try to get to see her."

The other said, "They're putting us over here so the truck can get to us to load, and be out of the way."

The machine came to rest, and the engines stopped. On the flight-deck the crew entered up their various logbooks and forms; one by one they came down the cabin to the door, now open. The captain stopped by Keith. "Saw you watching the talk-down," he said. "Did you understand it?"

Keith smiled. "Some of it. Not very much."

"Everyone to his trade," the officer said. "As soon as we get clear of this foggy muck you can come and sit up front."

He passed on, and Keith left the machine with Dick King. "How did you enjoy the flight?"

Keith smiled. "Like being on the Underground."

"It was a bit. Not much to look at, is there? The Met says we'll be out of this by the time we're over Ireland."

"What time do we take off?" "Depends what time we finish loading. I don't see any sign of the truck yet. We'd better get some dinner while the going's good."

They made for the restaurant. "That's one thing I wanted to ask you," Keith said. "Who cooks and dishes out the food while you're in flight?"

"I do," said the flight engineer.

"All the way? You've got to sleep some time."

"Oh, well, one of the others does it if I've got my head down, or they go without."

"I could help with that," Keith said. "I can serve coffee and biscuits or heat up a can of stew. I don't know that I can help in any other way."

"Well, that might be a help. I'll show you what we do."

The loud-speaker broadcast a call to the telephone for Mr. King while they were having lunch. He came back to the table. "The truck's arrived," he said, and gulped down his cup of tea. "See you later."

He made off back to the machine. Keith finished his lunch quickly and followed him, anxious to miss no moment of the play. The semi-trailer stood by the aircraft with the sausage-like component on the tray swathed in hessian, twelve feet long and weighing about five tons. Beside the truck Dick lounged with one of the co-pilots, idle.

"Needn't have hurried over dinner," he said to Keith. "Waiting for the crane now. Captain, he knew better."

Presently the mobile crane arrived, and a Land-Rover loaded with baulks of heavy timber, and the slow, delicate business of loading the rotor into the cabin through the door began, and positioning it in the right part of the cabin when it was in, and straining it down to holding lugs with steel ropes and turnbuckles.

Keith could do nothing technical to help these men who knew their job so well, but he worked all afternoon as a laborer for them, moving heavy timbers under their direction and passing wires. It took three hours to get the load in place and secured. Then the tank wagon came to refuel the aircraft. It was half-past five before everything was finished.

"We'll have a meal before we go," said Captain Fielding. "Take off at seven o'clock."

A foreman electrician from the works was to accompany them and install the rotor in the Cathay Princess, a man called Adams. Dick introduced Keith as they walked towards the restaurant again. "This is Mr. Keith Stewart," he said. "Writes for the 'Miniature Mechanic.'"

Mr. Adams stopped dead in his tracks. "Not the Keith Stewart?" he inquired. "That's right."

Mr. Adams put out his hand. "Well, did you ever! Wait till I tell the lads in the shop I met Keith Stewart!"

The words comforted Keith, assuaging something of the inferiority complex that had begun to descend upon him; there was so much here that was technical that he did not know. Here, in Dick King and Mr. Adams, were two who recognised what he could do in the little technical field that he had made his own. He went on to the restaurant with them with restored confidence in himself.

Technical fields, he reflected, of necessity were small; if you were expert in one subject you could not be expert also in all

To page 61



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Page 50



Test Cricketers Jim Burke and Alan Davidson crack a bottle after a squash workout.

let's crack a bottle

They've showered. They've changed. Only now they realise what big thirsts they bought themselves before they came off the court . . . so it's the milk-bar, first stop! Milk's a match for any thirst . . . a bank of energy to draw on any time, any place, to renew the reserves you burn up at work or play. Go for milk, streaming creamy-cold through a straw, straight from the frosty bottle. There never was a quicker way to quench parched throats, or a smoother, cooler drink to refresh and send fatigue on its way.

Milk makes you LOOK GOOD . . . FEEL GOOD

Have you noticed the way eyes shine, complexions glow and hair gleams, for the pintaday people? How they never seem to tire of proving life is good? Here's the reason. Milk supplies bone-building calcium, body-building protein, energising sugars and all the known vitamins that tone you up and keep you fit. You never outgrow your need for milk.



MILK ... for a refreshing lift any time

the others, for no man's mind was big enough. The man who designed the radar presentation that the controller had used to talk them down that morning would not, himself, have been able to bring them into a safe landing, for he would not have known sufficient about aeroplanes.

They ate together at a long table in the deserted restaurant, all nine of them. The navigator sat next to Keith. In reply to a question he said, "Be about midnight, local time, when we refuel at Frobisher. Nine hours' flight. Be just the same if it was daytime, because they don't see the sun there much this time of year. Say it's an hour to refuel. Another nine hours to Vancouver gets us there around dawn. After that it's daylight down to Honolulu."

In the cold, windy January darkness they walked back to the aircraft at about half-past six and climbed on board, and made their way forward through the cabin, climbing over the many securing wires of the rotor.

Lights were switched on, the steps were withdrawn from the door, and the door itself was slammed shut and secured by one of the young pilots.

Mr. Adams and Keith settled in a couple of the seats and strapped themselves in, and the routine of pre-flight checks began on the flight deck.

"You done this often before?" asked Mr. Adams.

Keith shook his head. "I've never been out of England."

"You don't want to, either," said Mr. Adams decidedly. "Last year the missus and the daughter kept on at me, would I take them to the South of France. They'd read about it in the books, and Grace Kelly, and all that. Well, I did. But, what it didn't cost, flying to Nice and flying back again! And when we got there, not half so much fun as we'd have had at Blackpool. But they liked it. . . . Gave them something to talk about in Salford."

"That where you live?"

"Aye. Ever been there?"

Keith shook his head.

"The Salford and Eccles Model Engineers would like it fine if you could come up to judge one of their exhibitions, Mr. Stewart. They had the last one in the Town Hall — October was it, or November? A lot of your designs were there. . . ."

They went on talking model engineering while the starters whined, the motors caught and ran, and the Douglas turned and taxied slowly to the runway, framed in amber lights.

They took off down the runway, and were airborne. For a moment or two Keith saw the lights of Liverpool away over on the left; then they were blotted out by cloud and only the bright glow of the exhaust manifolds could be seen, and the rhythmic pulsations of the red wingtip light reflected from the mist.

"Looks like we're in cloud again," said Keith. "It was like this all the way up from Blackbushe."

Mr. Adams stirred from a post-prandial doze. "Wonderful the way they find their way about," he said comfortably, and dozed again.

Keith was too technically

Continuing . . .

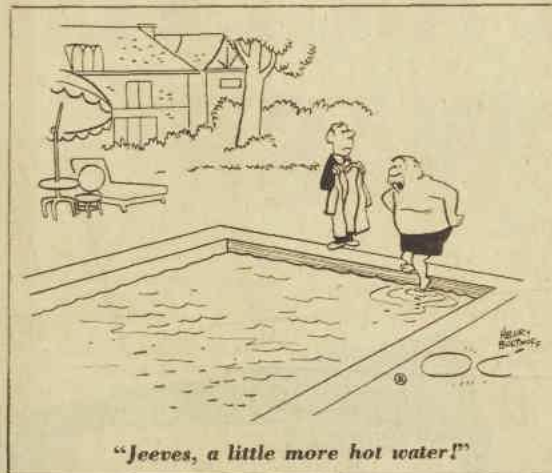
TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 58

interested to follow his example. He got up and stood in the dim alley leading to the flight-deck, watching what was going on. Nothing much seemed to be happening; the pilots sat relaxed and he judged that the machine was on the automatic pilot, for neither of them seemed to be flying it.

The pilot's microphone hung idle on its hook, but now and again the radio operator seemed to speak to someone from his desk. Dick King sat upon a folding seat between and behind the pilots, but he did not seem to be doing anything.

As he watched, the darkness ahead through the windscreen



seemed to lighten for a moment, darken again, and lighten. Suddenly a wisp of white cloud ripped by the windscreen and they were momentarily in moonlight. More cloud rose up ahead and enveloped them, and that in turn was ripped away.

Then they were flying in full moonlight over a white, moonlit floor of cloud and climbing away from it. It seemed to Keith the most wonderful sight that he had ever seen, for it was new to him.

He could not repress his technical interest. He moved forward and spoke to Dick quietly. "How high are we?"

The engineer said, "Thirteen thousand five hundred. Have a cup of coffee presently, when we level off to cruise."

The captain heard the question and the answer. "We're going up to twenty-one thousand," he said. "I'll let you know when we've settled down at cruising altitude, and you can come and sit up front here, if you like."

Keith went back to his seat and sat looking out on the moonlit clouds below, at the serene, untroubled security of the wing. Presently the note of the engines altered, the nose of the machine dipped slightly, and she seemed to take a new, stable, and rather quieter flight.

He judged that this was the change to the cruising condition, and this was confirmed when Dick came aft to the galley. Keith got up to help him with the coffee and biscuits.

"Captain says we'll have a meal for anybody who's awake and wants it at twenty-three zulu—at eleven o'clock English time. Then another some time after we leave Frobisher. Breakfast on the ground at Vancouver. Coffee and biscuits every couple of hours or so."

"When are you going to sleep?"

The engineer smiled. "Pretty soon, mate. Take off, landing, and refuelling—those are my busy times. I'll take one of the inside chairs soon as we've cleared this coffee."

"Show me what you do about the meal. I can look after that if you're asleep."

When coffee was over and the cups rinsed, Keith went forward. The captain got out of his seat and stretched, and at his invitation Keith got into it and sat relaxed, watching the wide, dim panorama, of deep blue sky and moonlit cloud far below.

He studied the instruments massed on the panels in front of him, examining them one by one. Most of them were familiar to him in theory; some of the others were explained by the legend on the dial. When



prolonged cogitation failed to yield the function of a lever or a dial he asked the first officer beside him, who explained it to him. He passed over the radio equipment without questions, knowing that the explanations would be quite beyond his understanding.

His day had been a long one, and at the conclusion of an hour he found that he was growing sleepy. He got out of the captain's seat, and one of the young pilots took his place. The navigator smiled as he brushed past him, and Keith paused to look at the chart.

"We'll be about here now," the officer said, putting his pencil on the thin pencil-line that led across the North Atlantic to Greenland.

KEITH studied the line. "Do we go over Greenland?" It seemed incredible that he, Keith Stewart, should be doing this.

"That's right. We might be over the ice cap about one in the morning, Greenwich time."

"Shall we see it?" Eskimos and explorers, and the dogs with tails curled up over their backs that they called huskies.

"I doubt it. There's usually a lot of cloud cover. We might. Like me to call you if there's anything to see?"

"I would," Keith hesitated. "Are you going to be up for the next hour, or two?"

"Captain's having a ziz now," said the navigator. "Supper's at eleven o'clock, Greenwich. He's getting up for that. After that I'll have mine."

"Don't wake Dick King to get the supper if he's asleep," Keith said. "Give me a nudge. He showed me what to do."

"Okay."

He passed aft to the rest quarters. The captain and the radio operator were sleeping in their clothes in the two bunks. Keith settled down in a vacant chair and pushed it back to the reclining angle. So

many technical interests that he could not absorb because of the need for sleep.

Janice and Katie in the flat at Ealing all seemed very far away; his many years of work for the "Miniature Mechanic" were something that had happened in a previous existence, quite unreal. The even murmur of the engines, the motionless flight, wrapped him round, and presently he slept.

He was roused by Dick climbing over him from the inside seat to start getting the supper. He got up and lent a hand. The whole crew seemed to come to life with the smell of the meal heating on the stove. Captain Fielding and the radio operator got down from the bunks, shook themselves, and put on their shoes.

Keith realised for the first time that the aircrew were divided virtually into two watches, that the pilots could do the routine navigation and the routine radio checks. The meal, served in two sittings, signified a change of watch.

He rinsed the dishes when Dick King went forward, and put everything away. Mr. Adams slumbered again, uninterested in the flight, and Keith went forward to the flight deck again. He sat at the navigator's desk for some time, but presently he grew sleepy again and went back to his seat.

He was roused by the changed note of the engines as they began the let-down an hour out from Frobisher. He knew what was happening from the slight pressure difference in his ears, and from the time. He went and washed his face to clear his mind, and then went forward again to the flight deck.

The navigator was back at his desk. "Clear for landing," he said. "Cloud two tenths at three thousand. Temperature on the ground minus ten Fahrenheit. Good and cold—forty-two degrees of frost. I should stay in the machine, if I were you."

Keith was startled. "What's the outside temperature here, now?"

"I don't know." The officer leaned back and glanced at the panel. "About minus thirty."

"I'd like to do anything I can to help — if there's anything that I can do."

The navigator shook his head. "It's just the refuelling, then we'll be off again. Get your nose frostbitten if you go outside."

They landed presently upon a white, snow-covered runway lit with amber lights, using the brakes very little and the engines in reverse pitch a great deal. They followed a blue-lit taxiway to the few buildings constituting the base, and came to a standstill in front of the control tower.

Steps were wheeled up and the door opened; the captain and the flight engineer and the two youngest pilots put on heavy coats and leather gloves and went down on to the snow. Keith followed them to the door and stopped in the entrance, checked by the bitterness of the cold.

The moon was bright upon the snow plain of the airfield and the snow-covered buildings, the light brilliant. He saw the captain and the navigator hurrying to the control tower. He saw a refuelling truck drive up and stop by the port wing, saw a ladder erected, and Dick get up on to the wing with one of the refuelling crew and commence to sound the tanks.

Then he could bear the cold no longer, and retreated into

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the machine across the web of cables lashing down the rotor. In the rest quarters warmth still lingered, though cold air was seeping forward from the rear. Refuelling took three-quarters of an hour. The crew made a quick external inspection of the aircraft and came hurrying into the fuselage again.

The door was slammed shut, the steps removed, the motors started again, and the machine moved out on to the runway and took off with a slow, careful acceleration on the icy surface till she was airborne on the long flight over the northern wastes of Canada to Vancouver.

Presently Keith went forward and spoke to Dick King seated between the pilots at the console. "What time for the next meal?" he asked in a low tone.

"Nine or nine-thirty, Green-wich," the engineer replied. He pointed to the clock above the navigator's tables. "That time there." It showed about five-thirty when Keith looked. "We'll have coffee and biscuits soon as we level off."

"I'll start getting that ready. What are you having for the main meal?"

"There's some pre-cooked steaks in a carton on the left-hand side, up at the top." They went on to discuss the detail of the meal. "I'll probably be up for it," the engineer said. "Get my head down for a bit presently, but I'll be up."

"You don't have to be," said Keith. "I can do all that."

In spite of his bold assertion he was growing tired. The flight from Frobisher to Vancouver was a repeat of the flight to Frobisher, a night flight without incident, with nothing to be seen.

The four pilots, the radio officer, and the navigator took their turns in the bunks; the flight-engineer slept in one of the seats. These men were all younger than Keith Stewart, physically more fit, and accustomed to long hours of flight and irregular sleep.

They seemed to stand it well, but for the first time Keith realised the meaning of crew fatigue. By the time they reached Honolulu, he knew, he would desire nothing so much as sleep in a bed.

He could well understand the necessity for two or three days' rest before the crew flew home again to Blackbushe.

He slept most of the way to Vancouver, only rousing himself to help to serve the meal. Few of the aircrew ate much during that stage of the flight, but the demand for coffee and biscuits was brisk. They landed in from the over sea on the long Vancouver runway in the darkness at about six in the morning of local time, refuelled and inspected the machine in misty rain, and walked wearily to the airport restaurant.

"You won't get bacon and eggs English fashion here," the engineer told Keith. "Hot cakes and syrup with a side order of bacon. I'll show you."

Where everything was strange this seemed no stranger than the rest; he accepted the North American food and enjoyed the novelty, though Mr. Adams rumbled at the little tea-bag hanging in the cup of hot water. They ate together sitting up in a long row at a stainless-steel counter, while outside the grey dawn showed in the rain. "Might as well be in England," Mr. Adams said.

The navigator heard him and smiled faintly. "You'll be gasping for breath tonight in Honolulu."

In the grey morning light they walked through the rain to the machine and settled in their places. The clock over the navigator's desk showed either 4 or 16; both seemed quite inapplicable to Keith, and which it was he had no means of knowing. They took off to

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

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the west down the long runway and climbed away over water till they entered cloud. "Eleven more hours," the navigator told him. "Then we'll be through."

Half an hour later they broke out into sunshine over a cloud floor; the pilots reached for their sunglasses and put them on. Presently while the first cups of coffee were being consumed the cloud beneath them thinned into holes through which they could see the sea, corrugated with waves.

By the time the empty cups had been collected, rinsed, and placed in their racks to dry, the cloud had practically disappeared, and they flew on under a cloudless sky over a blue sea. Later they met cloud again.

The day passed in boredom and fatigue for Keith. He had long exhausted those technical interests of the aircraft that were within his comprehension, and he was growing very tired indeed. He dozed wearily much of the day with his shoes off, for his feet and legs were swelling with the continued sitting and lack of exercise. He ate little of the midday meal.

As the hands of his watch moved gradually past twelve and on to one he began to come to life again, for three was the hour of landing, English time, when this slow purgatory would be over. Since they were nearly half-way round the world and they were to land in the late afternoon, he guessed that his watch still cherished the opinion that it was the middle of the night.

Soon after two activity began on the flight-deck, and the let-down began. He bent forward, the captain pointed out a very small cloud dead ahead of them and very far away. "That could be over Oahu," he said. "It's either that or Maui. But I think it's Oahu. We're on the range now."

Keith nodded and went back to the navigator's desk to look at the chart.

Honolulu, it appeared, was the name of a town and not an island, as he had supposed. It was on an island called Oahu, by no means the largest of the group.

He went back to his seat and sat down, wondering for the first time if he was not absolutely crazy to be here at all. Ealing was his place, and writing articles for the "Miniature Mechanic" was his job. These wastes of sunlit sea, these islands with strange names like Oahu, were no part of his life.

He owed it to Janice to try to get back her inheritance . . . but still . . . Ealing was his place. He could stay with the aircraft, of course, and presently the crew would take him back to Blackbushe, only forty miles from Ealing; a truck or a coach would take him up the Great West Road, a red bus up the South Ealing Road, and he would be home again, home in his workshop, in his own routine.

Abruptly he realised that he was afraid, afraid of the unknown that lay before him. He must do better than that for Janice before he could have licence to go home.

The island grew ahead of them, and there was more activity upon the flight-deck. Dick King was in the folding seat between the pilots and the captain was talking into the small microphone. They dropped off height as they approached the island and approached it from a little to the south of east.

A considerable town with docks and shipping lay upon the southern shore, and to the west of this there was an enormous airport, apparently about five miles long. They

made a wide circuit of this and approached from the south-west, and touched down upon a runway half way up the length of the field. They taxied to the Customs entry building near the garlanded civil airport building, and stopped the motors.

Keith asked the flight engineer, "What time is it here?" "Ten minutes to five—in the afternoon."

Steps were wheeled up to the aircraft, the door opened, and they made their way out

soon as you come from Customs, and we go to the hotel. Then we can talk more. Now you go with officer to passport examination."

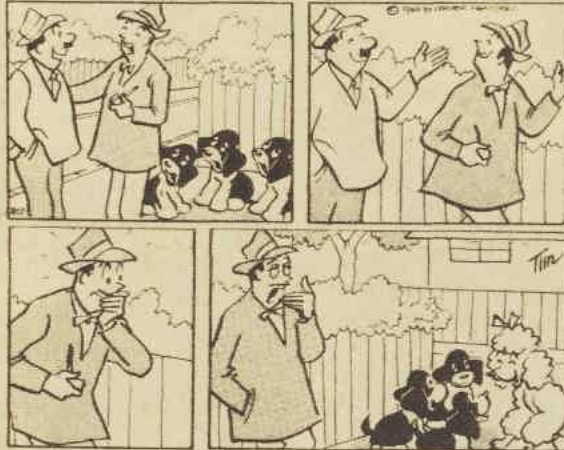
The captain said, "They'll want us to shift the aircraft away from here before we go to the hotel. Are you unloading tonight?"

"It is too late now," said Mr. Yamasuki. "Tomorrow, I think, at seven o'clock we will begin to unload. By the time we could begin tonight it will be dark, and there would be the possibility of accident and damage to the rotor. I think it will be better in the day."

FOR THE CHILDREN—

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



on to the tarmac, carrying their luggage.

The humid heat hit Keith like a blow. He was wearing a blue serge suit with a waistcoat, a woollen shirt, and thick woollen underwear, clothes that had been reasonable enough in England thirty-six hours before but which were intolerable in the tropics, where everybody seemed to be wearing a light shirt and trousers and little else. Moreover, he was carrying his suitcase and his raincoat.

KEITH stood with the crew in a small group while a small oriental man in charge of a brawny Customs officer came up and greeted Captain Fielding.

"Very good afternoon, Captain," he said. He spoke with a slight American accent. "I am Harold Yamasuki, of the Yamasuki Trading Company, Incorporated. We are agents for the tanker ship the Cathay Princess. You have had a good flight? You arrived exactly on time."

Captain Fielding put out his hand. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Yamasuki," he said. "Yes, we had a good flight—no troubles." He turned around. "This is Mr. Adams, who is to superintend the installation of the rotor. You had a cable about him?"

Mr. Yamasuki stopped shaking hands with the captain and shook hands with Mr. Adams. "Very glad to know you," he said. "Yes, we had the radio-gram about Mr. Adams. He will be great help. Now everybody must go to the entry formalities with passports and vaccination certificates ready, please, and after that the Customs. You give bags to the boy here, and he will meet you with them in the examination room."

"There are nine? Yes, nine. I will now call the Beachcomber Hotel and arrange accommodation. You will not mind if two must share a room, a room with two beds? I will meet you as

Mr. Adams said, "I'm with you there, mate, all the way."

They went from the brilliant sunshine into the cool shade of the air-conditioned examination room. Keith passed through with the crew without difficulty and emerged into the Customs shed with them. Nobody had anything to declare, and only a cursory examination was made.

The bags were loaded into an elongated motor car, the captain spoke to the control tower upon the telephone, and the crew went back to the machine to move it to the park. Keith Stewart went with them, leaving his coat, jacket, and waistcoat in the car. Even so, he sweated profusely as he walked out to the aircraft in his braces and blue trousers.

There were palm trees by the foreshore, and the sea was glittering and blue. It was incredible that he, Keith Stewart, should be in a place like this.

Moving the aircraft nearly a mile away and refuelling it took an hour. The sun had set, and the quick darkness was covering the airport when the last man got down from the aircraft, slammed the door, and locked it.

In the fading light the aircraft movements seemed to be continuous; they took off and landed with their winking navigation lights in the soft, velvety dusk, in what appeared to be an endless stream. Keith stood watching them, fascinated. "Busy place this," remarked Mr. King.

The long car appeared with Mr. Yamasuki and took them to the hotel. The agent consulted with the desk clerk about the rooms, and then turned to the captain.

"I will now leave you to rest," he said. "Tomorrow at half-past six in the morning I will come back with a car, and the truck will be beside the plane at seven."

They talked about the mobile crane. "I will arrange," said Mr. Yamasuki. "One thing. I have called the ship, the Cathay Princess, to say you have arrived. I think some of the officers may come here tonight to meet you, and to talk

about the electrical work with Mr. Adams."

As he was going down the steps to the car Keith Stewart stopped him. "You can tell me, Mr. Yamasuki. Is it possible to get from here to Tahiti?"

"To Tahiti? There is no regular service. The Matson ships, they go Tahiti to Honolulu, but not from here to Tahiti. There are rumors that they will change, but I do not know. There are Norwegian cargo steamers which call sometimes from Vancouver to Tahiti. They carry a few passengers."

"Will one of those be going soon?"

Mr. Yamasuki shook his head. "I do not think so. One was here last week. Perhaps in two months' time. I will find out. Sometimes there is an island trading schooner going to Tahiti. They take passengers, not very comfortable. Sometimes to sleep on deck."

"Will one of those be going soon?"

"I do not know. I will ask tonight, and tell you in the morning. You wish to go from Honolulu to Tahiti yourself?"

"That's right."

"I do not think it will be easy. But I will ask."

Keith Stewart was depressed and tired, and very, very hot in his unsuitable clothes. He went back to the group at the desk and signed his name in the register, and found that he had been allocated to share a room with Dick King. They went up in the elevator to the fifth floor.

The Beachcomber was a fairly modern hotel on the unfashionable, dockside side of the city, much used by aircrews and ships' officers on account of its nearness to the airfield and to the docks. It had no swimming-pool, but it commanded a pleasant view out over the ocean in the front and the mountains at the back.

Keith and Dick King found themselves in a back room with a shower, two beds converted into lounges for the day, and a wide, deep verandah furnished with wicker chairs and table. The door of the room was louvered for the full height, permitting the cool trade wind to blow through the room continuously.

"I'm for a shower," said Dick King, throwing off his clothes and making for it.

Keith Stewart had never had a shower in the whole of his life. He had seen them in shop windows and had read about them, but one had never come his way. As a boy and a young man in Renfrew he had had a bath once a week, and though he had graduated from that to having a bath whenever he felt like it, it would have seemed to him a senseless extravagance to have one every day.

But he certainly felt like one now. While Dick was in the shower he stripped off his heavy woollen underwear with a sigh of relief, and stood in the cool breeze with a towel round his waist. Presently he opened his suitcase and stood looking at his clothing ruefully. His woollen cricket shirts and grey flannel trousers were the best he could do; they might be tolerable after dark, but he knew now that they would be very hot in the daytime. Still, they were all he had.

Presently Dick King came out, and he went in and tried the shower experimentally. He found it strange but not unpleasant, and he stayed under it for a long time, gradually reducing the temperature of the water and washing away his fatigue with the sweat. When he came out he was cool and refreshed.

He would have to have some money in his pocket, and they used dollars here, it seemed.

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TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 63

He had never cashed a traveller's cheque before, and consulted Dick, who showed him where to sign it, and told him they would cash it at the desk. He followed this advice when they went downstairs. Then they went to the verandah bar.

"Beer's the cheapest," said Dick. "Not like the English beer—a kind of fizzy lager. But it's what we mostly drink here on account of the dollar allowance."

In the bar most of the rest of the aircrew were already gathered, with Captain Davies, the chief engineer, and the third engineer, a lad called Alec Bourne. Captain Fielding turned to Dick and Keith to introduce them.

"This is Mr. King, flight engineer," he said. He smiled. "This is Mr. Keith Stewart. We call him flight-engineer under instruction, which means he's come along with us for the ride. He writes for a model paper in London. We're hoping that he'll give us a good spin when he gets back."

The third engineer's jaw dropped, and they all shook hands. The third said, "It wouldn't be Keith Stewart, of the 'Miniature Mechanic,' by any chance?"

Dick King said, "The very same. You read the 'Miniature Mechanic'?"

"I've read it every week ever since I was a little nipper," said the lad. "I've got every copy since 1948 at home, and a lot on board. Ma sends it to me every week. Fancy meeting you, sir. I never thought I'd do that, except maybe to see you opening an exhibition." He hesitated, and added, "Would you like a beer, sir?"

A beer was just exactly what Keith Stewart needed, and while it was coming he talked models to the third engineer. "I made a Hornet about two years ago," the young man told him. "I'm working on a Gannet now."

"Did the Hornet go all right?"

"It went fine. I had a bit of difficulty getting it started at the first go off, but then I got a bottle of American fuel, and she goes fine. I got a little aircrew on her for the load."

Keith nodded. "They generally put more ether in the American fuels. If you're using that, I think I should wash out the cylinder with a light oil after each run. I've heard that the American fuels are more corrosive than ours. Put in a drop or two of Three-in-one or something like that."

The young man nodded gratefully. "Thanks for the tip, Mr. Stewart."

"Where do you work?"

"Oh, in the engineroom workshop," the third said. "We've got a six-inch lathe there and a shaper. It's quite well equipped, really." He paused, and added a little shyly, "If you've got the time to come on board and have a look round, Mr. Stewart, there's one or two of the lads would like to meet you."

"I'd like to do that very much," said Keith. "I'd like to see your workshop." Twelve beers arrived upon a tray carried by a very pretty Asiatic girl in a cheongsam of silk. These were distributed around, and the talk became general. Alec Bourne turned to his captain. "I've just asked Mr. Stewart if he'd like to come on board and see the engines and the workshop, sir."

"Of course," Captain Davies turned to Keith. "There's more model engineering done in that workshop than was ever done on bits for the ship. You should see the commotion when Alec

here was trying to get his little engine started up. They had to use the main engines as a starter-motor for it, so the chief was telling me."

The third flushed uneasily. "Mr. Stewart designed it, sir. It was the fuel that was wrong."

There was general laughter. "Come on board any time you like, Mr. Stewart," said the captain.

"That's very good of you, sir," said Keith. "I thought perhaps I'd stick with the rotor and lend a hand unloading that tomorrow morning, and perhaps come down with it to the dock."

Of all colors, brown is the most satisfying. It is the deep, fertile tint of the earth itself; it lies hidden beneath every field and garden; and it is the garment of multitudes of earth's children, from the mouse to the eagle.

—Mary Webb

"Fine. What are your movements, Mr. Stewart? Are you staying here a bit, or going back to England with the aircraft?"

Keith said, "Well, that's just the point. I really want to get to Tahiti, but I asked Mr. Yamasuki, and he said he didn't know of any service from Honolulu to Tahiti. He was going to find out this evening and let me know." He hesitated. "I suppose you don't know of any service, sir?"

CAPTAIN DAVIES shook his head. "I never heard of one. There must be an odd tramp or two, of course. It's got to be Tahiti, has it? You've got some business there or something?"

"That's right." These Merchant Service officers would probably be understanding and sympathetic about events following on a wreck. He pulled out his wallet and took the cutting from "The Times" from it.

"My sister and my brother-in-law were sailing out here in a yacht," he said. "They got wrecked on an island in the Tuamotus. I've got to get down there and see about things—the grave and salvage, and anything that might need to be done." He gave the cutting to the captain.

The officers were very interested, and asked a number of questions about the yacht and about John Dermott. Captain Davies had been an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve in World War II.

"I'm almost sure I remember him," he said thoughtfully. "At Invergordon... or was it Sapa? An R.N. two-and-a-half, in one of the Tribal class. Wait now. The man I'm thinking of had a broken nose, boxing or something."

"That's right," said Keith. "He had a broken nose."

The captain dropped his eyes again to the cutting. "He was a good seaman," he said. "Better than most R.N. It's curious it should have had to end like this."

The three merchant officers turned their minds to Keith Stewart's problem and discussed it carefully. "There's a fortnightly air service from Fiji through Samoa to Tahiti," said the captain.

"You can probably fly from here to Samoa, but it's a long way round."

"How far would that be?"

Keith asked, "I'd only be guessing. Might be four thousand miles. I'll work it out for you tomorrow when you come on board."

"Sounds like it might be a bit expensive for me," said Keith, a little ruefully. "I was hoping there'd be something more direct—and cheap. Something like a cargo steamer taking a few passengers."

Captain Davies shook his head. "I don't know of anything. But I'll find out for you, Mr. Stewart." He handed back the cutting, and Keith put it back into his wallet.

They all turned to the beer. In the buzz of conversation the chief engineer said to his captain, "There's always Jack Donnelly."

"Nonsense," Captain Davies said shortly. "The man's mad."

It seemed to be an unwellcome subject, and Keith did not pursue it, but he noted the name. They set to work upon the beer and to a consideration of the unloading and the handling of the rotor from the aircraft to the ship, the air officers being principally concerned to avoid damage to the aircraft by the crane reaching into the fuselage through the door, and the marine officers being principally concerned to get the rotor undamaged into its field magnets and bearings in the engine room.

Keith stood a round of beers and was concerned at the inroad that it made into his small store of dollars, and presently they all went to dinner in the hotel dining-room.

All who had flown from England went to bed early that night. In the bedroom that Keith shared with Dick the moon was bright upon the mountains, the palm trees rustled continuously, and a warm wind hardly cooler than in daytime blew steadily through the room. Keith unpacked his thick woollen pyjamas and eyed them with distaste.

"You'll boil in those in this place," said Dick King. "I don't sleep in anything these tropical places. Look, put the sheet over your middle and tuck it in, like this, so you don't catch cold. Then you've got your shoulders, arms, and legs out in the cool."

Keith followed his example, fell asleep at once to the murmur of the palm trees, and slept like a log all night.

Next morning he was up with the aircrew and out on the aerodrome with them at seven o'clock. Mr. Yamasuki said, "I have asked about the ships or planes to Tahiti. There are no ships on regular service, or planes. The next Norwegian freighter is due here on March 3."

"That was seven weeks ahead."

"Nothing before that?"

"I am so sorry. It is possible to go to Tahiti by air through Samoa, or else perhaps by Los Angeles. I think either way would be expensive. Pan American can tell you what the fare is, and the services, at the passenger terminal."

Keith nodded. "I'll go and ask them presently." He knew quite well that the answer would be far beyond his means. "You didn't hear of any irregular services—a trading schooner or anything like that?"

Mr. Yamasuki said: "I have no news of one. Sometimes with a trading schooner there would not be any advance news. She would arrive one day and stay perhaps three or four

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 6, 1960

BARDOT PLAYS AN ACE SPY

★ Bardot turns master spy in this wartime film. Working voluntarily for the British and under pressure for the Germans, Brigitte is despatched (by both camps) to spy on a dis-trusted German General.

FRANCE'S number one pin-up can make an old pair of overalls and shirt ensemble look like a ball gown. She plays a penniless French girl in Columbia's "Babette Goes to the War."



DRESSED in one of her luring-the-General outfits, Bardot discusses her dangerous mission with co-star Jacques Charrier. Her husband in private life, Charrier plays the young French lieutenant who helps with the kidnapping.



IN A TENSE scene, Hannes Messemer—the widely hunted German General who is responsible for Germany's plans to invade England—arrives unexpectedly at Brigitte's "family" home. Charrier keeps alert watch at the window.

Marilyn as a cover girl

● Marilyn Monroe's shapely figure will adorn the cover of the paper-back edition of "Let's Make Love," the film version of which stars the luscious queen of the screen.

HER studio's publicity department has arranged with publishers in practically all countries to issue the paper-back shortly before the film's release.

While all this big business is going on, Marilyn keeps pretty much to herself.

Her "get-away car"—a big black limousine—is parked outside the movie sound stage and, as soon as she leaves the set, its motors rev up. She is chauffeured wherever she goes on the lot, even if it's only to an adjoining projection-room to view her rushes.

IF Gina Lollobrigida has her way, she will be the best-dressed woman in Rome this season. Signed to make "Comes September," a romantic comedy with Rock Hudson, Lollo has already given the Fontana Sisters—Italy's famous designers—instructions for her wardrobe. Gina's costumes will be the most luxurious she has ever worn on the screen.

MANY of the top dramatic actresses in America are more than a little envious of Rosalind Russell these days. Roz has just landed the starring role in the film version of Broadway sensation "Five Finger Exercise." Her husband, Freddie Brisson, who produced her delightful "Auntie Mame," will be with her again in this movie.

POOR Jerry Lewis has had double trouble during the acting strikes in Hollywood. As an actor and writer, he has been for the strikers, but as a producer he's been agin 'em. Whichever way things go, he just can't win.

SAL MINEO hopes that his role in the dramatic "Exodus," now in production in Israel, will prove to Hollywood producers that he deserves roles with more depth and character than most of those he has had so far. "It isn't good to become as firmly typed as I was," says Sal, referring to his many "teenage rebel" parts.

CHANCES are that Liz Taylor's childhood friend actor Roddy McDowall will join her on her barge down the Nile when she stars in "Cleopatra" shortly. McDowall, a close friend of the actress since they co-starred in a "Lassie" film, is hoping for the role of Mark Antony's friend. And with Liz pleading for him the role is his for the asking.

WITH the approaching marriage of his daughter, Nancy, to singer Tommy Sands, Frank Sinatra is faced with the prospect of becoming Grandpa Sinatra! Although some of his Hollywood associates wonder what effect such an event would have on his teenage fans, Frankie himself thinks it would be just great!

ANGELA LANSBURY has been signed to co-star with Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, and Eve Arden in "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," a screen adaptation of William Inge's hit play. Miss Lansbury will play the role of Mavis Pruitt, the small-town beautician in love with Preston.

New Films

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ **TIGER BAY**
Thriller, with John Mills, Horst Buchholz, Hayley Mills. Lyceum, Sydney.

A KILLER and a child are the main characters in this exciting story of Cardiff's seamy dock area.

Horst Buchholz, a young Polish seaman, arrives home in Cardiff to find that his girl (Yvonne Mitchell) has left him. In a fit of anger he kills her.

Ten-year-old Hayley Mills, peeping through the letter-box, sees the murder. Buchholz realises that the girl's evidence could convict him, and he considers killing her. But, not being a murderer by nature, he is won over by the complete trust of the lonely, unloved child. They go into hiding as friends.

Hayley Mills, daughter of actor John Mills, who plays the Chief Inspector, is a natural actress. Her performance is outstanding.

Horst Buchholz, a young German actor, has that rugged but endearing Bogarde-type manner which appeals to most women.

John Mills' acting is of typically high standard.

Tight with suspense, this is a thriller not to be missed.

In a word . . . TREMENDOUS.

★★ **WHIRLPOOL**
Drama, with Juliette Greco, O. W. Fischer, Marius Goring, Muriel Pavlow, William Sylvester. Color. Capitol, Sydney.

THIS film is based on the legend of the Lorelei—the maiden who perched on the rocks high above the Rhine and lured ships and sailors to their doom with her singing.

But even Juliette Greco, the modern Lora of the Lorelei, protests in the film, "I have nothing to do with the girl in the legend."

Indeed, as a waitress in a sleazy Cologne cafe, and stooge for Herman (William Sylvester), a cheap crook, her only connection with the legend appears to be that she is used as bait to lure Herman, inevitably, to his death.

There's a fight between a Rhine harge captain and Sylvester, police cars whizzing about, and a winning song by Greco, yet as a thriller the film misses.

But the magnificent color photography of the barge trip down the Rhine and France's legendary Juliette Greco are worth seeing.—C.T.

In a word . . . SHALLOW.

★ **THE HORSE SOLDIERS**
Adventure, with John Wayne, William Holden, Constance Towers. In color. Regent, Sydney.

WITH a few crazy ambushes and a couple of gory battles to keep things moving, this two-hour-long Yankee cavalry ride into Confederate territory becomes a battle for supremacy between medical principles and military strategy.

With a mission to cut Confederate supply lines, John Wayne—a typically stoic C.O.—leads his undersized Union column behind enemy lines.

Tagging along with his little black bag, medico William Holden gets under Wayne's skin by energetically attending the wounded (Union or Confederate).

He even finds time, when business is slack, to deliver a negro baby.

Heart interest is Constance Towers, a rather wooden Southern belle, who is forced to join Wayne's troop along the route because she knows too much.

The film ekes out with distracting half-humorous asides.

In a word . . . WEAK.

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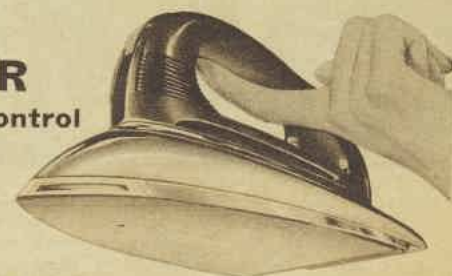
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 6, 1960

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PEARS
Sunsilk SHAMPOO



SOCIAL ROUNABOUT

By
MARY
COLES

WE'LL be seeing "double" at the lush champagne party to launch the showing of portraits by Paul Fitzgerald at Merle du Boulay's rooms on April 9—before having even a sip of bubbly.

It's because paintings of so many of the party guests, including Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, president of the Black and White Committee for the Royal Blind, which will benefit from the function, Mrs. Laurence Street, Mrs. Lennox Bode, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Michael White, and Mrs. John Casey, will be among the canvases on exhibition.

Artist Paul Fitzgerald and his pretty wife, Mary, who is the sister of Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, former private secretary to Prince Philip, came up from Melbourne at the weekend with their baby to spend a month in Sydney.

★ ★ ★

JUST-ENGAGED Jill Jackson has been given an inky-blue sapphire ring set in diamonds by her fiancé, Owen Matchett. Jill, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of "Kimo," Gundagai, will live on Owen's property, "Northcote," Boomi, after their wedding in November. It is up near the Queensland border and has a lovely old homestead and a really tropical garden.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR Mrs. Tom Rutledge, of "Gidleigh," Bungendore, and her younger daughter, Caroline, who are sailing in the *Orcades* on April 2, will disembark at Naples and fly on to England after sight-seeing in Italy.

★ ★ ★

WHEN it was discovered that Mrs. Charles Eastment held the lucky ticket at the Baby Bunting Committee party for the Women's Hospital, Crown St., at Mrs. Edward Archer's home at Roseville Chase, all her friends insisted that she didn't need the prize—a facial treatment at a topline salon. They said she was already the North Shore's youngest-looking and most beautiful grandmother.

★ ★ ★

AN Australian landscape by Reuben Gibson—a gift from members of the Diplomatic Corps—will remind the retiring Minister for Sweden, Mr. Carl Bergenstrahle, and his wife of their two and a half years in Canberra. They are flying to Europe on March 31 for some home leave before Mr. Bergenstrahle takes up his new appointment as Consul-General for Sweden in London in June. "The windows of my new office in Trinity Square look straight on to the Tower of London," he told me.

★ ★ ★

IT'S a secret, said Sallie Shepherd, of Shepherd's Lodge, Wheoco, when I asked her to tell me about her wedding gown. Sallie and Roger Harbison are being married at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn, on April 8. After their honeymoon (destination also a secret) they will live on Roger's sheep property at Tumbarumba.

★ ★ ★

WISECRACK of the week was made by Mr. Wallace Chandler. Surveying the dainty portion of consomme served at the beginning of a lengthy-menu dinner party, he whispered, "Don't put any salt in it or it will dry up!"

★ ★ ★

IN olden days Angers was a Royalist stronghold and the people there are still supposed to speak the best French—so I'm hoping to cultivate a good accent," said Mary Bourgeois, packing for her first trip to France. She will leave on March 31 with her French woolbuyer husband, Jean, and their baby son, Marc, to visit Jean's parents, M. and Madame Andre Bourgeois, who live in Angers. They will break the journey in America to see Mary's sister, Mrs. Bill Larkin.

★ ★ ★

DUE to reach England in the *Strathaird* on the eve of Princess Margaret's marriage, Patricia Dennis and Joy Greenfield, of Hunter's Hill, say they will run the 28½ miles from Tilbury to London—if the ship docks late—to get there in time to join crowds lining the Royal wedding route.

★ ★ ★

AN album of pictures showing aspects of his life as commanding officer of H.M.A.S. *Rushcutter* was the parting gift of Royal Australian Naval Reserve officers to Cdr. D. A. H. Clarke before he left with his wife to live in Perth.

The shots included a smiling snap of himself, superimposed on a picture of the massive Lord Nelson figurehead from H.M.S. *Nelson*, which stands on the quarter-deck at the entrance to H.M.A.S. *Rushcutter*!

★ ★ ★

LOADING decorations into her speedboat to take them to Mr. Walter Reed's waterfront home at Point Piper for the "Nautical Night" there on April 1, arranged by the Kambala Parents and Friends' Association Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Ian Jacoby tripped over her poodle Pepi. She pulled several muscles and now has a bandaged leg—but saved the decorations from a watery grave.



UNITED KINGDOM
High Commissioner Sir William Oliver and Lady Oliver chatting with Mrs. H. J. Buchanan (left) at reception in their honor given by the Council of Commonwealth Societies at David Jones' Restaurant. Sir William, who wore a blue cornflower buttonhole, and Lady Oliver are down from Canberra on their first official visit to Sydney.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES



FAMOUS French star Maurice Chevalier enjoyed an animated conversation with Mrs. Carl Randall, of Rose Bay, at party at Ushers, after a happy reunion with her husband (left), who is an old friend of M. Chevalier. They did dance routines together in the early days of their stage careers. Mrs. Randall wore an eye-catching beige veiling hat banded in tangerine.

ENGAGED. Edward Beaumont, from London, and Mary Roberts, who announced their engagement at the weekend, will be guests of honor at a party given by Mary's mother, Mrs. C. E. S. Roberts, at their home in Elizabeth Bay, on April 2. Mary, who is wearing a diamond solitaire, is planning a September wedding.



JUST - WED Ewen Dowrie, of Deniliquin, and his Victorian bride, formerly Dinny Gillespie, at the reception at the Hotel Australia, in Melbourne, after their marriage at Toorak Presbyterian Church.



SHERRY for Mr. and Mrs. W. Allen Smith from Suzanne Harden (right), who helped to hand round drinks at the members' reception given by the Council of the Art Gallery Society, to view the Exhibition of Acquisitions for 1959, now on show at the Gallery.



WELLINGTON COUPLE Bryan Veech and his bride, formerly Margaret McAtamney, at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel, after their marriage at Riverview College Chapel. Bryan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Veech, of "Yarrabundy," and Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McAtamney.



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Page 70

NEW TV CAREERS

QUEENSLAND'S newest career girls are the television hostesses—presentation officers or commeres—whose smiles enliven the tele-viewers' day. Viewers have their favorites, and argue about who is best-dressed, best-looking, best at her job. But all agree the girls have one quality in common—charm.



PAM McKAY, a former Miss Australia, of Brisbane's Channel 9, reads the news and weather, reviews films, and is also a featured singer on the station.



NANCY KNUDSEN, 19, of Channel 7, is the baby of the TV hostesses. Nancy reads the weather forecasts and is on the children's session.



MAUREEN KISTLE, of Channel 2, another Miss Australia, is a weather specialist. She visits the weather bureau every day to discuss the forecast with the experts.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 6, 1960

He swaps his gun for a fast car

● Car racing is the ideal hobby for TV actors, according to Steve McQueen, bounty hunter Josh Randall of "Wanted, Dead or Alive."

"RACING is the best thing any actor can do," Steve McQueen said. "When you're out on a track you get rid of all your frustrations. It is a tremendous way of expressing yourself."

Expressing himself too dramatically, McQueen recently came through a near-fatal crash on the track, which marked the end of his career as a competitive racing driver.

McQueen, driving his racing Jaguar, was on the third lap in a big race when the car spun out of control, turned over and over, and came to rest against the safety fence. McQueen crawled out unhurt.

"The lucky breaks gave out on me," he said.

Racing out

After the accident he decided to give up racing. His decision was made after a lot of pressure from his wife, Neile, and his TV producer, Dick Powell.

Neile said she wanted him round — alive, and Powell said he wanted his TV series to continue on its successful way with its popular star.



STEVE MCQUEEN

Although he hasn't raced since his accident, he has startled people lately by riding up the stairs to the TV studio on his new motorcycle.

McQueen enjoys his role as the taciturn bounty hunter Josh Randall.

"I understand Randall," he said. "He's the silent type, and he won't take guff from anyone. He gave up his life as a bank clerk because he couldn't stand a planned existence. He hunts down gunmen and outlaws for the rewards on their heads."

"I see him as a kind of businessman. He's working for the money, true enough. But he's doing the same job a sheriff does, only he gets paid better for it."

"I don't know how long it will keep going, but I'll stay with 'Wanted' as long as it does. It is the best thing that ever happened to me in my life."

Rising idol?

This is really something coming from McQueen, whose rating as a movie star has risen sharply lately, and who, some people say, is destined to be the next big movie idol.

Last year he co-starred with Frank Sinatra and Gina Lollobrigida in "Never So Few." This year he goes with the Sinatra set to Europe to star in another movie for them, "The Execution of Private Slovik."

After that the McQueens are taking a holiday in Manila, where Steve was born and where he spent World War II in an internment camp.

They're also hoping to have



"FOOLING AROUND" with cars is Steve McQueen's favorite off-screen pastime. Here with his wife, Neile, he admires his racing Jaguar after his Saturday morning's maintenance work. Steve is an accomplished mechanic, and always does all his own repairs.

time to come here, but that all depends on the time taken for the European film. If it goes over schedule it might cut badly into the length of the vacation.

If he does come, he will probably be seen mostly dis-

He seems to have something with his theory about the relaxing qualities of cars and driving.

A man who backs him up in his ideas is Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., of "77 Sunset Strip."

Effie is the proud owner of a 1934 Packard tourer which he bought in 1949 for 300 dollars (about £A150). He's

it to the studio every day where it's just part of the scenery now.

He prizes it so highly that he won't let anyone else drive it. Even when he dines out at a restaurant he refuses to let any Kookie-type car hop park it for him.

Won't conform

Eff says he drives the Packard as a gesture against present-day conformity.

Two other well-known TV characters who have no such ideas about conformity are Tony Curtis and Clint Walker.

Tony drives a Rolls-Royce, 1960 model, and Clint a 1956 jeep.

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

appearing in a cloud of smoke in his favorite "every-day" car, a Porsche.

McQueen always does his own repairs. He's an accomplished mechanic of both cars and TV sets.

driven over 85,000 miles in it since.

"I love it," he said.

The breezes whistling through the open top don't worry him at all. He drives



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days, and let it be known that she was calling at Papeete and other places. One might come today, or perhaps not for six months."

Keith thanked him, and went on working with the aircrew to get the rotor out of the aeroplane without damaging either. It took about two hours to get it on the truck.

Most of the aircrew then went back to the hotel to rest and swim and shop on their small dollar allowance for the next two days before beginning the long flight back to England. Mr. Adams and Dick and Keith rode on the truck through the streets of Honolulu to Kapalama Basin, where the tanker was berthed.

There was nothing he could do to help the dockyard engineers get the rotor into the ship, and he went on board with Dick King. The third engineer met them and invited them below to see the main engine-room and the workshop, and, more particularly, the Gannet engine of Keith Stewart's design, which was half finished, a little box of carefully machined unassembled bits.

"Half the engine-room have had a hand in this," the lad from Dartford said proudly. "Whenever somebody gets tired of reading Peter Cheyney, he comes and asks if he can machine one of the pistons. I sometimes think that I'm just managing the job, not making it."

He was in trouble over the crankshaft machining jig. "You said to make it of high tensile steel in the serial, Mr. Stewart, but I can't seem to lay my hands on just a little bit anywhere in Honolulu. The smallest I can find is a four-inch bar. Would it be all right to use mild steel instead?"

Keith had had this one before in letters from Andover to Auckland. He picked up the "Miniature Mechanic" from the bench and turned to the jig drawing that he had made in the basement room in Somerset Road, Ealing, with Janice sleeping in the room next door, eight thousand miles away.

"I've got a mod for that," he said. "You've got to retain this eight-inch thickness here because of the tool clearance. If you're going to make it in mild steel, make it an L section, like this."

He added swift pencil lines to the printed drawing. "It's just a little bit more complicated. You'd have to get out this bit with an end mill—about three-sixteenths. Have you got a mill like that on board?"

The Third nodded. "That's easy, Mr. Stewart. I could do that in the drilling machine best, I think. Thanks a lot."

Presently Keith pulled a small box from the pocket of his blazer. "I've got a little thing here that might amuse you." He unwrapped the little Hornet engine generating set from the rag that wrapped it round, and put it on the bench. "Gee," said The Third reverently, "that really is something." He studied it carefully. "What's the engine, Mr. Stewart? It looks a bit like a Hornet."

"It's a Hornet with a different cylinder and piston, cam gear, and valves, to run on petrol, and a governor in place of the reduction gear," he said. He picked it up, shook it to check, but there was still petrol in the little tank, turned it upside down to prime the carburettor, and flipped it into life with his thumb.

The little engine caught with a crackling roar, speeded up, steadied as the pea bulb glowed with light. The noise attracted other engineers from the engine-room, and soon the workshop was crowded. Somebody said, laughing, "Has Bill Adams seen this?"

"No—I don't think he has," said Keith.

"Cor—that'll give him

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 64

something to think about. Anyone can build a big generator set that you can get your hands around inside. Fetch him along, Bert, and ask him how he'd like to service this one!"

Mr. Adams was fetched and stood in reverend awe till the little motor ran out of petrol and stopped, and almost at the same time the dockyard hooter sounded for twelve o'clock, knocking-off time for dinner.

Keith wrapped his generator set up again and put it in the box and in his pocket; later he filled the tank with an egg-cup of petrol provided for use in the ship's launch, strained carefully through a piece of chamomile-leather. The officers escorted Mr. Adams and Dick and Keith up into the wardroom for lunch.

AFTER lunch, as they were sitting smoking at the table over cups of tea and coffee, Captain Davies said: "I've been making some inquiries about your journey to Tahiti, Mr. Stewart. Not very satisfactory, I'm afraid. I can't find out anything about a cargo boat in the near future, and there's no regular service."

Keith nodded slowly. "Mr. Yamasuki said this morning that a trading schooner might come in at any time. No one would know beforehand she was coming."

"It's a possibility," the captain agreed. "We've been here for four and a half weeks now. There was one just after we came, but she was going to Palmyra. I don't know where she was going after that."

"Where do they tie up, in case one did come in?" asked Keith.

"This one berthed just inside the harbor, just the other side of the Merchant Officers' Training School," the captain said. "I think they like to sail in and out if there's a fair wind, save the cost of a tug."

"You don't think there's one there now?"

"Not that I know of. But that's where you'd get news of them if anywhere. It might be worth a walk along and talking to the longshoremen. They might know more than the Harbormaster."

The first officer smiled. "He doesn't bother much about the small fry."

"The trouble is, I've got so little time," Keith said. "If there's nothing turns up that's within my means I'll have to go back with the aircraft the day after tomorrow."

"More like Tuesday," said Dick King. "Captain Fielding said this morning we'd be taking off at dawn on Tuesday."

"That's right," said Mr. Adams. "We'll be having the test run on Monday. Then if everything's all right he can take me home again."

"It doesn't give much time," agreed the captain.

The second mate said, "Jack Donnelly." There was a little ripple of laughter round the table. Only the captain remained serious. "I wouldn't think of it," he said.

The first officer took him up. "Nor would I, sir, for myself. But I don't want to get to Tahiti as much as Mr. Stewart. As I see it, it's either him or nothing."

"I wouldn't be any party to it," said the captain. "If he ever gets his ship out of hock to the Harbormaster he'll just go off and disappear, and no more heard of him ever. I've seen it all my life."

Keith asked, "Who is this Jack Donnelly, anyway?"

The first officer leaned back in his chair. "He's an Ameri-

can from Oregon, or somewhere. Maybe he's a fisherman—I wouldn't know. His ship's a sort of sloop-rigged fishing boat—a sailing boat. He built it himself. Quite small. I should say that's he's a half-caste, and I'd guess that his mother was a Polynesian. He's a big chap, though, and he must be a good seaman because he sailed here from the United States alone—single-handed."

"He's got the mentality of a child of ten," said the captain.

"That may be, sir. He's so dumb that he can hardly string two words together. But he did get here from the United States, two thousand miles of open sea, and found the islands. You can't get away from that."

"Yes," said the captain, "and you know how he did it."

"I do."

Keith asked, "How did he do it?"

"Got on the air route between here and San Francisco and followed the aeroplanes."



"Fifteen years we've been married, and suddenly I realise I don't know you at all."

the captain said scornfully. "There are about ten flights every day, or more. That's a fine way to navigate."

"Never mind, sir. He got here."

"He won't get to Tahiti that way," said the captain. "There's no air service."

"Is he going to Tahiti?" Keith inquired.

The captain leaned forward. "Look, Mr. Stewart," he said. "I don't want to stand in your way if you want to go and talk to him. But first of all, I'll tell you about Jack Donnelly. He came in here about a fortnight ago and sailed right in to this basin as far as he could go till his bow was practically in the street, and tied up just ahead of us. I'll admit he handled his ship well."

"He came in under sail—he hasn't got a motor—with his warps all ready fore and aft, got down his main and came in under jib, dropped the jib and came alongside sweet as anything, chucked his warps on the quay, hopped on shore, and made her fast bow and stern in two shakes of a lamb's tail. It was pretty to watch. I'll agree with Number One here: he's probably a good seaman."

He paused. "Now that's as far as I go. The port authorities were after him as soon as he tied up."

"He hadn't got permission to berth there, but that was the least of it. He hadn't got any ship's papers at all—no registration, no manifest, nothing. He hadn't got a bill of health, and he didn't seem to know what it was. He hadn't even got a passport. I shouldn't think he's got any money."

He paused. "I think they were pretty kind to him, all things considered," he remarked. "They called him a yacht, and towed him round into the yacht harbor."

"How did you come to know about him, then?" Keith asked.

"He came on board," the captain said. "He came on board to ask the way to Palmyra and half a dozen other places. He's got no charts. He wouldn't know how to use one if he had it. What he's got is a small school atlas with the whole of the Pacific Ocean on one page, and a pretty dirty page it is, I can tell you."

"He picks the biggest merchant ship that he can see, and comes on board to ask the course to the next place. That's why he berthed just ahead of us. We were the biggest ship in harbor at the time."

Keith asked, "Did you give him the course?"

"He didn't seem to know where he wanted to go to," the captain said indignantly. "He just wanted a course to

"What don't you agree with?"

"I don't think he'll die. He may get to the wrong place, and he may take a heck of a long time to get there. I talked to him after you gave up, and gave him a beer. I must say I was rather impressed."

"What was it that impressed you, Mr. Fairlie?"

"Well, for one thing, sir, he knows a lot about birds. Sea birds, I mean."

The captain snorted. "What's that got to do with it? Is this Raft Book stuff?"

"Yes, sir, I think it is. Birds fly from A to B just like aeroplanes. What I mean is, if he gets within a hundred miles of land, I think he'll find it." He paused. "Swell, seaweed, floating mangrove seeds—all that sort of thing. Things that we don't use."

The captain got up from the table. "Well, I've heard everything now, and so have you, Mr. Stewart. If you like to go to sea with a bloke that navigates by mangrove seeds, don't let me stop you." He smiled. "One of the boys will show you where the yacht harbor is, if you want to go there."

He went out, and to his cabin. The others all got up from the table. The first officer glanced quizzically at Keith. "Want to go any further with it?" he asked.

Keith hesitated. "Well—I don't know. Do you think he's going to Tahiti, for a start?"

"So far as I could gather, he didn't much mind where he went. Footloose, you might say."

"Do you think he'll get there?"

Mr. Fairlie stubbed his cigarette out in the ashtray. "It's an opinion, Mr. Stewart. I've got a better opinion of him than Captain Davies has. In some ways what the captain says is right—he's simple. If you like, he thinks like a child ten years old. But he's certainly a good seaman, and he knows a lot about the sea."

"You think he'll get there?"

"In the end—yes, I think he probably will." He glanced at Keith. "It won't be comfortable."

"Would you go with him yourself?"

Mr. Fairlie smiled. "If I was absolutely desperate and had to get there somehow, at whatever risk—yes, I think I would."

There was half a minute's silence in the wardroom. To go back tamely with the aeroplane to Blackbushe, to renounce all chance of getting Janice her inheritance, because he was afraid of Jack Donnelly, would be cowardice. If he did not at least investigate this line he felt that he would never be able to tell Katie the truth about this journey; at one point he would have to lie, and go on in the same lie for the rest of his life.

Keith asked again, "Did you give him a course, sir?"

"I did what I could for him," the captain said. "I gave him half a dozen, all magnetic. True courses wouldn't be any good to him, and no good talking about variation being different at the end of two thousand miles."

I gave him a mean value for the course to several places. Nukahiva was one, I remember, and Tahiti was another. Of course, ocean currents don't mean anything to him."

"He can write—just," the first officer observed. "He drew a thick line with a stub of pencil on his atlas from here to each place, and wrote the course along the line. I never saw such a mess."

Keith wrinkled his brows in perplexity. "But can he find an island two thousand miles away just with a compass course from here?"

"Of course he can't," the captain said scornfully. "He'll go off and there'll be no more heard of him. He'll die, and that's the end of it."

"I'm not quite sure that I agree with you, sir," said the first officer.

The vessel that he pointed out was a white fishing boat type, about forty feet long and

very beamy. She had one mast and no bowsprit. She had no pretensions to yacht finish; everything about her was heavy and painted; her metal fittings were all of iron. The sail upon the boom was of heavy red canvas, apparently tanned with oil and ochre. There was an appearance of rough efficiency about her, but in the Alawai yacht harbor she looked like a poor relation.

She was moored stern on to the quay, and a single plank gave access to her deck. Mr. Fairlie stood on the quay and hailed: "Jack Donnelly! You aboard, Jack? I've got a friend I'd like you to meet."

He hailed again, and presently there was movement in the cabin and a man appeared at the hatch. He was a very big man, possibly forty years old, olive skinned, with tousled black hair and a somewhat vacant expression. He was bare to the waist, and wore only a pair of very soiled blue jeans.

He blinked in the sunlight and muttered, "Who are you yelling at? I was having a lie down."

Mr. Fairlie said, "You remember me, Jack? Jim Fairlie, from the Cathay Princess, the tanker you came aboard the first day in. We had a beer together."

"I haven't got any beer," said the mariner vaguely.

"That's all right," said the first officer. "I didn't come for that. I brought a friend along with me to see your ship. Mind if we come aboard?"

"I haven't got any whisky, either. Haven't got anything."

Mr. Fairlie said quietly to Keith, "Except methylated spirit, I should think." Aloud he said, "That's all right, Jack. We'll come down, if we may. I want you to meet Mr. Stewart. He's from England."

Mr. Donnelly grunted, turned his back on them, and retreated from the hatch into the cabin. "He may be on the booze," Mr. Fairlie said to Keith, "and he's very shy. But there's no harm in him. I think he means for us to go on down."

They walked gingerly down the sagging, teetering plank on to the transom of the vessel, stepped over the horse, ducked under the boom, and stood on deck by the tiller; the vessel had no cockpit.

Jack Donnelly appeared again at the hatch. "Guy fell in off that plank," he muttered. "Wanted dough for berthing here or sump'n. He got a swim." He threw back his head and laughed, suddenly and a little shrilly, startling to hear. "He wanted seven dollars and two bits, and he got a swim."

He went on laughing, and then stopped suddenly. "Tell you sump'n," he muttered. "You tread on the bow warp up forward by the winch." He said seriously, "n she goes forward just a tiddly little way 'n then the plank comes off the transom. That's how it's done. But don't tell anybody."

They laughed dutifully. "Has he been back again?" asked Mr. Fairlie.

Mr. Donnelly shook his head wordlessly.

"I want you to meet Mr. Stewart, Jack," said the first officer. "His name's Keith—Keith Stewart. He's from England, and he's having a look around. I was telling him how you built this ship yourself and sailed it out here from the States."

"Keats," said Mr. Donnelly. "No, Keith, Jack. Keith." "Keith," said the mariner obediently. "Never heard a name like that before."

"It's a Scots name," said Keith. "Did you build this ship yourself?"

Mr. Donnelly grunted. "It's a big job," said Keith. "Did you have anyone to help you?"

Mr. Donnelly shook his head.

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Rub-a-dub-dub... twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchhoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchhoff says: "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It's most refreshing and invigorating." You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.



Anywhere—anytime... at home and at work those small cuts and abrasions frequently occur. Saying "I'll fix it later!" is no use. "Later" is too late—septic infection may have occurred. Reach for Dettol right away. Dettol helps guard against the risk of infection and aids healthy healing.



Harry Dearth, renowned actor-producer of Australia's favourite Radio and TV shows says: "Naturally I depend on my voice. A Dettol gargle soothes and helps protect my throat." Dettol in water brings cool, cool comfort to your throat—and helps to guard against the risk of possible infection.



An ounce of prevention when illness strikes... you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently... disinfect the patient's linen and crockery... with soap and water and Dettol.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does... ask him!... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential... in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)... in the room from which sickness may spread... to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



AVAILABLE ONLY
AT ALL CHEMISTS

Continuing...

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

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"How long did it take you?"
"Bout five years. Worked in the lumber mill some of the time, get dough for fastenings and that."

Keith ran his eye over the ship with a new interest. There was nothing that a patient woodworker could not have done over the years... except his eye fell on the seams of the deck planking.

Each plank was twelve or fifteen feet long and tailored in plan form to fit the wash-board and the bulwarks at the outside of the deck, the curvature reducing to a straight edge towards the centre of the ship where the hatch and the skylight of the cabin made a line. Keith stooped and ran his finger along the seam. "How did you get these curves?"

A gleam of interest illumined the dark features. "Router." "You routed each plank all along its length to fit the next one?" It was not impossible, but it denoted a skill and a love of ships that threw a little beam of light on the character of the man.

The owner grunted in assent. Then he heaved himself out on deck and stood beside them, a massive, powerful man. "Show you sump'n," he muttered. He led Keith down the port side to a point about three feet aft of the mast, went down on his knees, and pointed out a blemish on one plank caulked with a tarry compound.

"That's where my finger come off," he said seriously. He lifted his right hand and showed that the top-part of his middle finger was missing down to the second joint.

"In the router?"
Mr. Donnelly grunted. "Boss said I shouldn't have been using the machinery. But how the heck would a guy do these curves without he had a router? That's what I said to him. He couldn't answer that."

"How long did it hold you up?" The job was the thing. "Two weeks I guess. Soon as it quit bleeding I could work."

Keith got up from the deck, and the owner got up with him. He looked around, studying everything with a technical eye unpractised in the shipwright's art. "Where did you get the hull lines from?" he asked. "Out of a drawing in some book?"

Mr. Donnelly shook his head. "Guy gave me a lot of blue papers with white lines," he said. "I put my thinking cap on, but they didn't seem to mean nothing." He paused. "Got some bits of hardwood 'n made half models over 'n over till I got one right. Took the frames off of that. Got it below still."

It was an old shipwright's approach. Keith said, "Can I see it?"

The man turned and made for the hatch: Keith and Mr. Fairlie followed him down the ladder. Inside the ship was little but an empty shell. She was fairly new so that the dirt had had no time to accumulate, but she was already dirty.

There were rough, unpainted wooden berths to port and starboard, the port one with a palliase on it that was evidently Jack's bed. There was a cupboard with a deeply fiddled top on which stood a primus stove and a few dirty glasses and plates.

Forward there was a mass of sails and sailcloth and rope in tangled confusion erupting into the living portion of the ship. Aft of the hatch, behind the ladder, seemed to be a tangled mass of nets and cordage. The whole smelt strongly of salt water and of Jack Donnelly.

The owner burrowed into the fore-castle, treading over sails and rope with his bare, horny, rather dirty feet. He emerged

with three half-models glued and screwed to pieces of hard, fine-grained planking. He showed them to Keith shyly. "These are what I made."

Keith took one from him and examined it critically. Half-models of ships were no novelty to him, but he had never examined one that had showed better workmanship. It was about two feet long, made of some hard, dark wood, perhaps mahogany, french polished.

He sat down uncomfortably on the vacant berth to examine it the better, squinting along

The second half of a man's life is made up of nothing but the habits he has accumulated during the first half.
— F. Dostoevsky

the lines from bow to stern. "You certainly made a good job of this," he said seriously. "I never saw one better."

"You want to make them nice," commented the builder. "Else you get mad looking at them." He took the half-model from Keith. "That's the second one you're looking at. This was the first." He gave him another. "I looked at it two weeks, maybe more, but it didn't seem right somehow. Looked like she wouldn't rise to a following sea."

He took that model, and gave Keith the second. "I filled out the buttocks a tiddy bit on this one 'n I didn't like that no better, made her look fat-heeled and slow." He took that model away and gave the third to Keith.

"So I put my cap on 'n brought the beam back aft a ways, not so much cod's head 'n mackerel tail. Couldn't see nothing wrong with that, so that's the way I built her."

USING the process of design by eye was nothing new to Keith. There were very fine lines scribed vertically upon the half-model that he handled, at intervals all down her length. "You took the frames off this?"

Mr. Donnelly dropped his eyes and shuffled one foot upon the floor. "You want book learning for that," he muttered. "It's not right what I told you, I built her all myself. The schoolmaster at Cushman, he set out the frames. But I did everything else."

Keith warmed to this uncouth, dirty man. "You designed her and you built her," he said. "Setting out the frames from the half-model—that's nothing. How does she behave at sea?"

"Okay. Bit heavy on the helm first go, so I took a tiddy bit off the boom 'n leach, makes her easier to reef anyways, 'n just as fast."

Mr. Fairlie asked, "You built her at Cushman, Jack? Where's that?"

"Mouth of the Suislaw."

"That's in Oregon?"

"South Oregon," the owner muttered. Interrogation seemed to make him shy and resentful.

Keith reached up and ran his finger along the joint between one of the deck beams and the frame at the side of the ship; it seemed to him that it would be difficult to insert a ten-thou feeler in it, and all the others were the same. "You certainly made a beautiful job of building her," he said.

The owner glowed with pleasure. "I kinda liked doing

it," he said. "It took quite a while, but I kinda liked it."

"I know," said Keith. "I like making things. But mine aren't so big as yours."

He pulled the little box from his pocket and unwrapped the generator set and gave it to Mr. Donnelly, who handled it as carefully as an egg in his great horny hands. "You made this?" he inquired.

"He designed it and made it, electrics and all," Mr. Fairlie said. "Just like you did this ship."

Mr. Donnelly stared at it in wonder. "I never did see such a tiddy little thing," he said. "It doesn't go, does it?"

"It goes all right," said Keith. He took the little engine, turned it upside down, adjusted the tiny carburettor delicately, and flipped it into life with his thumb. It broke into a roar disproportionate to its size, steadied its note, and the pea bulb lit up.

He placed it on the bare wood of the cabin floor, and it went on generating steadily. Mr. Donnelly went down on his hands and knees upon the floor and studied it, entranced. "Making the electricity," he breathed.

"That's right."

"I seen big ones," he said, "three cylinder diesels and that, making electricity." He raised his head. "Say Mr. Keats, I guess this is the smallest in the world, isn't it?"

Keith said, "It's not the smallest engine. I think perhaps it might be the smallest generating set."

Mr. Donnelly broke into a cackle of laughter, and looked up at Mr. Fairlie. "Well, what do you know?" he inquired. "There's the smallest generating set in the world running right here in the cabin of the Mary Belle. Folks wouldn't never believe me if I went ashore and told them that. They'd say I was nuts!"

Keith leaned down and stopped it with his pencil, fearing that it might overheat if he kept it running too long without a cooling draught of air. Mr. Donnelly bent closer to examine it at rest.

"Look at all those tiddy little wires," he breathed as he scrutinised the armature. "All going the same way, and each to the right place." He raised his head, "Mr. Keats, did you think out all that yourself? The way each had to go?"

Keith nodded. "Everybody to his own job," he said. "I couldn't have begun to build this ship. I wouldn't know where to start."

"You start with the half model. What I showed you."

"Oh, yes. But if I made a half model, I wouldn't know by looking at it if it would make a good ship. Not like you do."

"You wouldn't?"

Keith shook his head. "Not a hope. You've got to really know the sea for that. You must have been at sea all your life."

"My old man," said Mr. Donnelly, "he took me off-shore first of all when I was six. 'Course, I was playing around in scows and that with all the other kids before."

Keith nodded. "You build up experience without knowing it," he said. "Then when the fit takes you to build a ship like this, or build a generating set like that, it just comes easy."

Mr. Donnelly glanced at him with common understanding from the floor. "Say, you got sump'n," he said. "Building Mary Belle was just like it was kinda fun."

Keith reached down and

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picked up the little generating set, wrapped it up, and put it back into his pocket. Mr. Donnelly watched him do it regretfully; he got back on to his feet and sat down on his berth. Keith asked him, "What are your plans, Jack? Where do you go from here?"

"I guess I'm going to The Islands," Keith said. "I've got a reason for asking that. I want to get down to Tahiti, and then out to an island called Marokota. That's somewhere in the Tuamotus. But there's no regular service and no trading schooner, and, anyway, I've not got very much money. Mr. Fairlie here suggested that you might be going down that way."

FOR a while there was a long silence. "Ma came from Huahine," Mr. Donnelly said at last. "She said for me to get back to The Islands, where I'd meet up with my own sort. So that's where I'm going."

Mr. Fairlie asked, "To Huahine?"

"I guess I'll go there some time. I don't know where it is."

"It's not far from Tahiti. It's in the same group."

"That's what a guy said one time. Then another guy said it was this place Nukahiva."

"It's not, Jack. It's nowhere near Nukahiva. It's a bit over to the west from Tahiti. I'll give you a chart."

"I got an atlas," said the mariner. He rummaged under the palliase on the wooden boards of his bunk and produced his one navigational aid. It opened automatically at the map of the Pacific Ocean.

"I looked at all the tiddy little names," he said, "but I never see Huahine. I guess they left it out by mistake."

Mr. Fairlie said, "I think it's probably too small to show on the atlas, Jack. If you're going to take Keith along with you to Tahiti I'll give you a chart that shows every island on the way and round about Tahiti. I know we've got a lot of out-dated ones on board."

Mr. Donnelly grunted; Keith guessed that he had little use for charts, never having used one. "You want to get down to Tahiti?" he asked.

"That's right."

"Got a bed?"

Keith hesitated, somewhat taken aback. Mr. Donnelly helped him out by lifting the dirty corner of his palliase; it rustled, evidently filled with hay or straw. "Like this."

"I haven't at the moment," Keith said. "But I'll get something."

"There's a bit of sailcloth

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

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you could sleep on, but I guess you'd find that kinda hard," said Mr. Donnelly.

"I'll get a bed like yours," said Keith. "How much money would I have to pay you for the passage?"

"Well now," said the mariner, "I'd have to put my thinking cap on for that. The Harbourmaster, he wanted seven dollars and two bits when he came aboard and had his swim."

He cackled into laughter. "I reckon he'd want more now, what with drying his clothes. Then there's the eats . . ." He sat in evident bewilderment. "How long you reckon it would take to sail to this Tahiti?"

Keith shook his head. "I don't know at all."

Mr. Fairlie asked, "How long did it take you to get here from San Francisco, Jack?"

"Three weeks 'n two days. I had a fair, reaching wind most of the way."

"It's a little bit further to Tahiti," said the first officer, "and you've got to get through the doldrums. You'll need food for six weeks at least."

"I dunno what that would cost," said Mr. Donnelly. He lifted his head, and cut the Gordian knot with decision. "Say," he asked, "how much you got?"

"About a hundred dollars," said Keith conservatively.

"Well then," said the shipowner, "the fare's a hundred dollars." He leaned back with the air of one who has concluded a difficult business negotiation.

"We bake every day," said Mr. Fairlie, "but we carry a stock of biscuits in sealed tins, twenty-eight pounds. I'll talk to Captain Davies. Maybe we could let you have two or three of those against repayment in England. Save the dollars, anyway."

"That would be very kind of you," said Keith.

"I got 'bout half a sack of cornmeal, 'n some grits," said Mr. Donnelly. "I guess we could catch fish a day or two 'n dry some of them, 'n salt down the rest. There's plenty sun here, dry the fish."

"Where would you put them to dry?" asked Mr. Fairlie.

Mr. Donnelly looked surprised. "Out on shore some place," he said.

"I don't think they'd let you do that here, Jack."

"Huh?"

"They'd get people on the power yachts complaining about the smell."

"They said I was to berth

here," Mr. Donnelly muttered. "Got a motor boat 'n towed me round."

Keith judged it better to change the subject. "We'll think up something together about the food," he said. "When do you want to sail?"

"Most any time," the owner said.

"And you'd be willing to take me along?"

The other raised his head. "You get sick?"

It was better to face it. "I'll probably be sick," Keith said. "How long does it go on for?"

"Two-three days. I get sick after a spell on shore. There's nothing to it."

"I don't suppose I'll be much

STACHYS LANATA

(lamb's tongue) is a hardy, shade-loving plant with silvery, hairy foliage. Summer flowers are borne on upright spikes. They are bluish-purple and rather insignificant. The plant self-sows each year, but rooted pieces may be lifted now to be set out in good-quality, moist soil. Does well under trees or big shrubs, and rarely grows more than 12in. high, but spreads widely.

FOR SHADE



use to you at first," Keith said. "I'll do the best I can."

"Can't do better 'n that," Mr. Donnelly said. "You'll be bringing the tiddy little motor along?"

"This?" He fingered the little box. "Oh yes, I'll be bringing this."

"Move in when you like," said Mr. Donnelly.

They arranged that Keith would go into the question of the food supplies with Mr. Fairlie, and presently they left the Mary Belle and took a taxi back to the Cathay Princess.

In the wardroom Mr. Fairlie said, "I think we've earned a beer." He went and fetched a bottle and two glasses, filled them, and raised his own. "I think you're a brave man," he said.

Keith smiled. "So do I. But I liked him well enough."

the town to the Beachcomber Hotel, looking as he walked for a shop that sold a mattress. The prices did not seem to him to be excessive, but they were all far too good to put into the Mary Belle.

He knew that he was in for an indefinite spell of hard living, and he had no great fear of it. It was many years since he had suffered much discomfort, though as a child and a young man in Renfrew he had known plenty of it; to sleep on a straw palliase upon bare boards would be no novelty to him.

The food was a perplexity. Something better was needed than Jack's cornmeal, grits, and dried fish, but what he needed was to him unknown, or how to buy it. He clung to the thought of the sealed tins of biscuits that might come from the Cathay Princess.

In his room at the hotel he found Dick lying upon his bed listening to the radio, and told him all about it. "I fixed up that I'd go with him," he said. "He's not as mad as all that."

The engineer raised himself on one elbow. "He's going to Tahiti?"

Keith started to undress, preparatory to a shower. "He'll go anywhere so long as it's away from here. He'll take me to Tahiti."

"Sure about that?"

Keith sat down upon the bed. "I think so."

"Captain Davies isn't, old man."

"I know. I've been talking to Jack Donnelly all afternoon on board his boat. The boat's quite good, you know. What's more, he built her himself."

"He did? Without any help?"

Keith nodded. "Single-handed."

"That doesn't mean that he can find his way to Tahiti from here, though. It's an awful big place, the sea."

"I know," Keith got up from the bed. "I've never done this before," he muttered.

"There's no fuel problem, any-

way, because all he uses is the wind. It seems to boil down to carrying enough to eat and drink for an indefinite time."

"How much water storage has he got?"

"I saw a forty-gallon drum, up-ended, tied to the mast with rope lashings. I suppose that's it."

"How long is the trip going to be?"

"Jim Fairlie says at least six weeks."

"You'll want more than that much water then, old man."

Keith went into the shower, and Dick lay back upon his bed in perplexity. What Keith did was no concern of his really, and yet he felt himself involved. In the world of workshops and of amateur mechanics Keith was a well-known man, and that world was Dick's world also.

If Keith were to lose his life at sea with this man Jack Donnelly, inevitably Dick King would be involved and charged with some responsibility by other members of their common world, for it would be known throughout that world that he had been with Keith in Honolulu. If Keith were to disappear at sea, as Captain Davies had warned him bluntly might well happen, he, Dick King, would be telling a defensive story of their time in Honolulu in the workshops of England for many years to come, excusing himself, perhaps for all his life.

He could hear the whisper: "He's the bloke who was with Keith Stewart in Honolulu and let him go off with that crazy fisherman. You'd think he might have done something about it . . ." He did not like the prospect.

If only Keith knew a little more about foreign countries, about the tropics. If only he wasn't quite so raw.

He said no more, but lay there troubled in his mind while Keith also rested on his bed, letting the cool breeze blow over his bare body.

It seemed to Dick that there was no escape from the position he was in. Keith had some compelling reason to get down to Tahiti that was driving him to take the most fantastic risk by going with this half-caste fisherman.

IF he, Dick King, wished to escape the odium of the future, there were only two courses he could take. One was to talk Keith out of it; he did not think that would be possible. The other was to try to make it a success.

Presently they dressed and went downstairs for a beer before dinner. Captain Davies was there in the bar with Captain Fielding. Somewhat the same line of thought may have been running in his mind, too, because he said, "Evening, Mr. Stewart. Evening, Mr. King. Beer?"

The engineers said, "Thank you, sir."

The captain said to the girl in the cheongsam, "Two more beers." Then he turned to Keith and said, "Mr. Fairlie tells me that I've got to provision your ship."

Keith was embarrassed. "That's not necessary at all, sir. All he said was that you might let me have some biscuits on repayment in England."

"To help out the grits and dried fish? I don't know if you've ever tried to live for two months on dried fish. It goes bad, of course. Then the thing to do is to put it in a barrel with some salt. You've got to eat it in the end, of course. Some people like it."

He laughed. "You'd better come on board tomorrow with a list of what you want, and we'll see what we've got."

"That's very kind of you,

To page 76

Any way she turns...



the picture of POISE

There's a very special quality about her. It's in the gracious way she moves . . . the artfully simple way she dresses . . . the quietly assured way she speaks. She's the kind of person who goes about her living poised and confident. "Problem days" have no meaning for her. She relies on Tampax—knows it completely protects, while it keeps her secret safe.

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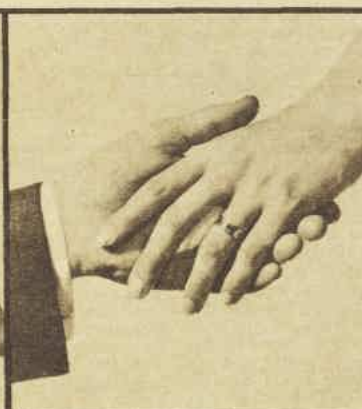
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PURE SOAP

Continuing ...

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 75

... The aircraft navigator strolled up to them, beef in hand. "As a matter of fact, that really would be a great help. I was coming on board tomorrow, anyway, to see Mr. Fairlie. He said he would go over the charts with me."

"Well, that's something, anyway. Bring your list along."

"Thank you, sir. Here's luck." He raised his beer.

"You're going to need it," said Captain Davies grimly.

The air navigator asked, "Is this Jack Donnelly?"

"That's right," said Captain Fielding. "Keith's going with him to Tahiti."

"Can he find Tahiti?"

"That's the sixty-four thousand dollar question," said Captain Davies.

The navigator sipped his beer in thought. "Has he got a sextant?"

"Of course he hasn't," said the captain. "He looks to see which way the aeroplanes are flying. If there aren't any aeroplanes he looks for mangrove seeds. If there aren't any mangrove seeds he follows his compass, and that's probably wrong."

He turned to Keith. "I was right—he hasn't got a motor in the ship, has he?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's something. I don't suppose he's ever had his compass swung. Just watch he doesn't put a bucket down beside it when he needs it most."

Keith nodded thoughtfully. "I'll watch that, sir. It makes a big difference, does it?"

Captain Davies laughed. "Try it and see."

"Pity about the sextant," said the air navigator. "The track must be just about due south. A meridian latitude would give them quite a lot of information."

"You've got to be able to add and subtract for that," said Captain Davies.

Mr. King drew the air navigator on one side. "I've been thinking about that," he said.

"I mean, he's made up his mind to go. A meridian sight for latitude isn't very difficult, is it?"

"It's the easiest sight there is," said the navigator. "You want a sextant and a nautical almanac, and a rough idea of Greenwich time. Then you've only got to add and subtract."

"He could learn to do that, couldn't he?"

"Jack Donnelly?"

"No, Keith. Keith Stewart. I mean, look at the things he does in the shop with mikes and sine bars and all that. He'd learn to manage a sextant in five minutes with somebody to put him in the way of it."

The navigator stood in thought. "It's an idea ... where's the sextant coming from?"

"I think I know where one could pick up one secondhand," said the engineer. "You know where King St. crosses Nuu-anu?"

The navigator nodded. "Well, coming this way, second or third side street on the right, there's a Chinese shop—sells everything, you know. Old clothes, lacquer screens, Bali heads, all sorts of junk. I'm pretty sure I saw a sextant there."

"This trip?"

"This afternoon. I was poking around getting something for the wife."

The navigator stood in thought. "It's an idea. There's

not much time to teach him. We could write it all down for him, of course—just what you do. And it should be possible to pick up an old sextant in this place."

He stood in thought. "Pity it's got to be this time of year," he said at last. "The sun'll be pretty near the zenith when they get down to Tahiti."

"That makes it less accurate?"

"More difficult, anyway. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll slip down to the ship after dinner and have a talk to Jim Fairlie—see if it's worth while trying to stuff something into him."

Keith spent the evening cogitating in his bedroom, pencil and paper in hand. He had no wish to provision the Mary Belle with expensive delicacies to which Jack Donnelly would be unaccustomed. He knew that if he were to live harmoniously with this man for six weeks in the close association of a very small sailing vessel he must adapt himself to Jack Donnelly.

That did not trouble Keith. What troubled him was that he had little idea what Jack was in the habit of eating. He did not know what cornmeal tasted like or how you ate it, and grits were a sealed book to him, but they were what Jack seemed to eat. It was pretty certain that he would like sweet things, though. He headed his list with—sugar, 30lb.—and added—jam.

KEITH was certain of nothing else, and at the end of half an hour he had only six or seven items on the list. His mind drifted to the navigation hazards that they all seemed so concerned about.

He got out the chart that Mr. Sanderson had given him in Ealing—Ealing that now seemed so far away. There were certainly a lot of islands to be passed on their course southwards to Tahiti.

He supposed they would be coral islands, similar to that which had destroyed Shearwater. If John Dermott, who was an experienced navigator, could not sail through this archipelago in safety, could Jack Donnelly?

His hand drifted to his pocket, and he sat in perplexity fingering the case-hardened grey steel egg that he had made for Janice. Presently he got a scrap of paper and measured the distance between these islands. He had a hazy idea that the vertical graduations on the side of the chart gave you some measure of the scale, and by that the closest of these islands were two degrees apart.

But how far was a degree? He sat in thought. Anyway, the earth was twenty-two thousand miles round at the equator.

If that was right, the closest of these islands were over a hundred miles apart, about as far as it was from Ealing to Weymouth. That didn't seem so bad. There was a lot of sea to sail on in between.

The difficulty might lie, as the ship's officers said, in finding one of them at all. It was very different in the Tuamotus where Shearwater was lost. There the islands all seemed to be on top of each other.

He went to bed before Dick got back from exploring the night life of Honolulu and slept fitfully, uneasy and worried.

To be continued

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning April 4



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in moderation.

★ Just because you've been given the green light don't exceed the speed limit. Boastless. The idea that you alone know best, will put cracks in that fine structure of dreams come true. Give friends and associates credit for their efforts; delegate some authority; give the rest a chance to shine. Then you'll really come into your own happiness.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
★ Luck in independence.

★ Avoid using friends as leaning posts. Cultivate interests you can pursue alone when plans go awry. Wise Taurians find pleasure in gardening, reading, or domestic arts in which they excel. Shild a recent friendship prove disappointing, fill in your leisure profitably and look ahead to new contacts which will last. For some, a little extra money.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck in organisations.

★ Your club is likely to be busy planning the new season's programme. With a group you may found a new organisation with a special purpose. This could be for the welfare of the community, for the pursuit of a sport, or for social occasions. If this is the first meeting after the summer recess, it is likely to be most important.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, lt. blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in your career.

★ The job's the thing. You can begin quietly and build it up to something really outstanding if you concentrate on it. Regard it as a means of earning your living and it will remain just that, but grow interested in the work itself and the hours spent at it will fly. Take your work seriously and others will take you seriously.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in study.

★ No matter how much you know you can add to your knowledge. Many a heartbreak might be avoided if you could be sure you are on solid ground. If a teenager going to her first party, check up on correct behaviour to avoid embarrassment. If older, verify your facts, quote your authority when beginning that speech at a meeting.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in new prospects.

★ The gate to a new world is likely to open for you as you see fresh opportunities, new friendships, activities. You will not be able to grasp this all at once, but you feel the future holds something worth struggling for. A hopeful attitude on your part will attract brighter, more varied interests and new personal relationships.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in following.

★ Don't try to take the lead this week; let others suggest, then fall in with their ideas. Your own inspirations may be vague, dreamy, impractical, but if you give loyal support results should exceed expectations. Accept a minor task and carry it out conscientiously. Let the man in your life choose amusements, places to go on a date.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in the daytime.

★ Hurry through essential tasks so you can spend the afternoon in pleasant activities. Window shopping, wardrobe-planning for a new season, demonstrations of new products are stimulating. Major social events are unlikely; many of you spend the evenings at home getting extra rest. Love affairs are on an even keel, but hardly exciting.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in pure chance.

★ Whatever your merits or talents, chance steps in and influences your affairs. You could pick up an article of value on the footpath, or you could be pushed into a situation you never dreamed of. You might land in the arms of a handsome stranger and find the adventure exhilarating. Surprises will be apt to have happy endings.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the end of a chapter.

★ A feeling that the days are numbered in which you can indulge in certain activities could tinge this week with sadness, but look beyond that to the clouds gradually dawning on your horizon, and you'll find the sunshine brighter for the shadows. Look for hints of new ventures, more spare time for your favorite amusements.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in a communication.

★ Watch the letter-box. Listen for a telephone call, examine publications for a special announcement which concerns you. There is a message coming, and it can be connected with almost any of your affairs. It could be a love-letter, an official communication, or an intimation that someone is being active on your behalf in a business matter.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a new venture.

★ You have a brainwave. You rush into town to obtain necessary materials, you dash home eager to commence a wonderful project. Your enthusiasm will be at white-heat. Selecting all else for this new thrill, you'll complete your project in record time. Beware of short-cuts which could lead to disaster. Otherwise your luck is in.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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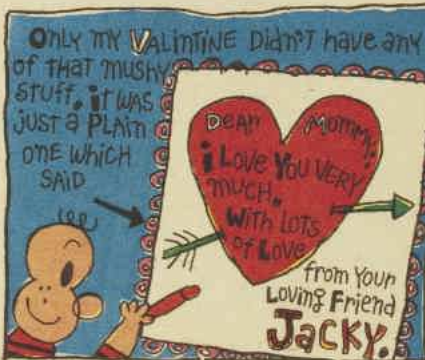
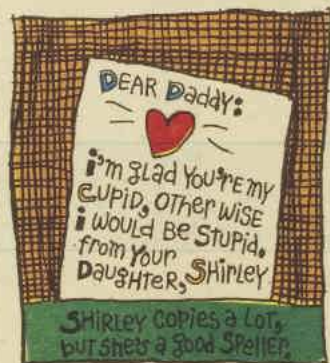
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By RUD



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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Fond of eating, but, when overdoing it, carries his own cure (7).
- Small ship of war which becomes common funds when turned (5).
- You may think it's a spot. Not at all (5).
- Let a rod be the accuser (7).
- Fury of a forager (4).
- Zero gain (Anagr., 8).
- Take in not quite an inch with a broken pet (6).
- Shoved when she was in a child's hand (6).
- A loud inn must be ring-shaped (8).
- Fashionable (4).
- Small trip-hammers the middle of which can make bile (7).
- French traitor executed in 1945 (5).
- As tan a devil as they can make it (5).
- Puck is one, and he is the champion with 40 minutes (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Ron's taximeter. (Anagr., 13).
- On a cake or on a frozen window (5).
- As far as and the second half of it means the same (4).
- Their value is down (6).
- Summary of an ass and a bully (8).
- A part of this bird is rich (7).
- It was pointed architecture in England (13).
- Pale pens (Anagr., 8).
- Agree in costs (7).
- Fail to reach a young girl (4).
- A miserable house though full of love (5).
- Disparagement of an ungracious lurker (4).

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This treatment should be continued for at least one month or until improvement has registered.

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